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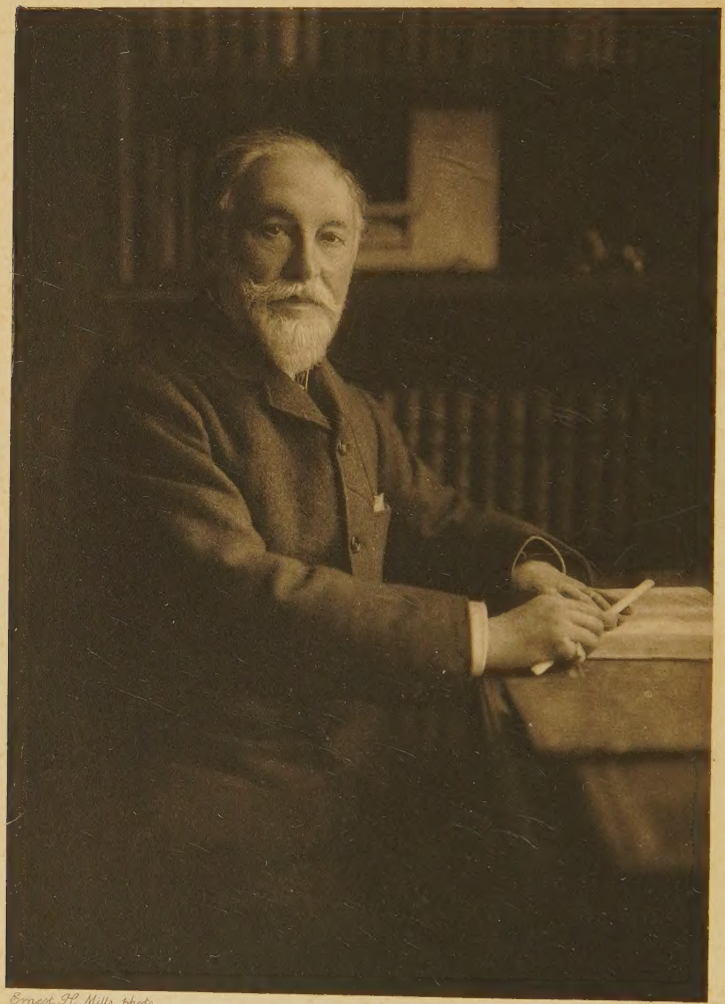

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1908

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BY

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CHAPTER XX

THE CRITICAL YEAR—1870

THE year 1870, in its public as in its personal aspect, was stamped in the deepest recesses of my memory. The tremendous Franco-German War, of which from a distance I had witnessed the horror, created a new epoch in the relations of Europe, inaugurated vast revolutions in national, social, and economic life, and it shook down parties, principles, and dogmas. Bismarckism has proved to be far more than the mere State policy of the Prussian kingdom. It is an ideal which has fired the ambition of statesmen and of nations from the Neva to Cadiz, from the Cape to Cairo, from Newfoundland to the Pacific and the Sea of Japan. It is not a novel form of statecraft—but a new, national, social, economic ideal—a military, autocratic, diplomatic gospel.

Personally to myself, the year 1870 marked an epoch in my life—made me a new man—gave me peace, joy, and hope such as I had never known or conceived. It was the year of my marriage, the first year in which I had a home of my own, an establishment of which I was master, and a mode of existence which was destined to continue in its even tenour, unbroken and unmodified, for forty years of serene happiness. Curiously enough, this same year, 1870, has cut my life, down to the

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present time, in two nearly equal periods. Down to that year, though in age I was past middle life, I instinctively felt myself a young man, a supernumerary, an experiment, a youth open to employment, with no settled schemes or any permanent career. Down to this time I had been, for at least ten years, a man whose inmost convictions had shed the old faith in which I was bred, who had become an outcast from the Church in which I had grown up to manhood. But now I had forged my beliefs by slow steps to the new faith which has filled my soul for forty years; and we had already begun to gather round us a band of fellow-believers, and to offer to any who chose to come to us a coherent scheme of religious life.

As years rolled on, having at last a wife, a home, and children, I began to feel myself a fully enfranchised citizen, a man who wanted nothing more, who felt a clear course before him, and was conscious of being fit to run it out. And for forty years, with my wife by my side, one with me in every thought, aim, and hope, I have never been a prey to weariness or disappointment, much less despair, however small were the ends achieved, however useless or even mischievous they may have looked to the world. I was no longer without a systematic religion, nor without a growing body of brothers and sisters in common communion and hope.

After our marriage in August 1870, we travelled in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, spending a true honeymoon on the Lake of Como. We returned to England in October, having watched the great war and its results from abroad, through the medium of the German, Swiss, Italian, and Belgian press, and by conversation with combatants and neutrals of several nations, all more or less affected by the struggle and its issue. Like nearly all English politicians, certainly all Liberals

to a man, I had been a hearty opponent of the French pretext for commencing war, attempting a futile and theatric invasion of German territory, with its "baptism of fire" for the poor lad who was dragged along by the bewildered invalid Emperor. We did not know then how long Bismarck and his soldiers had been preparing for the war, how utterly unprepared France was, and how dextrously the great Chancellor had forced France to be the technical aggressor, whilst the still more dextrous publication of the Benedetti draft had thrown England into an outburst of indignation against Napoleon. All this has been cynically explained by Bismarck himself. We knew nothing of it at the time. And all through the summer and autumn, along with all my Liberal friends, I had warmly hoped for German victories, with the final extinction of the Imperial dynasty and the Napoleonic Legend.

But in England, through November and December, as we received more authentic news from English witnesses, and the war had assumed the form of a thirst to crush and dismember France, as the savage attacks upon civilians and the burning and plundering of French villages was becoming a system of terrorism, with so many other English friends of peace, I gradually turned to sympathy with France. We saw that the aim of Bismarckism was to make France impotent, to leave her for a generation an inferior power groaning under a weight of debt, and to isolate the new Republic in the European world. Germany was to be the military dictator in Europe—an issue injurious to Britain and menacing to peace and progress.

I relieved my feelings by sending to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then ably conducted by Frederick Greenwood, a series of signed "Letters," the first set of which appeared on successive days (December

6, 7, 8, 9). As these letters expressed the views of a growing body of politicians and throw light on the change of sympathy towards France by so many English Liberals, I here extract a few passages as representing a new current of thought, when France was clearly prostrate under the overwhelming German invasion.

I wrote (December 6) :—

Public opinion, I see, is sullenly veering round to the right. But English opinion is of that ponderous sort which answers to the helm of thought as slowly as a turret-ship.[1] This solidity of mind may account for what is still to me a mystery. Why does this Prussian cause—in spite of the changed character and aim of this war, of the outrageous pretensions of Germany to supremacy in arms, of the yet more sinister designs of Bismarck, in spite of the still rising flood of destruction around us—retain the goodwill of intelligent, peaceable, liberal men? When all the conditions are changed—nay, are positively reversed—a change of mind is the essence of good sense. Politics are made up of compromises—they consist in a far-sighted balance of complex effects. What is expedient at one time becomes fatal at another. Not to see when the fatal change comes, is the crass obstinacy which ruins nations.

For my part, I was with Germany from the first. No man more heartily wished her success. Nay more, I desired the active intervention of England on her side. In 1867, I published my opinion, that war between France and Germany being even then imminent, this country should take arms against the aggressor. If I detest a war of spoliation by France, am I to applaud a war of spoliation by Germany? I can see nothing short of a war of spoliation in the crafty apologies of her statesmen or in the ethnological maunderings of her professors.

At the outset the French commenced war. It was a dynastic and an aggressive war. The Germans ostensibly fought in self-defence against a despotic Empire to maintain their national independence. The German was eminently a popular cause. It was a people's war. It touched the

[1] In December 1870, turret-ships were a rather unsuccessful experiment. The *Captain* had been lost, and the *Monarch* was not quite trusted.

Liberal heart. Intensely Liberal newspapers cast the bread of their special correspondence upon these waters of blood. One eminent Teutophile historian expressed a hope for the assassination of Louis Napoleon. But what is the Liberal cause one day may soon in the whirligig of time become the contrary. The conditions have all changed, and I have changed with them.

I ask these Liberal and worthy persons, who are still living on the dry bones of what were their opinions five months ago, to consider the case anew. I warrant they will find that every reason which then set them against the Napoleonic invasion of Germany should now set them against the Bismarckian invasion of France.

Now, it is the French who are defending their homes against invaders eager to dismember the nation, to crush out their newly formed Republic. It is the French who are the true people in arms. It is the Germans who are seeking to despoil a neighbour, who are fighting for military glory, who are founding an Empire on the sword. A new and greater Brunswick is in arms to crush the third Republic.

What at the time roused my indignation was the eagerness with which some English writers and professors adopted and repeated the savage animosities and the hollow pretexts for the war current amongst German professors and diplomatists. Bismarck's two cries were, first the need to protect Germany by a new "strategic frontier," and secondly, to liberate their "German brothers," who were under French domination in Alsace and Lorraine. Some English men of letters, led by Carlyle and Professor Freeman, in their zeal for German erudition, even exaggerated the hatred of France and the peril of Germany which filled the Press of the Fatherland. Against these two delusions I protested in a second letter (December 7):—

For two months past, what has the German invasion been but a war of spoliation? It is a war now of which the avowed end is to tear four departments and two millions of Frenchmen from France, and to add them to Germany. No one disputes that these provinces are as truly part of France

now as Normandy itself. No one asserts that their inhabitants are anything but good Frenchmen. The Prussians, indeed, look forward with pleasure to the hatred of the annexed populations. It is to add a spice to their triumph. Their pride is soothed by making it out to be a case of brute force. The historical and ethnological researches of the Professors are only by way of adding a truly grim joke to the riveting of the chains of the prisoner. "Stand still, brother," they seem to say, with a ponderous sort of grin, "you are only 'coming home to Fatherland.'" Bismarck, however, who is a plain-speaking man, gives the word that annexations are not affairs of ballot-boxes, but are simple questions of conquest. So he, delighting Sartor and all men who admire a tyrant and have a genuine contempt for the nineteenth century. Now, this is no question of a schoolboy fight—but one of the permanent peace of Europe. And enlightened Liberals are found content to base that peace upon spoliation.

But then, some robust Liberals shut their eyes about the spoliation and let it pass as necessary for the protection of Germany against France. Well! but that is the crowning folly of the Treaty of Vienna, which sorted populations like cattle, and set up "barriers" and "compensations," and "strategic frontiers." What have Liberals been doing—what have our Liberal Governments been doing—ever since 1815 but denounce all these annexations based on such hateful strategic pleas?

Did we not protest against "strengthening" Austria by giving her Venice, and "strengthening" Holland by giving her Belgium? Did we not insist that Austrian Lombardy was not a "barrier" against France, but a temptation to France? Did we not stigmatise these strategic and diplomatic pretexts as mere dynastic ties? Were we not right in the event? Have not we Liberals, as each strategic barrier was torn down, rejoiced and felt the air purer and the peace of Europe safer? And now? "Oh! now," we are told, "the Germans are quite right in taking any strategic frontier they want. It is a matter for Von Moltke to decide." Thus your robust Liberal hands over Europe to the arbitrament of the soldier.

Why assume that the annexation of these two provinces will be a real "strategic barrier"? I know nothing of their swordsman's jargon. But I know—for I have seen it—that the Rhine frontier of Germany, from Rastadt to Cologne, is already a double or triple line of fortresses, that Germany

advances wedgelike far into the eastern side of France, and approaches towards her capital. The outcry for the Rhine as a French defence has been kept alive in France by the sense of their exposed eastern frontier. Have not Frenchmen —strategists also—long talked of the dangers to Paris from a German invasion—it must be allowed now not without cause? Have not their Moltkes and Bismarcks pronounced the Rhine to be an indispensable military frontier for France? And all we Liberals have denounced this again and again as a pretext which covered the lust of conquest. If there was one thing we stood by, it was this, that these questions of national right should not be settled by this garrison cant. Yet now our enlightened Liberal finds out that to enslave two millions of Frenchmen is a "purely strategic question."

Another of the favourite arguments of the *literati*, led by Professor Freeman, was that the ascendancy of Germany would be a triumph of civilisation and make for the peace of the world. We have now had forty years' experience of this prophecy, and we see to-day how foolish it was. I wrote (December 8):—

Which army now is contending for military glory, the French or the German? The German people at home are sick at heart of this bloody work. When I told an old Bavarian farmer that there was some hope of an end of it, he rang out a gasp of joy—"Gott sey dank!" But the German people are become the instruments of sanguinary ambition—ready to die not for the Napoleonic—but for the Hohenzollern tradition. Your sturdy Liberal thinks that the German influence—pure absolute *Geist*—will be so good for Europe, and he shuts his eyes to a little harshness in securing that holy end. So thinks your earnest Liberal, especially if he be well up in the history of the "Reich," and if he correspond with a professor or two. German influence!—secured though it be by enslaving two millions of men, by burning villages with petroleum, by stamping out the last heroic efforts of a nation's defence. It may be so. But I know that it was once the Liberal creed to repudiate this very doctrine in the case of France. We used to denounce the claim to spread French civilisation by the

sword. And for my part I denounce it equally when we are asked to accept it from Germany.

"Ah, yes!" my Liberal friends tell me, "this Bismarckian phase is purely temporary. The great German people are not to be charged with the ambition of Prussian kings. They will soon give us a beautiful constitutional freedom." Now, we never admitted that plea in the case of France, nor did we condone the schemes of Napoleon, in simple faith that, as he promised, one day "the edifice was to be crowned." Yet now, the Prussians and their friends are using the same words, and ask us to stand by whilst the irresistible armies of their new "Emperor" [the proclamation did not in fact come off till a month later] establish a permanent ascendancy, and soon we shall see the most beautiful Geist conceivable rise up radiant as an angel amid the scowls of the conquered, or like some phoenix out of the ashes of their homes.

The paramount ascendancy in the armed millions of Europe is tolerably evident in 1910; but the glorious things that we were promised in the way of enlightenment, peace, and liberty are not yet so visible.

I went on to ask—

Why are we to take the future freedom and peacefulness of Germany on faith? We know that for one hundred and fifty years the present dynasty and its servants have held Prussia in the grasp of a strict military despotism, and Prussia has now thrown the same military chains round Germany. The Prussian rule has ever been defiant of public opinion. They create armies, raise taxes, make wars, not only without the consent of the people, but in spite of their opposition. I decline, without better authority than that of the Professors, to believe that this Prussian dynasty and Prussian army are about to cease to be everything that they have been for more than a century.

The work is not yet complete. Eight millions of South Germans have to be "brought home to Fatherland." Bavaria will need a little drilling. And the German arms on the sea have as yet done nothing worthy of so great a race. Germany will do whatever the Hohenzollerns think most to redound to their personal glory [Kaiser Wilhelm II. was just

eleven years old then]. On the battlefield of home freedom and progress, the German is not so stout as he is on foreign soil. He seems to think "martial law" is a sacred thing not to be spoken lightly of. A deputy in Parliament asked a question about the arrest of a colleague. The minister explained that was a matter of the King's prerogative—"the subject then dropped." Good Herren deputies, these matters of "höhe Politik" are not for you! And we are asked to entrust the peace of Europe to the keeping of these men.

Another favourite argument of the Professors—both German and English—was that all that was being done in France was a just vengeance for the crimes of the nation in the past. I vehemently repudiated "this horrible doctrine of national revenge." Was international morality some grand Corsican vendetta, wherein nations, not families, were to cut each others' throats, at convenient intervals; and centuries, instead of generations, were to keep alive the blood-feud? When Englishmen held the cry of "avenging Waterloo" to be preposterous, why is the cry of "avenging Jena" to be so natural and right? At that rate, Napoleon III. would be justified in attacking Germany in order to avenge the capture of Paris in 1815. And the conquests of Napoleon I. would be a justifiable retaliation for Brunswick's invasion in 1792, and Brunswick's invasion of France at the Revolution was the retaliation for the Seven Years' War. Was the miserable equation of bloodshed to be worked out century by century back to Charlemagne or Clovis? After fifty years of peace the pretext of retaliation between nations becomes a horrible absurdity.

This preposterous doctrine of national vengeance was being much pressed by our Teutophile historians. But, as I said to them, if history is to be used in digging up the old quarrels of races, historians will become a curse to society. Besides, it was untrue to historic fact that France had been

in the past the evil spirit of "Germany," that Germans had always been innocent victims of French aggression. Till of late years there never had been a nation known as Germany, but only a number of restless duchies, fighting with each other, partly led by a fanatical tyranny, and partly by a rapacious soldier. France had rarely been at war with any German people, except in conjunction with some other German people. And in all great European struggles branches of the German race had been in opposing camps. Bismarck, for the first time, had welded into one army and in one national cause the German powers of the North and Centre—though not of the South.

Well might one adapt a famous phrase and cry —"O theory of races, what crimes are done in your name!"

In the old days kings who wanted to conquer a new province would talk of their pedigrees, the wranglings of lawyers, and State parchments. As time went on they got to talk about principles, order, constitutional guarantees, and the like when they went out on the war-path. Now a robber Emperor or a filibustering Minister gets up a cry of "nationality" when he seeks a new "annexation." And historians explain to the world that the plunder is done on strict "ethnological principles." These professors, I said, are like the legal jackals whom Philip the Fair, or Philip of Spain had at hand in their wars. The history of the "Reich" has as much to do with the peace of Europe to-day as the legend of Gog and Magog. The use of learning in such causes is truly retrograde. And it is a scandal to literature to prostitute its researches to bolster up a system of spoliation. Society would never suffer so much as if it were to fall into the hands of what Mr. Mill called a "pedantocracy."

By the end of the year 1870, in common with

my Positivist friends and many others, I had made up my mind to appeal with all the force I could command to bring public opinion round to the point of active intervention on behalf of France, at least so far as to prevent her dismemberment and prostration. It was a policy entirely in accord with Liberal traditions. It was, I said, "our old Liberal policy." We had long stood up in Europe as guardians of peace and national independence. We had protested against violent conquests and any subversion of the recognised State system of Europe. It was the interest of England and of Europe that France should not be crushed. I concluded the series of letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette* thus (December 9):—

> We stand now alone in Europe. In spite of all our suspicions and differences, France and England have long worked together in the common interests of the world. The national and enlightened feelings of both peoples constantly pushed their statesmen to the same objects. With France powerless, England becomes an Island with a vast scattered body of dependencies across the Sea. With Prussia, with Bismarck, with military autocracy, a semi-feudal aristocracy, a semi-Russian Government, we can have no such sympathy, no such common policy. We can only watch it anxiously, hoping for the best. We have stood by to see our old and natural ally suffer its Austerlitz and its Ulm. Let us trust the future has in store no Jena for ourselves.

In the forty years that have passed since these words were written, Britain has hardly ever found itself in hearty sympathy and in active co-operation with the policy of Bismarck and his successors in the Imperial councils. On the contrary, with many differences, we have continually been in sympathy and in co-operation with the policy of the Republic. In more than one crisis we have interfered to protect France from some sinister menace. In 1910, the words cited above very

fairly describe the situation in which we stand after so many turns of fortune and waves of international feeling. It is still my conviction that in 1870 we ought to have boldly acted in the sense there described.

This was during the first Ministry of Mr. Gladstone (1868-1874), Lord Granville being Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Bright still a member of the Cabinet. It was a Ministry as full of doctrines of peace, non-intervention, and free trade as any Ministry in the nineteenth century. Mr. Gladstone has fully explained his own views in the famous *Edinburgh Review* article which he republished in his *Gleanings*. This is now to be read in vol. iv. pp. 197-253. It was there that he used the famous phrases that were not soon forgotten—"Happy England!"—"The streak of silver sea."—"Everything combines to make us safe." Though personally indignant at the project of the forcible annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany, he did not do more than urge his colleagues to make a protest along with the neutral powers in favour of consulting the populations concerned. As he told Lord Granville, "this violent laceration and transfer is to lead us from bad to worse, and to be the beginning of a new series of European complications." His fears were amply justified; but, as his colleagues were for "masterly inaction" and "splendid isolation," he did not insist even on his own tepid policy. The official paralysis of England in this turning-point of European history I still hold to have been a permanent misfortune to our country as well as to civilisation.

In the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, 1870, then conducted by Mr. John Morley, I published the article entitled "Bismarckism" which is included in my *National and Social Problems* (1908, pp. 3-35). Without my consent or knowledge,

the paper was issued separately, and was translated in a French newspaper issued in London, and it had a considerable circulation both in England and abroad. At the desire of Lord Houghton I sent this article, and that of February 1871, to the Duc de Broglie, when he was the French Ambassador in London. He wrote to me from Albert Gate (March 1871) a letter which I used to save me from personal injury some years later, as I explain under the year 1877. The duke writes to me :—

J'ai reçu avec reconnaissance, et lu avec un intérêt mêlé d'admiration, les articles que vous m'avez bien voulu m'envoyer sur les tristes évènements dont la France a été le théâtre et la victime. J'ai pu apprécier par moi-même l'exactitude de vos jugements sur l'armée prussienne et sa composition, et je m'associe à la plupart des sentiments que vous inspire cette redoutable domination.

In the letter in which Lord Houghton begged me to send my article to the Duc de Broglie he speaks of the

wonderful story of the occupation of the Château de Broglie by a Royal Duke and his staff. He said it was the strangest anachronism you could conceive—an invasion of Teutonic Knights with all the apparatus of modern culture—they showing "des certains égards for M. le Duc," and being utterly implacable towards every one else—delighted to find Madame de Staël's autograph in his books and carrying them off without scruple—a Middle Age militarism absorbing a Nineteenth Century civilisation."

In that month of December 1870, it certainly looked as if nothing would satisfy the ambition of the new Germany short of the annihilation of France as a great power. And it seemed to some of us that it was the clear duty of England, and was within the power of England, to prevent that catastrophe. I urged, that failing a coalition of neutral powers to bring the war to a close,

"England should throw herself into the rescue of France with her whole forces, moral and material, naval and military. Let money, guns, and supplies be poured into France, with the aid of the English fleet; and it may well be believed that France could turn the tide." At that date, she had 400,000 men in arms in Paris; other armies amounting to 600,000 in other parts of France. Two-thirds of France were still unoccupied. The task of defending the vast tract occupied, and securing the immense base line from the Elbe to the Loire, was already becoming an anxious task to Germany. What would it be if the armies of occupation had to be extended to the Bay of Biscay, to the Garonne and the Rhone, confronted with many armies on their flank amounting to a million of men, supplied from across the Channel with unlimited resources of all kinds? And if that did not succeed, I urged the expedition of a British army, to be entrenched on some defensible spot of Brittany, and covered by the fleet as in a new Torres Vedras. With such help France could prolong the struggle until the invader was exhausted.

Looking back after some forty years, with all that we now know, I still assert that this was the true, the practicable policy, in January 1871. As Gambetta himself told me in 1877, the nation had lost heart, gave itself up to despair, and felt itself divided, betrayed, and abandoned. The fall of Paris, the break-up of all government, and the rage of the Imperialists to recover power did the rest. And the craven peace was signed by the *rusé* old *bourgeois* Thiers before the rest of France could make itself heard, or Europe had realised all that peace implied. The peace was sprung upon both, whilst still unprepared and almost ignorant of what was done. And for my part, I hold now, as

I held then, that the British Government failed in its duty in that great crisis which has dominated European politics ever since.

By the middle of January 1871, the tide of British sympathy set strongly towards France. The best opinion of the Conservative party was inclined to take action; the army and the navy were keenly roused; the political spirits amongst the workmen were eager to save the young Republic from destruction. Democratic excitement rose high. Early in January some of us resolved to hold a great meeting of Trades Unionists in St. James's Hall. It was organised entirely by a few Positivists and their political allies at our own cost, and without the aid of any member of either House. Professor Beesly took the chair; and the late Admiral Maxse and Sir William Marriott, both then looking out for Radical seats, and Mr. Bradlaugh, attended and spoke. An attempt made to move an amendment in favour of non-intervention was shouted down; and the meeting (10th January 1871) was as hotly bellicose as could be imagined. I am confident that, if the war could have been continued for a few months longer, the set of military and Conservative opinion, combined with that of the working men in the mass, would have forced the Liberal Ministers from their policy of hesitating impotence to take action or resign. They were absorbed in the Russian repudiation of the Treaty of Paris and the Black Sea imbroglio. Parliament was not sitting; and British interests only were considered to be urgent. In my opinion, this was the *gran rifiuto* of Gladstone.

The cabinet, as well as many worldly-wise Liberals, greatly underrated the power of Britain to give France effective support. The story of Mr. Odo Russell's mission to Bismarck reveals the imminent risk to the German invasion which a

British war or even a European conference would cause, whilst Paris and the rest of France held out. And we now know the almost intolerable strain imposed on the German army by the long line of communication, in which a single successful breach would be fatal. The catastrophe was hurried on and peace preliminaries were signed at the end of January. The French *bourgeoisie*, together with imperialist and monarchist factions, sacrificed the country. British *laissez-faire* and commerce held their ground for the time. As I wrote (January 1871), "Europe found that it had a new master." In after years Bismarck discovered that he had underrated the recuperative power of France. And, no doubt, but for the growing difficulties of the war, and the rise of European sympathies with France, he would have exacted far greater cessions of territory, and terms even more crushing than the five milliards.

Liberavi animam meam in an article published in the *Fortnightly Review* (February 1871, vol. ix.), and now included in my *National and Social Problems*, 1908. Written as it was in the excitement of the imminent surrender of Paris, and at the moment of the inauguration of the new Empire at Versailles, it enumerated the various forms which the hegemony of Prussia was destined to take in European and in British problems. It can hardly be said to have exaggerated the conditions which have since dominated politics. It foretold the creation of a great sea-power to make Germany mistress of the Baltic, and a silent conspiracy to menace Holland, and to draw Austria into her toils. And it urged the adoption of a systematic policy, even if it were only a policy of moral force. In an urgent crisis it is impossible to be neutral. A great nation must take a part. But it has needed a generation for British statesmanship fully

to realise all that was implied in the moral and material revolution of the European State-system carried out in 1870-1871, to the delight of literary pedants and the besotted satisfaction of commercial Liberals.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC

The capture of Paris, the triumphal entry of the German army, and the terms of peace, with the cession of Alsace and part of Lorraine, Strasburg, Metz, and other forts, and the payment of the five milliards of francs (£200,000,000), were followed (as was inevitable) by the insurrection of Paris, and the dreadful carnage and ruin of which it was the scene from May to June. In common with my other political friends, I naturally took the keenest interest in all these events, and we had special means of learning the true facts from our colleagues in France. Pierre Laffitte, Dr. Robinet and his family, and nearly all our Positivist friends remained in Paris during both sieges, many of them taking part in the defence, the medical men in the ambulance service; and there was no difficulty in their transmitting letters, journals, and pamphlets.

Our colleague, J. Cotter Morison, had lived with his family in Paris for some years, and had a wide circle of French friends of all parties. He left Paris during the sieges, but returned as soon as practicable, and we paid him a visit there in quieter times. I saw a good deal of Mr. Charles Austin, who had acted as correspondent of the *Times* during the second siege, and had been the eye-witness of terrible scenes. My friends procured

for me a complete collection of the journals of all kinds published in Paris during these events, and I used them as materials for a history which I contemplated writing of the Communal government. When the refugees from the vengeance of Versailles reached England I sought to extract from them the true story of these events; and I opened a fund to relieve their immediate distress, and secured for many of them employment as workmen, as artists, draughtsmen, teachers of languages, and writers for the Press and magazines. Our house was constantly open to them, and I distributed a considerable fund of subscriptions collected after letters I wrote in the *Times*. In this way I saw many of the men who, in civil or military capacity, had taken part in the Communal movement.

One of the first of these was Camille Barrère, now Ambassador of France in Italy, who, according to his own account, had fought on the barricades in May, and had escaped as an English tourist, owing to his perfect knowledge of our language and customs. He was then an adroit and interesting youth of eighteen, claiming to be a grandson of the Conventionel Barère, known as the "Anacreon of the Guillotine," but his name is spelled differently, and we had nothing to prove it but his own assertion (in private). As he wrote English fluently I introduced him to Sir Charles Dilke and to John Morley and others, and procured him literary work. He was free of my house, my purse, and my help, which I regret to say he repaid with insolent ingratitude; but, of course, he was an ambitious youth with a lurid past, which he had to live down. Among these refugees whom we assisted was Lissagaray, who published a *History of the Commune* in 1876; and Paschal Grousset, who eventually became a deputy, and even Under Minister in the Foreign Office. They were all conceited

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adventurers, fond of sneering at their English friends and speaking ill of their French colleagues.

The most accomplished and the most honourable of these refugees was La Cecilia, who had been a General in command of the Communal forces in the last siege, and had served as colonel of volunteers in the war against the Germans. He was the son and heir of a certain Italian nobleman, Marquis La Cecilia of Naples and Rome, who had been an active colleague with Mazzini in the old days of the Carbonari, and indeed had been in correspondence with Louis Napoleon, when he was coquetting with the Italian revolutionists. Louis Napoleon's letters signed "Leo" are still in possession of the La Cecilia family, and have been in my hands. "General" La Cecilia, who never assumed his military title or that of Marquis, was a man of remarkable attainments as a linguist, for he was complete master of all the languages of Europe. He ultimately retired for his health to Egypt, where he had an office as interpreter in the international law courts, and died there.

A thrilling story was told of his escape when pursued by the Versailles troops after the capture of Paris in May. One morning at dawn, in a large tenement house in Paris, a single lady of middle age and irreproachable character was roused from sleep by the sudden entrance into her room of a man half clothed and in wild excitement. "Sauvez-moi, Mademoiselle," he cried; "I am a Communard officer, for whom the soldiers are now searching these rooms, and to seize me would mean my immediate death." The lady rose, hurriedly wrapped herself in some clothes, and placed the unknown refugee in her own bed. The tramp of the soldiers was heard outside, and presently came a loud summons to open the door. The lady remonstrated and used all her eloquence, but was obliged to

allow the searching party to enter. She overwhelmed the officer in command with the passionate invectives that only a Frenchwoman could pour out in such a case. The officer behaved with decency and politeness, but insisted that his orders were peremptory to search every corner of every room in that house. This was done with scrupulous care and due respect, the lady covering the soldiers with reproaches for the outrage they were committing, the unfortunate officer doing his best to calm her with apologies and regrets. No prisoner could be found either in the wardrobes, closet, chimney, or under the bed. "Do you dare to search my very bed?" screamed the woman in a torrent of indignation, holding the coverlet and sheets as if to throw them aside. "Non, Madame," cried the baffled officer, "c'est inutile : notre homme ne peut pas être là. Mille pardons, mille regrets de vous avoir dérangé par ordre supérieur!" The troops retired to search other rooms. And slowly the refugee general raised his head from beneath the counterpane. "Sauvé," he murmured; but there beside the bed lay the still smoking pipe he had thrown down in his hurry. Had the officer noticed the pipe? Possibly he did—and it may be reckoned in his favour at the last account.

Several of the *proscrits* of the time were men of high character and remarkable attainments. The painter Courbet was very nearly executed, the sculptor Dalou returned from exile and held office in the Louvre. Several others were artists, painters in oil or on porcelain, barristers, and civil officials of ability and experience, such as Andrieux, Ranvier, Brunel, etc. etc.

The protest made by Paris, in April 1871, against the manifest design of the improvised government at Bordeaux to impose on France a monarchic and retrograde *régime* seemed to me and to my friends

both just and necessary. The establishment of what was called the "Commune" was the principle of municipal self-government—the reply of Paris and the workmen of the great cities to resist a domination resting on the country people of the provinces. As such I heartily welcomed it, but we can now see that it was carried out with violence and exaggeration; and under the circumstances, with an enemy encamped close to Paris, and in occupation of extensive territory, it was premature and doomed to failure. About the middle of April, when the struggle between Paris and Versailles was just beginning, I wrote an article in the *Fortnightly Review* (May 1871, No. LI.), to attempt some justification of this wild outbreak.

With all my sympathy for the general purpose of the insurrection of Paris, I repudiated its principles and its methods, "I deplored its blunders, and I abhorred its crimes." My own friends enabled me to refute the absurd stories of "pillage," "massacre," "rabble," and then of "incendiaries," *pétroleuses,* and similar inventions. The aim of the self-styled government at Versailles was, by the aid of the old Imperialist army, to disarm Paris, to restore a monarchic despotism, and to govern France imperially, apart from the intelligence and popular ideals of the capital. The reactionary ministry of Thiers was nothing but a conspiracy to destroy the Republic which had carried on the National Defence for seven months. I insisted that the first aim of the people of Paris was to defend the Republic; the second was to protest against the trick of manipulating universal suffrage by the influence of officialdom. The third aim was to repudiate the Parliamentary *régime* as unsuitable for France; the fourth aim was to substitute a national militia for a conscript army. Lastly, the workmen claimed the right to take part in active government.

"For the first time in modern Europe, the workmen of the chief city of the Continent have organised a regular government in the name of a new Social order."

The people of Paris, I wrote, had stood on the ramparts side by side for six months, rich and poor, and the richest were on the eve of starvation, like the poorest. They had been ill-led, ill-governed, distrusted, and eventually stung by a crushing and unexpected surrender. Now they were told it was all over; they must shift for themselves, pay arrears of rent and debt; Capital, if they were patient, would return and employ them again; the gaiety of the city was reviving; luxury and gilded vice were returning to their old haunts; enterprise would set up the great mill, where colossal fortunes would be reared, and where the labourers might crowd and scramble for bread.

This the workmen of Paris, with arms in their hands, said should not be for ever. They had thrown up this tremendous yet wild veto on the absolute reign of Capital. The evil is deeper than can be reached by any wild protest. Men cannot be forced by law, nor by revolutions, to be just, generous, right-minded. As a political and violent remedy of profound social disorders, the revolution of the Commune is abortive and must fail. But their great political programme is effectually founded in France; is sufficiently suggested to Europe; and the bloody vengeance of the Monarchists will not blot it out from the memory of the future.

This was written a few weeks after the inauguration of the Commune in Paris, and before the murders, outrages, and burnings in which the savagery of the siege eventually culminated, to the horror of the civilised world. The movement, as we all saw in England, was desperate, hopeless, and premature. But looking back after nearly forty years have passed, I still hold that the resistance of

Paris to the reactionary Imperialism that Bismarck planted on the conquered and distracted French nation was inevitable. And I still hold that with all its horrors and its crimes, it effectually saved the third Republic from extinction, and was the germ out of which the reformed France of Gambetta, Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes, Clemenceau, and Briand was destined by long struggles to grow.

Only those who lived through those months of May and June 1871, knowing well Paris and French politics, and having intimate friends in the city, can imagine the thrill of horror and the spasms of indignation which stirred some of us at home. The delirium alike of victims and of slayers, the holocaust of massacre and the orgy of savagery, the wholesale destruction of venerable monuments and historic buildings—was told us day by day till one could hardly bear to hear more. It is now certain that for weeks after the entrance of the Versailles troops into Paris and the complete end of all resistance, thousands of unarmed prisoners, men, women, and boys, were massacred wholesale. Prisoners on the march to Versailles were cut down and shot at sight. It was a concerted and deliberate butchery of one political party by their political enemies—and on a scale quite equivalent to that of the St. Bartholomew. One leading journal wrote: "Forty thousand Communists only have been killed; why have the other 60,000 escaped military justice?" The lowest possible estimate would make the number of the killed 20,000, and of those condemned to exile or prison at least 10,000. But I believe that the true numbers were much larger —I am inclined to think quite double this total amount.

The prolonged tension of nerves, the shame, fury, and fear under which the people of Paris had

suffered from July 1870 until May 1871, produced a cerebral *hyperaesthesia* which seriously affected the reason. The wildest and absurdest panic set in. Men were said to be disguised firemen pumping petroleum on burning houses instead of water. Women were said to carry bottles of petroleum concealed in their caps to set fire to the cellars. It was death for a workman to be caught in the street with black hands, or for a woman to be caught with a bottle of oil. A friend of mine saw a poor woman dragged through the streets, speechless and bleeding, to be shot as a *pétroleuse*. A neighbour recognised her as a cook who had been buying salad oil and tried to save her, and he was nearly butchered along with her. Another friend of mine saw Jules, the baker's lad, who had just brought round the loaves, lying dead against the wall in his blood. No one dared to raise the body, for he had been killed by the soldiers as they passed along. Charles Austin, who was about the city all through those days, saw prisoners constantly put in a line against the wall and shot down in heaps. One pathetic incident I well remember. As the word to fire was about to be given, a *gamin* of fourteen or so, a sort of Gavroche, stepped out and cried, "Mon Capitaine, laissez-moi donner ma montre à ma mère avant de mourir!" "Be off," shouted the captain with a grin, "va-t-en, petit diable!" and was not sorry to be spared murdering the child. But the last victim had hardly ceased to writhe when, to the amazement of the officer, the little lad returned. "Je suis prêt maintenant," he said, as he took his place against the bloody wall.

Endless were the anecdotes we heard from English and French witnesses. When the Napoleon Column in the Place Vendôme was pulled down by orders of the municipal government, as a symbol that the Imperial *régime* was finally closed, a young

man known to some of our body in Paris stood in the crowd watching the removal. It was carried out with care and skill, so that the column should fall in pieces on mattresses laid on the ground. As the column fell and broke up, the little bronze figure of Victory, held in the outstretched hand of the Emperor, rolled to the feet of the young man. Without a thought of the consequences, he took it up and carried it away. This little image was regarded as a fetish, or palladium of Empire, by all true Napoleonists. And when inquiry began to be made for it, the possessor and his friends took alarm, though, as keen Republicans, they would not return it to the Versaillais. They carried it for safe keeping to our friend Cotter Morison, who consented to hold it for a time. The night that I reached his house on a visit, Morison exhibited Mademoiselle *Victoire*, a bronze figure in classical style about 18 inches high, and he placed it under the bed on which I was to sleep. That night I had a vivid dream of the tramp of troops on the staircase, and I woke as I was being led out to be shot in the backyard. Morison insisted on its being restored, and it was eventually deposited on a rubbish heap outside Paris. I remember, when I told the story to the late Lord Houghton, he told me that he would have given a thousand pounds to have the image legally. He wished, no doubt, to show it to his guests, along with what he called "the bloody page," the manuscript that Marat was writing in his bath when Charlotte Corday stabbed him.

Burning with indignation at the horrible form of the Versailles Terror, I wrote the article on the "Fall of the Commune" in the *Fortnightly Review* (August 1871, No. LVI.). It had the hearty sympathy of John Morley, then editor. He wrote to me (July 26, 1871): "I go with you in every

word, and cannot say how grateful I am to you for so humane a deliverance. It will reach the heart of every man young enough to have a humane fibre left in him!" I carefully examined the current stories about plunder, assassination, arson, and massacre with which the reactionary Press had inundated and shocked the public opinion of Europe. I said that some of these tales were like the mediaeval accusation of the Christian baby crucified by the Jews when a massacre or a persecution was designed. The Paris buildings, I said, were set on fire in the fury of street fighting. I have myself talked with men who were in military occupation of the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, and the office of Public Finance; and they declare that the fires there were acts of war. The burning of the *Légion d'Honneur* was certainly an act of vengeance against the Empire; and I incline to think that the attempt to burn some churches was the deliberate work of anti-clericals. But it is now certain, as I wrote in 1871, that there had been no systematic design of burning Paris, or even the conspicuous monuments of the rich, like the Opera or the Bourse. The dreadful and deliberate murder of the Archbishop and his fellow-hostages by the Communards during the street fighting, was the unofficial act of some desperate men, in retaliation for the wholesale murder of captured Federal soldiers. The Communal authorities had previously offered the Archbishop and six of his companions in exchange for the single person of Blanqui. This the Versailles chiefs refused, leaving the hostages in Paris to their fate.

I summed up the whole thus:—

The balance hangs thus: Against the Commune, the execution, in retaliation, of sixty-four hostages, and the alleged burning of certain public buildings, the circumstances of both being still doubtful. Against Versailles, the waging

a war without quarter—prisoners shot in cold blood, an organised massacre, dungeons, hulks, and Cayenne—a population of 50,000 souls swept away. And to be just, we must remember that the atrocities certainly committed by Versailles preceded those alleged to have been committed by Paris; the latter were carried out, if they were carried out at all, in the last delirium of despair.

To many of us who for a generation had dreamed and worked for an industrial regeneration of society, the lessons of this terrible time were full of sinister omens. The Communal upheaval was in spirit a violent effort of free Labour to assert itself against a capitalist Empire. And all the forces of Conservatism rallied to crush that effort with cruel fury. I wrote:—

To those who watch with anxiety the future there is something appalling in the spirit with which the movement of the Commune has been judged. It is true that it was something new in political experience; but at most its ideal was that of government by and for the working-classes. An ideal one-sided and extravagant it might be; but when we reflect for how many centuries, and in how many societies, all power has been wielded by the rich and great in their own exclusive interests, it is an ideal not so entirely preposterous. Yet the attempt, before a single act by which to judge it was done, was looked upon by the respectability of Europe with transports of rage. Language was exhausted in flinging epithets at the leaders, and literature hurried forth to drown them in calumny. That men who had once been working men should engage—nay even succeed—in the affairs of State was received with a howl, in which amazement struggled with rage. It was as if the horses had made an insurrection against men, had harnessed human teams in their carts and ploughs, and successfully established a Houyhnhnm government. Our Yahoos howled with rage. It was the frenzy which seizes a white population when their black slaves grow insubordinate.

As in all previous questions, and in all I had written for many years, I strove to judge the great struggle in the light of Positivist Sociology, and to

show wherein the effort of Paris had signally failed. I wrote :—

This great crisis stated, though it has not solved, the social problem. It is this. In this complex industrial system, Wealth has discovered the machinery by which the principal, in some cases the whole, results of common Labour become its special perquisites. Ten thousand miners delve and toil, giving their labour, risking their lives ; ten masters give their direction or their capital, oftenest only the latter. And in a generation the ten capitalists are rioting in vast fortunes, and the ten thousand workmen are rotting in their graves, or in a workhouse. And yet the ten thousand were at least as necessary to the work as the ten. Yet more. The ten capitalists are practically the law-makers, the magistrates, the government, the educators of youth, the priests of all creeds are their creatures. Practically they make and interpret the law—the law of the land, the law of opinion, and the law of God ; they are masters of the whole social forces.

A convenient faith has been invented for them by moralists and economists, the only faith in which in these days they at all believe—the faith that the good of mankind is somehow promoted by a persevering course of selfishness. Competition is become the whole duty of man. And thus it comes that in ten thousand ways the whole social force is directed for the benefit of those who have.

Now the answer of the workmen of Paris is this. The whole social force which has so long been directed by capital in its own interest shall be directed by workmen in the interests of workmen. The laws shall no longer be made and administered so as to handicap the labourer in the race of industry. The power of the State shall step in to neutralise competition, and to restrain the selfish abuse of capital. The land, at any rate, they say, must be resumed by the State for the benefit of the whole community, and farmed on social, and not on proprietary, bases.

Such is the faith which, in spite of its extravagance, has seized the foremost minds of the workmen of Europe ; and in some form or other it receives the devotion of a religious creed. So far as they have a scheme, it is Communism.

To this my article insisted there is but one answer—that of Positivism. In one sense akin to

Communism, for it accepts that belief in social reorganisation; in another sense the opposite of Communism, for it exalts instead of abolishes the exercise of property by individuals. It insists that the use of property must again be made a religious duty. It means Capital, not extinguished, but moralised; not cut to pieces, but raised to new functions; not harassed by the fetters of law, but strong in the noble consciousness of a public office.

CHAPTER XXII

THE COMMUNARD REFUGEES

As I contemplated writing a history of the entire Paris movement of 1870-1871, I made the acquaintance of the refugees as they arrived in England. They were of various types—cultivated and high-minded men who had flung themselves into the struggle on impulse, and with no very clear idea whither it might lead them—some young men of ambition who intended to become ministers or generals—some old Socialist insurgents—and some feckless enthusiasts in a state of cerebral excitement. I met none whom I could regard as criminals or professional conspirators. But after careful investigation of the men and events, I preferred to leave the history to the French writers, who have abundantly accomplished the task from all possible points of view. Almost all the real leaders and the men of brains, energy, and character were killed or sent to prolonged exile.

Nearly all the refugees were in a state of utter destitution, not a few with wives and children; and most of them were in the helpless condition in which Parisians find themselves when thrown into a foreign country, where language, habits, and means of livelihood are insoluble puzzles to them. I busied myself in finding them employment, and raising a fund for pressing necessities. The public

in England were so deeply disgusted by the horrors in the punishment of the insurrection that in response to letters in the Press an adequate sum was placed in my hands. The brother of a well-known peer sent me £100, the greater part of which I returned as not needed. I doled out small sums to enable the men to find employment or to the women to feed the children in the interval. The workmen, cabinet-makers, printers, artists in bronze, enamel, or porcelain readily found work; and several eminent firms applied to me for skilled tradesmen; the painters, engravers, and photographers were placed at once; the barristers, men of letters, and journalists gradually found work as teachers of their language, lecturers, or essayists. We started a night-school in which they could learn English, which was led by a certain Adolphe Smith, a bilingual journalist of mixed descent, who was equally at home in Paris or in London. Until they could learn our language they were utterly helpless.

On the whole, they were a singularly unpractical, unbusinesslike, and ineffectual set, often nursing in exile visionary schemes and the jealousies and suspicions of rival sects. By degrees they managed to support themselves here, but nearly all returned to France, and not a few of them, like Barrère, Paschal Grousset, Rochefort, and others, had successful careers in public life. These were only the men who had been drawn into the whirlpool. The true leaders, such as Delescluze, Varlin, Millière, Ferrè, Roussel, had been slaughtered. As they were living a miserable life, we occasionally invited some of those we knew to supper with their wives and families. I remember an amusing incident one evening. My wife asked one of the most prominent of them to take the wife of another then present into supper. "If you do not know the lady, she is

opposite to us, I will introduce you," she said. He hesitated, and murmured, "Mais son mari m'a condamné à mort!" "Cela n'y fait rien," she replied, "dans notre salon." "Bien, Madame," he answered, "pour vous je ferais tout," with which polite speech he gave his arm to the wife of his mortal enemy. "In strict confidence, let me tell you," said another, who is now an Ambassador of the Republic, "to-morrow I go to Paris incognito and in disguise as a British tourist. Pray do not allude to this here," looking round suspiciously, "it might be my death-warrant if it were known."

An amusing scene took place in my chambers over a legal dispute about a patent-right. Le Moussu, a mechanical draughtsman and an engraver of remarkable skill, claimed to have been the real inventor of a new copying machine. Karl Marx, the Socialist author, had advanced money on it and claimed to have it assigned to him. They were about to try the matter in the law courts when they mutually agreed to refer the case to arbitration, choosing me as judge. This I consented to do if the regular forms of arbitration under the then law were observed. They attended in my chambers to argue their respective claims. Le Moussu was one of the most beautiful youths I ever saw—with delicate Grecian features, the white and rose complexion of a girl, and an expression of sweetness that was irresistible. But his outside, which might have served as a model for an Apollo Sauroctonus, singularly belied his inner nature, if it were true, as he rather boasted, that he commanded the party which shot the Archbishop and other hostages. Before they gave evidence I required them in due form to be sworn on the Bible, as the law then required for legal testimony. This filled them both with horror. Karl Marx protested that he would never so degrade himself. Le Moussu

said that no man should ever accuse him of such an act of meanness. For half an hour they argued and protested, each refusing to be sworn first in presence of the other. At last I obtained a compromise, that the witnesses should simultaneously "touch the book," without uttering a word. Both seemed to me to shrink from the pollution of handling the sacred volume, much as Mephistopheles in the Opera shrinks from the Cross. When they got to argue the case the ingenious Le Moussu won, for Karl Marx floundered about in utter confusion.

A young journalist of the name of Séguin had a melancholy career. Like a good many clever youths at the time, who had lived through the terrific scenes and the wild frenzies in Paris between August 1870 and June 1871, Séguin was fired with the ambition of becoming a military genius. He wrote articles to prove how to defeat first the Prussians and then the Versaillais, and I believe he took part in the fighting in the streets in May. La Cecilia came to me one day to say that his friend Séguin was in hiding in Paris, in extreme danger of summary execution, a most brilliant scholar, and a youth of the highest character, etc. etc. I agreed to have him rescued. The next day my friend Cotter Morison, who was returned to Paris, succeeded in getting the youth out of his concealment, gave him a passport, a railway ticket to London, and a little cash, and in twenty-four hours he was with friends here. As soon as the amnesty was declared, Séguin returned to Paris, and had no difficulty in finding employment on the Press. During the Tunisian War, he was military correspondent of the *Temps*, making full use of his studies in the art of war. But venturing alone too far from the French entrenchments, he was caught by a Kroumir sniper and stabbed to death.

The savagery with which Thiers and his soldiers

—all raging with Monarchic rancour against Republicans—massacred Communards aroused so much indignation that many persons of no political sympathy with insurgents, men of rank and wealth, were willing to assist the refugees. And their own adroitness and social gifts opened for them the houses of many well-known people. The indignation of reasonable persons was only increased when the Thiers Ministry sent over a certain M. Wolowski of the Institute to explain to British society how wicked the Communal insurrection was. The callous barbarism of this ferocious pedant was more than we could endure. He brought me a letter of introduction from Jules Simon, who was then Minister in Thiers' government; and he gave me to understand that he could put me right on matters on which I had been misinformed by a personal interview. I declined to see him again, and urged him to return to those who sent him and tell them that he had been forced to fly from the indignation that his language had caused.

I had myself been in correspondence with Jules Simon for some years. Whilst he was compiling his books on Socialism and Labour problems, he frequently applied to me to procure him materials and to explain matters which he did not understand. During the latter years of the Empire he was an avowed Republican, a subscriber to Rochefort's *Lanterne*, and at the same time he was in unrecognised personal relations with the Empress Eugénie, and also in concealed relations with the Comte de Paris. He came over in 1869, and asked me for introductions to Labour leaders and Trades-Union officials in the North—which he was about to visit "with a friend." The "friend," I afterwards discovered, was no other than the Comte de Paris; and I have no doubt that the Comte's book on

Trades-Unions was practically the work of Jules Simon. His game was to represent semi-socialist Labour ideas, now to the Republicans, now to Imperialists, and then still more secretly to the Orleanists, as he found one or other appearing to be in the ascendant.

Jules Simon's habit of intriguing in turn with Socialists, Republicans, Orleanists, and the Emperor Napoleon, his part in the reactionary and savage revenge of 1871, and his audacity in addressing to me his emissary Wolowski, was too much for my self-control. I wrote him a furious letter of repudiation of himself and his writings. He had been in the habit of sending me copies of his books on social questions and, amongst others, was his Essay against Capital Punishment. In June 1871 I wrote to him thus :—

I have the volume you sent me on Capital Punishment. To the title page

L'Abolition de la peine de Mort
par Jules Simon—

I have added now these words :—

un des assassins officiels du jeune Rossel.

After this we neither met nor corresponded.

On the whole, I fear that the labour, time, and money which I bestowed on these Frenchmen in the years 1871, 1872, and 1873 were not very well spent. It gave me a curious insight into the utter instability of French society and the reckless improvidence with which men of ability and education could fling themselves into adventures of extreme uncertainty and peril. The history of Bonaparte and his famous *mot* of every French soldier carrying a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, has got into the blood of every ambitious youth, and the way in which, ever since 1789, men of the

people have become generals, princes, ministers, and presidents supports the legend of "carrière ouverte aux talents."

Men such as Gambetta, Clemenceau, Louis Blanc, Ranc, and Challemel-Lacour, who deeply sympathised with the Republican effort, kept themselves aloof from the insurrection of Paris, as did our Positivist friends. The men who flung themselves into it were of three sorts: (1) desperate revolutionists like Delescluze, Blanqui, and Varlin, who were ready to become martyrs for the cause of the "social liquidation"; (2) ambitious youths, such as Rossel, Paschal Grousset, Barrère, who intended to become victorious generals or powerful ministers; (3) feckless, well-meaning men, who rushed into the mêlée under excitement, desire of change, and disregard of consequences to themselves or to their country.

To most of them, and certainly to the Socialists, I fear that I was nothing but a *bourgeois* with a fad, whose help could not repay one-thousandth part of the miseries which the class to which I belonged had caused. Anything offered them by English enthusiasts might be useful for the cause, but was hardly deserving of any special thanks. It was not very welcome to the real Socialists. Many of the cultivated men thought it a tribute due to their personal merits. After forty years I will not say that the rising of Paris has been an injury to France or to civilisation. And I do not regret anything I then wrote, said, or did.

CHAPTER XXIII

FRENCH STATESMEN AND WRITERS

As, during my School and College life, I had been often in Paris and in the provinces of France, living for months at a time in French families, I was quite at home with the people, their language, and habits. My visit to Auguste Comte in 1855 left a deep impression on my mind; but I did not see him again before his premature death. Gradually I became intimate with the group of his disciples and their families, and kept up a close association with them by correspondence and visits. First of these was Pierre Laffitte, whose extraordinary grasp of science, history, philosophy, and general literature was recognised by the Government and the Senate when, on the advice of Ernest Renan, Paul Bert, Léon Bourgeois, and Berthelot, they nominated Laffitte Professor of the new School of the Collège de France—that of the History of the Sciences.

Laffitte was three or four times in England, the guest of Dr. Congreve, Mr. Cotter Morison, and myself, and at Newton Hall and elsewhere he occasionally lectured in French to very competent audiences. His wit, learning, and brilliant conversation were fully recognised by judges so competent as Morison, John Morley, Sir M. Grant-Duff, Lord Arthur Russell, Lord Houghton, in England;

and in France by his friends, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Madame Adam, and Anatole France, who introduced his portrait in more than one of his own tales.

Next to Laffitte came Dr. Robinet, Comte's physician and biographer, who was deputy-mayor of his district in Paris, and ultimately Librarian of the Musée Carnavalet. Dr. Robinet's solid republican zeal, and his curious knowledge of the history of the eighteenth century made him a most interesting companion, and his house was a centre of literary and political life. His daughters married Dr. Paul Dubuisson, resident physician in the great Asylum of St. Anne, and Émile Antoine, who for years laboured to popularise the worship of Jeanne d'Arc. With all their families and many others in France we have been for forty years in the closest intimacy.

My articles on the War of 1870 in the *Fortnightly Review* brought me into contact with some eminent French politicians. Those of December 1870 and February 1871 led to the letter of the Ambassador, the Duc de Broglie, which has already been mentioned. That of February 1871 brought me into relations with Guizot, Jules Michelet, Louis Blanc, Gambetta, Ranc, and Renan. Monsieur Guizot, who was then eighty-three years of age and living in retirement in Normandy, did me the great honour to invite me to pay him a visit at Val Richer. It was a severe winter; I was overwhelmed with work of all kinds, and unable to leave a young wife, and I was forced to give up the opportunity of seeing one whose works I had studied for twenty years, and whose career I had followed so long with interest. I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing his letter:—

VAL RICHER, *18 février* 1871.

MONSIEUR—Je vous remercie, et ne prenez pas, je vous prie, mon remerciement pour un mot banal et un compliment poli.

Le dernier article que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer m'a procuré une de ces rares satisfactions qui vont jusqu'au fond de l'âme, et y laissent un sentiment de sérieuse sympathie. Il y a bien des points dans votre article sur lesquels je ne pense pas comme vous, ou j'aurais bien des choses à vous dire pour mettre ma pensée en accord avec la vôtre. Mais vous avez posé et traité la question européenne actuelle à toute sa hauteur et dans toute sa grandeur.

Il s'agite en effet, comme vous le dites, de savoir s'il est dans l'intérêt de la civilisation, ou de l'Angleterre, que la France soit foulée aux pieds et démembrée par l'Allemagne. J'ai passé ma vie à dire bien des duretés à mon pays et à lui reprocher des fautes ; mais la France a été, et est certainement encore, une des plus puissantes et plus fécondes mères nourrices de la civilisation européenne, de la civilisation à la fois intellectuelle et politique, individuelle et sociale.

C'est là son grand caractère et sa grande gloire ; elle l'a toujours gardée au milieu même de ses erreurs et de ses crimes, monarchiques, aristocratiques, ou populaires. Encore une fois, je vous remercie d'avoir si bien compris et si justement défendu ma patrie dans ses tristesses d'aujourd'hui, l'un des plus mauvais temps de son histoire.

Je serais charmé de pouvoir m'en entretenir avec vous longuement et librement ; mais la vie humaine est trop courte, et les esprits qui s'énivraient dans une profonde sympathie restent bien souvent séparés et presque étrangers l'un à l'autre, ne se connaissant guère que de nom.

J'ai 83 ans, et si l'occasion ne se présente pas, dans le peu de jours qui me restent, de causer librement avec vous de toutes les questions et de toutes les idées qui nous préoccupons l'un et l'autre, j'en aurai un sincère et vif regret. Quoiqu'il en soit, de loin ou de près, croyez, Monsieur, à tous les sentiments que m'inspire ce que j'entrevois de votre pensée générale sur le sort de la France et de l'Europe. GUIZOT.

The great historian lived on for three years after this, but after my outburst about the deeds of May 1871 I did not venture to approach an old man who was at once a severe Puritan and a rigid Conservative. With Guizot, as in the case of Cavour, of Richard Cobden, of Cardinal Newman, I let go the occasions when I might have known them in person. But I value the letter of Guizot,

written in his own clear and precise hand, and with his characteristic sincerity of expression ; and after forty years have passed, I see how true is the judgment he formed in the depth of his country's prostration, and I feel undiminished the same keen sympathies which knit us together in spite of all our different ideals and faith.

With another great historian of France my writings brought me into relations much more intimate, and they were continued during his life. Jules Michelet, who during the war took refuge in Italy, wrote to me from Florence to express his warm sympathy with my "Bismarckism"—"ma reconnaissance pour cet admirable article"—he said (24th January 1871): "votre article exprimait tellement mes pensées, que je vous adresse les miennes comme si je les adressais à moi-même." He continued to write to me about the second article of February 1871, "encore un chef-d'œuvre de vigoureux talent et d'inexorable logique." I must insist, he continued, that France is not at all utterly exhausted. No less than sixty of her eighty-seven departments are still untouched by war, and they are full of force. "France is not a Poland, with a mere noblesse. It is a people."

Michelet was then publishing his book—*La France devant l'Europe* (Florence, January 1871), which he wished me to translate or to issue in an English form. It did not reach me until the premature peace was signed, and the defence of France had collapsed. In this book Michelet quoted freely from my articles as a testimony of the profound communion of ideas between our two nations—but I thought that he much overrated the eagerness of the peasantry of the South to continue the war. I hold the peasant's love of his own plot to be now a real weakness to France, and to foreshadow for her the dangers of local "particularism."

When he returned to France and undertook his *History of the XIXth Century*—of which he completed three volumes, Michelet continued to correspond with me, and I occasionally saw him in his home in the Rue d'Assas until his death in 1874, in his seventy-sixth year. His was a beautiful and pathetic old age, nor can I forget his graceful dignity, indomitable enthusiasm, and cordial sympathy. He was anxious that his latest volumes should efface some of the bitter reproaches against English aggression into which his intense patriotism had led him. He never could forgive us for the Hundred Years' War and Jeanne d'Arc. But he was full of admiration for the industrial achievements of England and the vast development given to civilisation by Arkwright, Watt, Stephenson, and the rest. He had unbounded belief in the work of Darwin; and he saw signs of the reunion of France and England in common sympathies which the events of 1870-1871 had called out. The tunnel, he said, would annihilate the Channel. He wrote, whilst sending me in proof the preface to his third volume (his last) :—

> Je compte me féliciter de ma parfaite entente avec les hommes les plus distingués de l'Angleterre et la France, deux pays si longtemps ennemies, qui se reconnaissent enfin.—Je vous salue affectueusement J. MICHELET.

After his death I continued to correspond with and to visit his widow, Madame Michelet, herself an authoress of merit. She occupied herself with erecting the beautiful monument to her husband in Père Lachaise, and was particularly anxious to have inscribed on it representative names of as many nations as possible. At her desire I sought and obtained a sum of £28, being subscriptions from many eminent Englishmen, including Charles Darwin, T. Carlyle, Sir Charles Dilke, Joseph

Chamberlain, John Morley, and Cotter Morison. The monument is a striking and graceful work of art, even if it be judged somewhat pretentious for the simple historian of France ; but it is an effective emblem of the world-wide affection felt for the noble old man of the people, and also of the devotion of a wife to the memory of a spotless and honoured life.

As to Thiers, I never could bring myself to seek any personal acquaintance or interview with him. A curious instance of the bitterness with which he was pursued by the *ancienne noblesse*, even after his Presidency of the Republic, came under my personal notice in 1874. I went to see an eminent diplomatist who was then living in the château of a Royalist noble. The Comte, finding in the hall of his own house the visiting card of the ex-President, tore it up with vehement abuse of the impudence of the *canaille* Thiers who had presumed to leave his card on him ; and he was hardly appeased when the porter explained that the card of Thiers had been left for the British Ambassador. In 1877 I witnessed the funeral of Thiers in Paris—a striking example of the skill of the populace to express their somewhat incompatible feelings : dignified respect for the politician who had got the Germans out of France, and detestation of the dictator who had cruelly crushed the insurrection of May. The coffin of the *rusé bourgeois* passed amidst vast silent crowds, with a *cortège* of officials and civilians, as if it were the closing of an era of intrigue and confusion, but without a sign of sympathy, or even honour. And from that hour in September 1877, a new era did begin for France, the ascendancy of Gambetta and the real inauguration of the third Republic.

I saw Gambetta on various occasions during the great struggle with the Marshalate. In April John

Morley asked me to go to Paris to study the crisis and to write the article in the *Fortnightly Review* (June 1874), since reissued in my *National and Social Problems* (No. 111, p. 71). I went over with introductions to politicians and journalists. A well-known Member of our Parliament, and indeed once a Cabinet Minister, wrote to Gambetta —"dites-lui tout ce que vous savez"; but, open-hearted as Gambetta was, this was rather too indiscreet even for him. But he received me with friendliness in his rooms and discussed the situation freely. I shall never forget the roar of indignation with which he denounced Thiers' craven surrender to Bismarck in January 1871. I saw him afterwards, when he was President of the Chamber, and heard his magnificent voice in the Palais Bourbon. I do not doubt that his premature death was the worst disaster that France had sustained since the great war.

I visited also Clemenceau in his house, and was struck with his energy, strong sympathies with England and English Liberalism, and his perfect frankness. But thirty-five years ago he was not yet the Clemenceau, Prime Minister in the twentieth century; and, in 1874, he still seemed to me rather the journalist than the statesman, a born orator and a masterly partisan, rather than the skilful head of the French Republic—which he has since proved himself to be.

Louis Blanc had been an old friend of ours when in exile in England, and I always visited him when in Paris—a delightful, amiable, and generous enthusiast; no politician, but a master of pure French, and full of noble ideals. His wife, a German, who did not sympathise with her husband's passionate patriotism, could not speak French well enough to satisfy Louis' academic purism, and he did not speak German. So at home they conversed

in English—a practice not unknown in some Royal families. Louis Blanc took me to a supper party at Victor Hugo's, where I was struck with the religious reverence that was observed towards the person of the great poet, and by his own bluff and solid presence. He was more like an admiral on his quarter-deck than a poet in his study.

We met M. Loyson, Père Hyacinthe, on a visit to Lord Houghton in the house party at Fryston, when in the morning Dean Stanley preached in Church, and in the afternoon we induced Père Hyacinthe to give us a sermon in the library. It was a delicious specimen of elegant French and spiritual unction; but I do not think it conveyed any definite idea. Loyson was an excellent type of the academic Neo-Christian deist. Unfortunately, his presence in the house caused a Catholic lady to keep her room, lest she should chance to meet the apostate priest. I have some letters of his. In the midst of the war of 1870-1871, he wrote thus :—

> Étranger aux détails et à la pratique de la politique humaine, je ne pouvais l'aborder que par ces sommets religieux où la foi élève les plus humbles.

M. Loyson read a French translation of my address on the "Future of Women," now reissued in *Realities and Ideals* (p. 65), and it had his warm approval. He wrote to me (July 1893) :—

> Cette grande question, l'une des questions maîtresses de notre temps, y est traitée de main de maître, à une égale distance des erreurs extrêmes de la Révolution et du *statu quo*, et dans une parfaite conformité avec votre admirable devise : le Progrès dans l'Ordre.

He even went on to say :—

> L'amour de l'Humanité circule, d'ailleurs, comme une flamme sacrée dans la clarté de logique et de bon sens qui

resplendit dans cet ouvage, trop court et dont peut-être, un jour, vous ferez un livre.

I must, however, in fairness, add that M. Loyson went on in the same letter to repudiate Positivism as a religion, and to denounce it with passion, if not with argument :—

Pourquoi, Monsieur, avez vous dépuré ce discours par des négations irréligieuses, et, si vous me permettez de dire toute ma pensée, infirmes? Vous instituez le culte de l'Humanité, et vous outragez toute sa tradition, vous vous attaquez à sa raison comme à son cœur, quand vous lui défendez de s'élever jusqu'au Premier Principe et à la Fin Dernière qu'elle adore et qu'elle aime sous le nom du Dieu-Père!

I have often observed that it is the Deists who most bitterly inveigh against the religion of Humanity. Their unrevealed, unsystematic, intangible, and inexplicable Theism is to them all-in-all. The Catholic—even the orthodox Christian—is not so hostile to an historic, scientific, organised scheme of religious reverence and life.

I met Ernest Renan on several occasions both in Paris and in London, and I heard him lecture; but I do not remember that his personality, with all its *bonhomie* and easy complacency, carried the impression of power beyond the exquisite felicity of his written style. He welcomed me graciously as a follower of Auguste Comte—"I am also," said he, "a believer in the religion of Humanity!" What he meant by this, I will not pretend to suggest. As usual, he left it to his hearers, as to his readers, to put exact meaning to his effusive generalities. But we must not forget that it was on the strong recommendation of Renan that Pierre Laffitte was appointed Professor of the History of the Sciences in the Collège de France.

A much more definite impression was left on me

by M. Barthélemy St-Hilaire, Secretary of M. Thiers from 1871 to 1877, and Minister of Foreign Affairs 1880-1881. When I went round the French provinces as correspondent of the *Times* during the struggle with the Marshalate, M. St-Hilaire gave me every help, and supplied me with his own visiting cards to put me in relation with the various Republican Committees. During the height of the irritation over African affairs between England and France, he wrote to me :—

> Mes convictions n'ont changé ; et je suis autant que jamais pour l'alliance anglo-française. C'est l'intérêt des deux nations et de l'humanité. Par malheur, les choses tournent tout autrement. C'est un profond regret pour moi. La situation est aujourd'hui plus menaçante que jamais. Je ne comprends pas l'aveuglement des hommes politiques qui ne le voient pas.

This was written the year before his death, in his ninety-first year. He did not live to see the Fashoda affair. He was one of the wisest and most thoughtful politicians of his time.

When I was in Paris, I took care to see the wonderful correspondent of the *Times*—Monsieur de Blowitz!—whose audacity, cleverness, and imaginative powers were even more surprising in real life than they were in the Press or in his thrilling *Memoirs*. In his own line he was a consummate workman, though he often irritated the sterner politicians, and drew down the cruel *mot* of Gambetta—"il a tous les vices—il est Juif, Bohème, Catholique, et décoré." He assisted me most loyally when I acted as "*Times* correspondent in the French provinces," during the Marshalate, and he introduced me to the Royalist Prefect of the Gironde, begging him to give me every means of studying the great contest, and addressing his excellency—Monsieur de Tracy—as

"mon cher et sympathique ennemi." He was a hearty friend and a brilliant journalist.

A far more serious and scrupulous journalist was Édouard Scherer of the *Temps*. He translated and published in his paper, and in others, the letters which I sent home to the *Times*. As the de Broglie Ministry kept a tight hand over the French Press, and prevented them from publishing news unwelcome to the Marshal's party, whilst *translations* from foreign journals were allowed to pass, the local Committees everywhere eagerly supplied me with facts which they dared not print in France. The Prefect of Toulouse had paraded his troops through the streets at election time to intimidate the Republicans; and in reporting this in the *Times* on the authority of the local Committee, I said that artillery had been paraded as well as horse and foot. The Government thereupon prosecuted the *Temps* for "false news," and as the *guns* could not be proved in evidence, the paper had to pay a fine.

Monsieur Scherer, in a charming letter to me, treated the matter as a trifle which did them no discredit. Writing in January 1878, after the surrender of the Marshal and the establishment of a genuine Republican Ministry, he wrote to me, as he always did, in perfectly good English :—

> All this pressure is now a thing of the past, and the sense of relief is felt even by our adversaries. The change indeed has been as complete as it is sudden. I feel confident that we have learned something by our late difficulties, and that we shall make a temperate use of victory.

There is no doubt that the victory of the Republic over Monarchy and Empire in 1877-1878, led by Gambetta, was a turning-point in the modern history of Europe. And it was in no slight degree promoted by English opinion and by the English Press, in which the *Times* led the way.

Another admirably vigorous and eloquent Republican was A. Ranc, long Gambetta's right-hand man in the *République Française*. I learned much from his sterling judgment and ardent spirit. Amongst other things he gave me an introduction to one of his colleagues, then a political prisoner in the old *Conciergerie*, the thirteenth-century castle of Saint Louis, and the famous dungeon of the Revolution of 1793. There is no historic relic in all Paris, hardly in all Europe, more pathetic than this mediaeval palace, which almost vies with the Tower of London. And it is a strange experience to find how political prisoners in it are now treated as "first-class misdemeanants," as we say, when we see the pleasant tea-parties of the opponents of Louis Napoleon or of Marshal MacMahon, or the elegant rooms which the other day served as the "prison" of M. le Duc d'Orléans.

I long continued to have friendly relations or correspondence with other well-known French politicians and writers, M. Ferry, when Prime Minister, M. Faure, President of the Republic, Cherbuliez, M. Rod, Madame Marcelle Tinayre, M. Esquiros, and the two leading Counsel of Dreyfus in the famous *Affaire* — but I rather abstained from any association with Émile Zola, whose profession of humanitarian faith did not seem to me more than literary effusion.

The most important and quite the most interesting of my expeditions to France was in the summer and autumn of 1877. We hired for the months of August and September the beautiful house of Mademoiselle Souvestre in the environs of Fontainebleau. She and her colleague, Madlle. Dussaut, leased us the spacious school in which the daughters of many English families—Chamberlains, Stephens, Stracheys, Pauls, and Morleys—had been trained, and we had the advantage of her introduction to

the civil and military notables of the district, including that remarkable Russian lady, Princess Troubetskoi, who told us how Count Bismarck had been her guest when he received the first command from the King of Prussia to form a Ministry. He sat, she said, during long hours of the night talking over his projects for the unification of Germany, and when the Princess asked him how it was to be done, he replied with a passionate defiance—"By blood and iron." This she declared was the first occasion on which Bismarck had used the phrase. The Princess was a German from Mecklenburg by birth, and became the mother of Princess Orloff, wife of the Russian Ambassador in Paris, who as a girl had been a favourite of the terrible Chancellor.

During the autumn of 1877 I made use of my opportunities to study opinion in the department of Seine-et-Marne as well as in Paris; I witnessed the characteristic funeral of Thiers, and learned the devices by which the Republican Press was circulated in spite of censors and penalties. I wrote some letters to the *Times*, and in October I was commissioned to travel round the provinces of France and send news of the political situation. I went along the Loire to Orléans, Tours, and the neighbourhood, thence to Poitiers, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Béziers, Nîmes, and Lyons, sending off letters from time to time from each of these. I was provided with many letters of introduction from the Gambettist party in Paris, and some from my Positivist colleagues; and the cards of M. Barthélemy St-Hilaire opened to me all the local Republican committees.

It was an exciting and somewhat adventurous time. I passed the day in going from one committee to another, from one journal to another. Laden with documents, notes, and letters, I wrote

my letter in the evening, stole out quietly and dropped it myself unseen into a *boîte* at midnight. Early the next morning I was off without leaving any address, and I could not be traced. As soon as the *Times* letters began to appear in the French Press, the Government sent down orders to arrest me and to have me expelled. The Editor begged my wife to warn me of this order, which she did, and at the same time took from her autograph book and enclosed to me the letter written to me by the Duc de Broglie in 1871. I kept this with my passport and other "papers" in my breast-pocket, in order to prove, if I were arrested, that I was an honourable person who should not be ill-treated. At a supper party given me by the left wing of the Communard Republicans of Lyons, when they told me of the order to arrest me, I said I had a talisman to protect me from abuse, and I produced the Prime Minister's letter. For the moment, they took me for an *agent provocateur*, and looked on me fiercely. So that, for the time, I was in more danger from the suspicions of my hosts than I was from the police of M. le Duc. But I thought it wise to leave that night.

It was thought in England that the death of Thiers (3rd September 1877) was an irreparable blow to the Republican party in France. But I judged it rightly at the time: it was rather a gain. I wrote:—

> The Republic is no accident, no combination of political parties or personages. It was not M. Thiers who made France a Republic. It was the Republic which made M. Thiers a Republican. An eminent politician said to me, "It was not M. Thiers who made us, we made M. Thiers." He was, indeed, not in any sense one of the great political creators; he was an extraordinary manager of men and a wonderful reader of the signs of the times. That he should read the signs with such insight, and should have enforced his own view with such energy on leaders of groups and on

the public is a fact of immense significance, but he had ceased to be in any way the "director of the national will."

I witnessed the funeral, on the 8th of September, from the house of a well-known artist in the Boulevard Montmartre, and was impressed by the electric communion of ideas which seemed to enforce discipline and order in the vast throngs through the streets. I wrote to the *Times*:—

> Not a sound, not a movement was audible. As the funeral car came on, throughout the vast multitude on pavement, terrace, balcony, and chimney-stack a mysterious stillness seemed to fall. That indefinable hum and surging which rise from every great multitude of human beings suddenly ceased; a silence and a stillness as of the grave took possession of the throng; the multitude uncovered, bowed, and stood rigid as if with awe or emotion. It was not grief; it was discipline. A fierce strain of self-control seemed to pass along the files like a spasm. An army in array at "attention" could not have stood more immovable. The effect to me at least was majestic. The multitude of Paris seemed to be holding still its breath and its muscles in obedience to a great hope and in tribute to a great cause, for it saw the first President of the Republic borne to his grave, amidst the respectful silence of the men whom but six years ago his soldiers were shooting down on that very spot, and followed by the leaders of the Republican party whom he had so often denounced, with Gambetta, his *fou furieux*, at their head. This "mute insurrection," for the Marshal's government of the hour did all they could to suppress the demonstration, seemed to me the "noblest national funeral that a great citizen could desire."

As I went round the rural districts of Central and Southern France, I was struck with the reaction of the peasants everywhere against the political interference of the priests. It was put to me in a lively way by the Sacristan in the Cathedral of Tours. "Ah, Monsieur, the peasants don't mean any harm, but they are led astray. There are men so *méchant* that they do not hesitate *colporter des écrits; on sème les journaux*, etc. etc.;

et cela trouble les esprits. Our *curés* can do little with them now; the peasants get hold of a journal, and then they go wrong. *Il faut espérer mais*—"

I heard the same story everywhere, even in the old hot-beds of legitimism along the Garonne and the Rhone. And this in spite of the desperate coercion of the préfets. Meetings (unless under police inspection) were forbidden; clubs were closed; literary and artistic societies dissolved; the public sale of all Republican journals was interdicted; préfets, mayors, councillors, inspectors, postmasters, schoolmasters, and officials down to rural carriers were dismissed by the thousand. Voting tickets were fraudulently cooked or suppressed; voters were hustled out of the polling-booth; and in some places troops were paraded to overawe the electors. It was all in vain. As I reported, it was inevitable. Gambetta's "363 Communards" were returned ultimately with a great accession; and, in 1878, the Marshal gave up the game and announced his *démission.*

Before I left Paris in November I made a visit to the old prison of the *Conciergerie* to see one of the "political prisoners" of the time. As this historic prison, a fragment of the old Château of Saint Louis, is little known even to Parisians, I transcribe the account of my visit that I wrote at the time in my *Times* letter:—

The *Conciergerie* occupies, as every one knows, a part of the ancient palace of the feudal Kings of France, at one end of the original island of old Paris, beside the Palais de Justice. It marks the local habitation of the old Monarchy in its cradle. It was here, they say, on the site of a Roman palace, that the Comte Eudes placed his castle; and here the long succession of the Capets—Louis the Fat, Philip Augustus, St. Louis, Philip the Fair, and Louis XI.—held their Court, as they built up the ancient Monarchy. Here they placed beside them their Courts of Justice, and naturally their prisons; and here, close by, St. Louis erected his shrine for

the Holy Crown of Thorns. The Monarchy has gone, and the Church has left this spot, but the Tribunals remain, and the prison is still there; and the system of political injustice is as rank and active as ever.

Behind the restored *façade* which one sees from the Quai de l'Horloge, and beneath the Clock Tower itself, there lies a mass of ancient masonry in the early pointed manner of the age of Philip Augustus, and reported to have been his work. I passed in from the quay beneath the archway that is situated between the two circular towers so lately rebuilt, which quaintly bear the names of Caesar and of Montgomery. Passing through the court of restored feudal work, and through a second iron gateway, we found ourselves in the vaulted hall which is called the Kitchen of St Louis. Here, undoubtedly, in this pillared hall, whatever its exact origin, the old Capets kept their body-guard who exercised their fierce justice; and in the narrow turret above are said to have been immured the treasures of the King. Passing through another door to the right I found myself in another hall of restored Gothic masonry, where, in a railed cell, I had the interview with the prisoner that I have just related. But a few steps take one to other cells and to another hall, which record in so strange a fashion the secular story of judicial crime. In this prison, in one of these cells, almost every State prisoner of France for centuries has been lodged and has come forth from hence so often to the scaffold. The victims of Louis XI. have been here, and those of Richelieu, of Louis XIV., and of Louis XV.; Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, and Madame Roland; Danton, Vergniaud, Robespierre; the prisoners of the Restoration, and the prisoners of Louis Philippe; the prisoners of Louis Napoleon, and Louis Napoleon himself, after his capture at Boulogne; the prisoners of M. Thiers, and the victims of the Commune; and now, last of all, the victims of the Marshal.

There is that ghostly chapel where the Girondists held their last supper and Vergniaud made his farewell speech; and close above it the seat of the revolutionary tribunal, and close beside it the door through which the victims of September passed out to the mob of assassins without. But a step separates this hall from the cell where they say Robespierre lay helpless and bloody the night before his execution, where Danton and so many of his victims had passed but a few months before; and close beside the cell of Robespierre, like two graves that touch in a crowded grave-

yard, lies the cell of the Queen, but little changed since she left it, with the bars, the door, the very lock, and the same bolts. I am no Royalist and no devotee, but I felt almost faint in the dungeon where the proud daughter of Maria Theresa poured out her soul in the last hour of her life. The crucifix to which the woman turned all night in her last agony is still there—an exquisite ivory of sacred passion. The agonies of that woman—queen, wife, and mother—were not fiercer, perhaps, than those of any nameless victim of Royal or Revolutionary atrocity—not harder, perhaps, than those of some wretched peasant whom the *ancien régime* did to death, or of the least of those who fell by Marat or by Maillard. But it is natural that the memories which crowd round some conspicuous victim, the imagination of so many generations, and the stir of feeling in so many races of men, should wring the heart with pity in one signal tragedy, and be centred in the most famous of all the victims of force. Logic, doctrine, politics, and severity of judgment are all hushed to silence in such a flood of memories as that. Human nature asserts its pre-eminence and claims the whole field of thought for pity. In presence of that agonising figure on the Cross the whole soul revolts against judicial terrorism in whatever name and in whatever cause, by whatsoever tyrant committed, be it King or Emperor, Committee or President, Communist or Academician, in the name of the Throne or of the Republic, of the Rights of Man or of Moral Order.

How do these crimes of judicial terrorism and the prostitution of justice to wild objects of Party, which we see in France to-day under MacMahon and De Broglie—the modern Bayard and the Academic Statesman—how do they differ in spirit from the crimes of the terrorism of old? We have not come to blood under the *régime* of Albert de Broglie; but who is to say when the abuse of official power is to drift into civil war and open massacre; and who is to say when judicial corruption is to ripen into judicial assassination?

On my return I wrote a full account of the situation in the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, then conducted by John Morley.[1]

[1] This number of the *Review* (132 N.S. vol. xxii.) contained articles by Mr. Robert Lowe in reply to Mr. Gladstone on "Manhood Suffrage"; by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace; by Mr. Leslie Stephen; the Rev. Dr. J. Guinness Rogers; Mr. J. Addington Symonds; the Hon. Lionel Tollemache; (Sir) Henry Cotton; and on Home Affairs, apparently by the

"Our generation," I said, "has seen no crisis more momentous than that which we watch to-day. A nation which is slowly working out a Republic with a reticence and a patience altogether diplomatic rather than revolutionary; an aristocratic dictator, whose gifts lie chiefly in lobbying and earwigging academical coteries; a new Strafford [M. de Fourtou], who has something of Tartuffe and a good deal of a *petit-maître*; a Charles I. or a Charles X. [Marshal MacMahon], who is nothing but a commonplace soldier made famous by the greatest defeat in modern history; these things and these men do not strike the imagination as do some of those pages of history which blaze with incidents of romance, with heroes of romance. But none the less, the struggle which is going on as we write is one of the *turning-points in the history of modern Europe.*

"If the Republic can fix itself now in a solid and lawful way, there is fair ground to trust that it will fix itself permanently as the accepted scheme of society in France. There is reason to trust that it will have the loyal acceptance of an overwhelming majority of thirty-seven millions of Frenchmen; and whatever the trials before it, that it may work itself out as a free and fruitful type of political society.

"That curse of France, the seizure of her vast official resources to pander to the appetites of adventurers, their appetite for war, for luxury, for money, for lust—this we may hope will be made hereafter impossible. That monstrous centralisation of the State machine will necessarily be relaxed with the downfall of the system of official corruption. France has a terrible work of regeneration before her; but if the Republic can assure a lawful stability for a free constitution, she may work out her task in an air more wholesome to breathe and less lurid to the troubled brain.

"The battle going on is of critical import. If it is decided for the party of liberty and peace, France will not be the same place it has been, and even Europe will not be quite the same. The final establishment of a great Republic in Europe —and the circumstances all tend to picture any establishment as final—will subtly but profoundly change the atmosphere of social and political effort."

This hope, uttered under the *régime* of MacMahon, has been amply satisfied after thirty-three

Editor, who cited and approved of a speech by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, showing how the development of a town "was sacrificed to the rapacity of a few landed proprietors."

years of doubt and struggle. The Republic has weathered monarchic and imperialist storms, military and anarchic plots; has seen the remnants of Bourbon, Orleans, and Napoleonist factions dispersed; and has issued successfully from such crises as those over Egypt, Tonquin, Tunis, Panama, Boulanger, Fashoda, Dreyfus, and Morocco. *Esto perpetua*!

As I read again my description of the tremendous forces of reaction arrayed against the people of France—for I had during three months been in the thick of the struggle and behind the scenes of the Republican party—I wonder anew at the success of Gambetta and his friends. I had witnessed a rapid succession of Ministries and acts of police oppression by truly Russian devices. The government of De Broglie called itself a "government of combat." Its business was to fight the nation. Those who called themselves the *gens de bien* and the *gens bien pensants* gave out that they had almost an inspired mission to resist the tendencies of the nation. In this resistance, all things were lawful and honourable. Treachery to the State, perversion of public duties, cabals, prevarication, misrepresentation, mendacity of every kind was expedient. Government oppression, official terrorism, the disposal of the public revenues, the corruption of the tribunals, the state of siege, and the free employment of police, *gendarmerie*, and army, were all held to be just in this truly sacred cause.

The first step of this "government of combat" was to purge the administration not only of everything Republican but of every one suspected of not being anti-Republican. They dismissed 54 prefects, and 125 sub-prefects. The new prefects held inquiries into the political views of every employé of the State, whether judicial, legal, financial,

educational, or postal. Judges, justices of the peace, attorneys to the State, schoolmasters, tutors, professors, rectors, inspectors, managers of railways, roads, or bridges, governors of gaols; doctors and surgeons to public institutions, tax collectors, postmen, foresters, and railway guards, were examined, and if suspected of being lukewarm towards "moral order" were summarily dismissed.

Hundreds of mayors, chosen by their fellow-citizens, were displaced—and among them forty-eight deputies and the Vice-President of the Senate. Municipal Councils were dissolved; the Republican journals forbidden to be sold in public in the provinces; cafés, cabarets, restaurants, schools, clubs, libraries and musical societies were arbitrarily closed, whilst the Government journals were paid by public money and circulated by official agents to scatter scurrilous attacks on Republican leaders. At the elections Republican candidates were insulted by Government officers, worried, dogged by the police, and arrested on suspicion.

The whole machinery of electoral corruption and electoral terrorism was practised by the *gendarmerie* and prefecture against a simple peasantry; the ballot boxes were tampered with and voting tickets forged. In the Chamber Gambetta denounced the process of official pressure as one of "Fraud and Robbery."

In spite of all, reaction was defeated, and within little more than twelve months the Marshal had first "to submit" and then "to retire."

Early in the year 1879 I again visited Paris, and saw the Chamber in session and some politicians of different parties, and, at the request of Mr. Morley, I wrote the article in the *Fortnightly Review*,[1] "First Impressions of the New Republic." I wrote:—

[1] Vol. xxv. p. 353, March 1879 (No. CXLVII.).

The Republic in the true sense of the word is hardly a month old in France. After years of struggle France has established a Republic, real, solid, and peaceful. The President, Senate, and Chamber; the Ministry, the military and civil services; the Government, the electors, the public, the Press, speakers and writers, are all at last in fair harmony and working agreement. The difficulties in the way of this, the greatest political experiment of our age—the closing of the French Revolution and the founding of a permanent Republic in the midst of monarchic Europe—are still undoubtedly great both without and within.

Gambetta had become President of the Chamber, M. Grévy being President of the Republic. But the essay went on to explain that practically the President of the Chamber was the real power in France and dominated the neutral and self-effacing Jules Grévy and the casual Ministers of the hour, who were seldom more than useful stopgaps. I explained the system of Parliamentary government which Gambetta had utilised and developed—the settlement of all legislative and administrative proposals by small special sub-committees selected by a double system, and sitting in private as business councils, whose decisions were practically adopted by public sessions of the Senate and Chamber.

This system of referring the details and form of all questions to carefully chosen working committees, sitting in council like the Board of a Bank or public company, obviated many of the inveterate evils of the Parliamentary machine as an organ of practical government. It is the system which makes for efficiency in the London County Council and similar bodies. And I have often urged that it might be adopted in our own House of Commons to excellent purpose. Gambetta had organised it with astonishing success; and it made him as President of the Chamber the dominant authority in the Republic. As I showed, M. Grévy being

sterilised by office, and the Ministers being nominated and deposed by unstable majorities, power fell to M. Gambetta—who during the seven years of the Marshalate had created his band of 363 Republicans, had held them together, and had trained them to become working and business politicians.

Gambetta's influence depended but in small degree on his speeches in the tribune. During the time of pressure, he rarely mounted it at all, doing all his work in informal and private consultations. His authority was won by immense knowledge and inexhaustible resources, untiring industry, conciliatory manners, a large sympathy with every honest political opinion. "It was an influence gained by superior knowledge, superior judgment, and by the imposing prestige of vast political sagacity."

The essay concluded by reducing to six the demands which the left wing of the Republicans formulated on the defeat of the Marshalate and the monarchic and imperialist conspiracy. They were: (1) freedom of public discussion, of the Press, and of association, subject to the law of sedition and libel; (2) freedom of elementary instruction from the control of the priesthood; (3) reduction of the term of conscription and the liability of all citizens to serve equally; (4) restoration of the law on divorce; (5) schemes for ultimate separation of Church and State; (6) amnesty for political offences as old as 1871.

Now (in 1910) all these demands have been carried out into law and France is all the stronger and less divided in consequence. But it has cost the labour and the sacrifices of more than thirty years to bring them to fruition.

In May 1888, I was commissioned by the *Times* to go to Paris to study the question of General

Boulanger's conspiracy against the Republic. I visited Senator Naquet, whom I had previously met at Victor Hugo's house, and I heard all that he had to tell me; but I declined his pressing invitation to be presented to the General, for I intended to judge him and his party entirely for myself and from without. I saw enough of the adventurer, for I happened to be living in the same hotel with him, and I was present when he mounted his black charger and made mock heroic parades in the streets. I sent home letters to the *Times* in which I described him as an impostor and his bubble plot as destined soon to burst, which took place early in 1889.

I saw that the movement was a very complicated and obscure conspiracy, for it was a combination of all the enemies of the moderate Republic—monarchists, imperialists, radicals, adventurers, and anarchists—subsidised by Orleans money and gambling speculators. The *brav' général* himself was neither soldier, nor politician, nor orator, nor even schemer, but an adept at advertising "bluff." My report went on to describe *Boulangisme* as being neither a party nor a policy—without an ideal, or a tradition, or a flag, or an intelligible aim. Boulangism was simply a coalition of the enemies of the Republic, monarchic, imperialist, democratic, and revolutionary, worked by a syndicate, like the Panama canal, financed by rich pretenders who hoped to win something in the scramble. They gathered round a melodramatic soldier who rode about Paris as if it were a circus, and who had won popularity with the soldiers by official doles as Minister of War. He had become the "boss" of the military party, which later on ran the Dreyfus trick, by mere smartness in *réclame*. He was master of the arts by which an ambitious man poses as a patriot, and keeps himself ever

before the public eye—but he was neither speaker, nor thinker, nor writer, nor leader. His manifestos were made for him by a fluent barrister and a smart journalist. He never committed himself to any policy, nor any platform. He was all things to all men, and studiously ambiguous.

The question I tried to answer was this—Can a League of such irreconcilable elements hold together, grow, and triumph? I wrote home that, unless he acted soon, and boldly struck for a *coup de main*, it would break up and disappear. He had no following in the Chamber or in the Senate; all the regular parties, and all the established journals repudiated him; and the heads of the Ministry and the army were dead against him. To attempt a *coup d'état*, as Louis Napoleon did in December 1851, "the general does not seem to have the requisite devil." That is exactly what happened in the following April. Boulanger was urged to rush the Presidency. But he wanted heart; and when Constans let him know that a warrant was prepared to arrest him, he fled, to the dismay of his backers and amid the taunts of all shades of the Republican parties. He ignominiously shot himself on the grave of his mistress soon afterwards—and so the alarming farce ended. All the same—France was in real peril in 1889. But twenty years have now made her secure against conspiracies.

I was taken by Félix Faure, when he was Minister of Commerce, to call on M. Ferry, then Foreign Minister, at the Palais d'Orsay. Jules Ferry was bitterly indignant at the continued hostility shown him by the British Press, nor could I convince him that there was no general enmity against him for his Tonquin policy. He was, no doubt, the ablest of the recent statesmen of France, but it was a hopeless task to keep a permanent majority in such a Parliament as that of

1880-1890. With Félix Faure I had constant relations; amongst other things, I had spent two months at Ste. Adresse, near Havre, where he lived and of which he was deputy. He was an adroit man of business, who aimed only too readily at being the man of the world, of pleasure, and of fashion. And his melancholy end has made him a negligible name in the roll of French citizens.

My personal communications with the politicians of France during some fifty years—and I was often in touch with some of the *entourage* of those whom I never met—have left on my mind the impression that, for the most part, they have been quite as capable and as truly patriotic as the politicians of our own or other chief countries of Europe. Guizot was certainly the most imposing character, and, in spite of his retrograde tactics, the most philosophic statesman of the second half of the nineteenth century, as Thiers was the most adroit and the most versatile. But in Gambetta France had one of the three creative statesmen of Europe since the revolutionary epoch of 1848-1850.

What Cavour was to Italy—what Bismarck was to the German Empire—that Gambetta was to the French Republic. And if, of the three, Cavour was the most consummate political genius, and Bismarck has been able to impress far wider marks on the geography and policy of Europe, I hold Gambetta to be in sagacity the equal of both, and to be less tainted than either with unscrupulous and tortuous devices. The turbulent and combative parties out of which Gambetta made a coherent and stable Republic were a material far more difficult to organise into a nation than either the German or the Italian duchies. In long and close touch as I was with Gambetta's lieutenants and colleagues, I had ample opportunity to know his mastery of every detail of government and of

party, and to realise the unbounded confidence he inspired by his accurate knowledge, his insight, and judgment. His premature death, at an age when Cavour and Bismarck were just entering on their careers, and the seething whirligig of French parties, left his work as a statesman little more than an initiative or a type. But as a forerunner of republican growth his life has left a profound impression on France.

France has had able and honest patriots in such statesmen as Jules Ferry, Challemel-Lacour, Spuller, Waldeck-Rousseau, Bourgeois, Brisson, Ribot, Casimir-Périer, Hanotaux, Delcassé, Clemenceau, Briand. But the present condition of the country, perhaps the normal condition of Frenchmen, makes it impossible to establish a stable Ministry of any kind on a Parliamentary basis. Our school of opinion, in England as in France, has always insisted that Parliamentary government on our English model is a thing entirely unfitted for France and unworkable in France. France can only be efficiently administered on a presidential system more or less a form of democratic dictature. From time to time some such force spontaneously arises until the ferment of parties breaks it to pieces or paralyses its action. This—not the poverty of France in political capacity—is the cause of the transitional form of French Ministries. It is a narrow view which too often leads us at home to set it down to a radical weakness of the French character.

As in everything I ever wrote I have spoken so much of the philosophic supremacy of Auguste Comte, I will say no more of him in this book, and hope to avoid the ancient jest about "King Charles's head." And in other books I have fully expressed my admiration for the sympathetic soul of Jules Michelet, the unctuous charm of Ernest Renan,

and the indomitable optimism of dear, good, simple Louis Blanc. It is an education in itself to have heard such men converse or lecture, as well as to have read their books. Victor Hugo is the only French poet I have known, and in personal intercourse with him poetry seemed to be the very last thing which occupied his mind, or had ever been to him a subject of interest. With famous writers such as Cherbuliez, Francisque Sarcey, Ranc, Édouard Rod, Tourgéneff, the Counsel of Dreyfus, Maître Demange and Maître Labori—my personal intercourse did not alter or enlarge what I knew of them from books or journals. Alas! one must be young and strong of nerve to enjoy to the full the society and intellect of Paris. Are these to the men of to-day all that they were to me in the last half of the nineteenth century?

CHAPTER XXIV

INTERCOURSE WITH PUBLIC MEN

I. *Politicians*

As I have had a keen interest in politics for more than sixty years—indeed from the time of Peel's Ministry and the great struggle over Free Trade in 1846—I may record for anything they may be worth my impressions and memories of men and events. Wellington, Peel, and Palmerston I have seen, but had no personal knowledge of them. In the whole of my lifetime no man has ever possessed the decisive authority that was exercised by Wellington even over those who opposed him, almost to the time of his death. The Laureate's Ode only idealised the general feeling that the soldier (whom no one regarded as a statesman) had the genius of good sense and the essentially English instinct for practical compromise. Whenever he said a thing "must be done"—it was done, however little he or they desired it.

Sir Robert Peel will live in history as the wisest and most honourable of English statesmen in the nineteenth century. Far wider in purview and less impulsive than Gladstone, disdainful of those appeals to popular excitement with which Palmerston and Russell, Disraeli and Gladstone were not unfairly charged, Peel was the type of the Progressive Conservative which was the dominant type of the

nineteenth century. Under him the Tory politician became a Conservative—and not merely in name. Peel's whole career, administrative, financial, ecclesiastical, and parliamentary, was one gradual and reasoned adaptation of an oligarchic to a popular system of policy; and it will long be remembered how many things he reformed and reconstituted, and how permanent and how fruitful his reforms have been. Peel was no favourite in the society in which I was brought up, and he never exercised any personal fascination on any one. But my early memories are full of the admiration he roused even amongst political opponents by his generous self-sacrifice and his courageous devotion to truth and justice.

Lord Palmerston was, no doubt, the only diplomatist that England had in the reign of Victoria who in resource, audacity, and knowledge could be ranked with the most famous diplomatists of Europe. I see no reason to regret the aversion and distrust with which we followers of Bright and Cobden regarded most of his high-handed adventures. He was the undoubted author of the type of Imperialism which, after his time, was nicknamed Jingoism; and Disraeli learned from him how to gain power by fanning the vanity of a nation. His defence of the smaller powers, and his moral support of Italy and Hungary, hardly outweighed the injury he dealt to international morality and peace. But I can bear witness to the personal ascendancy he enjoyed to the day of his death over the effective forces of the nation, in spite of his private and political offences. I well remember the general feeling in 1865 that, by his death, an era of "rest-and-be-thankful" was closed, and that a series of urgent questions, new measures, and new men were about to come to the front. This they immediately did.

Lord Russell was a very different man: quite inferior to Palmerston in tact, in resource, and in sagacity, he had a far more genuine love of justice, reform, and public faith. Of course he never shook off the hide-bound Whiggism which had been to him from boyhood an ancestral creed, and it was unhappily a creed which justified parliamentary manœuvres of the traditional kind. At heart he was a sincere believer in the claim of the people; as he was in every side of life an honourable, just, and simple-minded gentleman. Having had the honour to be admitted to his home, and to have known the admirable lady who survived him for so many years, and other members of his family circle, I can bear witness to his entire sincerity of nature and simplicity of bearing, even with the weight of the highest public office upon his shoulders. He was, I suppose, the last public man who retained in Parliament the pronunciation current in the middle of the eighteenth century, and few people remembered that he had been born before Louis XVI. was beheaded.

No memory of mine is more vivid than the curious contrast between Disraeli and Gladstone, whether in their public utterances or in private life. I have heard both in Parliament and on the platform, and I have seen both in large assemblies and in close touch. In the House and in great halls Gladstone was the type of the ardent orator who poured out a torrent of argument and who roused his hearers to enthusiasm and hope. Disraeli was the resonant critic who delighted them with satire, eloquence, and imaginative pictures of a great future or an impending peril. Mr. Gladstone, as I have described him in a previous work, was the perfection of courtesy and gracious sympathy with all who came near him—self-repressive almost to a point of affectation (he would be ever saying,

"You know more of that than I can pretend to know"), eager to learn, to listen, to impart or to acquire knowledge on every conceivable topic under the sun, literary, artistic, social, or practical; marvellously rapid in picking up facts and as swift in forming his judgment; the most delightful of talkers, but not really brilliant in conversation.

Disraeli was—or affected to be—in private life the inscrutable Sphinx that he so often chose to appear in public. Though I occasionally met him in society, I never spoke to him or even heard him speak there. I have seen him in mixed assemblies surrounded by men and women of different parties —but he never seemed to utter more than ordinary monosyllables and conventional phrases. As Lord Beaconsfield, in a crowded room he would stand like a dumb oracle or an unfathomable Potentate, whose decrees could not be gainsaid or foreseen. I travelled with him once for an hour in the same carriage in a railway train, Mrs. Disraeli talking incessantly, but the statesman never uttered one single articulate sentence, though it was obvious that the only hearers were two Oxford students. I remember that at a big garden party on Campden Hill there was a "Punch and Judy" set up on the lower lawn to amuse the children. There stood Gladstone, laughing and open-mouthed, as delighted as any girl or boy of them all. Opposite to him were Disraeli and Montagu Corry—to whom the creator of "Peace with Honour" seemed, by his look of contempt, to be saying—"They call this a statesman."

The most brilliant talker, and one of the acutest minds of the middle Victorian era was Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke. Unlucky as a statesman (from utter incapacity for popular sympathy and from his pedantic air of superiority), his mordant wit and keen insight into real facts made him for a

time a power in Parliament. I cannot forget the effect of his famous speeches on Reform which I described in the *Fortnightly Review* (March 1867). I said, "The arguments of one independent speaker checked the current of Constitutional development, roused the upper classes to resistance, terrified the middle classes into hesitation, and stung the working classes into action. He gave to the first a cause to fight for; to the second, food for doubt; to the last, the indignation that knit them into a power." The prodigious effects of Mr. Lowe's speeches were due to this potent truth—that the exercise of political power is not a *right*, but a *means* to secure good government. Franchises are not an end—but only the potential means of securing prosperity and contentment in States.

Sir William Harcourt was one of the last politicians who carried down to the twentieth century the grand manner of the Whig orators of the eighteenth century. He was a fine speaker and a vigorous statesman, with a real sense of the imperative duty of the governing class to do justice to the working class. I had a good deal of business with him when, with Forster and Hughes and Mundella, he took a leading part in the reform of the law of Trades-Unions. In all these questions I always found him clear-headed, courageous, and trustworthy. Of course, he never ceased to be the genuine aristocrat at heart, both outwardly and inwardly. I remember him as a friend of Maine and a promising barrister in the 'fifties, when he was at once elegant and magnificent. One night as we walked home together from the Cosmopolitan, and I was full of the Disestablishment of the Church of England, he marched on, grandly shouldering his cane—crying out in the dead of night in Oxford Street, "Then I and my people will go forth into the wilderness!" He was always

instinctively in the grand mood, which was in no way affected to impose on others, but was a native sense that he was both socially and intellectually of the order of magnates. It may be asked why he did not do even more, with his personal gifts and his advantages of birth and opportunity. I think it was that, bold and energetic as he was when he had quite decided on his course, he was apt to calculate the chances of the course being a really "good thing" before he would embark on it. And he never could entirely conceal this hesitation from those who worked with him.

I had much to do with W. E. Forster about the same time in these Labour matters, and always felt that he could be thoroughly trusted as a man who knew his case perfectly and would stick to it heartily and boldly. He was also one of the leading Liberals who kept England right in the great American Civil War in 1863. His Quaker spirit came out nobly in the battle against the prejudices of British Aristocrats. For this both the English and the American nation owe him much. He organised the impromptu and profoundly impressive meeting in St. James's Hall on the murder of Abraham Lincoln—one of the grandest memorial gatherings that ever occurred in my lifetime. With Forster's policy in regard to education and to Ireland I had no sympathy, for I shared the opinions thereon of John Morley. And I had nothing to do with Forster in either matter. As a statesman he might have done more, if he had received a broader and a more refined education, and if he had been able to keep his temper and his manners under better control. One wondered how, with a wife of such culture and charm, he retained so much of Yorkshire grit and of platform vulgarity.

With my excellent friend A. J. Mundella I had

close continual relations in the whole course of his work in Labour legislation in all its forms. The whole order of factory labourers in our country owe a deep debt to Mundella, who was perhaps the one capitalist and manufacturer of his time who had perfect knowledge of the lives and aspirations of the workmen, who in his heart sympathised with their sufferings, their hopes, and their needs, and who devoted his whole public career to work on their behalf. To myself his early death was a personal loss, for I had during many years known his generous hospitality, his keen love of art, and his unflagging industry in his public duties. He is one of those servants of the people whose generous labours have been too little recognised and too early forgotten. The descendants and the friends whom he has left to mourn his premature death will not suffer his memory to die nor his public work to be undone.

II. *Lawyers*

My professional life naturally brought me into relation with most of the legal luminaries of the second half of the nineteenth century, and I have heard judgments pronounced by all the Lord Chancellors down from St. Leonards in 1852. But my personal recollections are principally of Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury (Chancellor 1861-1865). His family and that of my mother, the Brices, had long been intimate. Dr. R. Bethell, of Bradford-on-Avon and Bristol, was a well-known surgeon in the West Country, and was the medical attendant of the Brices, who were then living at Bristol. The Doctor brought my mother into the world, and his son Richard as a youth lived in intimacy with the Brices, whose only daughter, Jane, he was at one time thought to be courting.

When Bethell came to the Bar at the age of twenty-three, with an Oxford reputation both as a scholar and as an oar, he and his brother John started a boat on the Thames, with my father and his brother Charles. It was the age of "tubs," and they often took Jane Brice, my mother, and Ellinor Abraham (afterwards Lady Bethell) as sitters. In summer evenings they would row up river from Westminster to Putney, and even to Kew and Richmond. Places, distances, and hours may have changed in a century or so. But, as I often remark, the habits and occupations of men and women remain much what they used to be.

My uncle, Charles Harrison, of the firm in Bedford Row, gave Bethell his first brief and strongly backed him, and our families remained in intimacy throughout his career. He was very kind to me, and would often ask me to construe Greek plays, along with his own sons, a trial which Richard the second too often shirked. He recommended my parents to send me to the admirable day school of J. C. King, where his two sons went, and afterwards to go up to Oxford to compete for the Wadham College Scholarship in 1848—Wadham being the College of which Bethell had been Scholar and Fellow. In 1853 he entered me at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1869 he appointed me Secretary to the Royal Commission for Digesting the Law, of which he was Chairman.

From my earliest recollection of him as a rising barrister down to the last day of life he was always the same — with imperturbable self-confidence, supreme disdain of opposition, and absolute indifference to the opinion of the world. I never knew him hesitate for a word or utter a broken sentence, even when angry or at bay, nor have I ever known him slip out from the modulated precision of his speech. It was uttered, in public

or in private, as if he were repeating lines that he had learned for the stage or for Parliament. The voice was rather that of a Court chaplain than of an advocate—silvery in tone and with a fascinating lisp. The air was that of a fashionable cynic—a Lord Chesterfield or a Townshend of the eighteenth rather than of an orator or judge of the nineteenth century.

Bethell's strength lay in representing complex facts with such lucid coherence that it forced conviction on less ingenious minds, and in the brilliant marshalling of a series of specious arguments. He had a wonderful gift of sucking other men's brains (as Sir Henry Maine told me), and disparate facts fell into beautiful order when he pieced them together to suit his case. He was the most fascinating advocate to listen to in opening his case, for his great speeches were works of art, as convincing as a fine romance. Like other great *improvisatori*, he seemed to believe in the romance he had woven, and never would admit that any point in his case—or indeed in his life—could be otherwise than right. He was even in law an artist to his finger-tips; and it is no wonder that old Shadwell, the Vice-Chancellor, was said to have "set up an idol in Bethel."

He was never a really sound lawyer, and in his rapid mastering of the materials in his briefs he too often ignored what seemed unmanageable or adverse. But he threw over facts and judgments such a glamour of cohesion and of plausibility that none but very strong and patient judges could resist his persuasive art. With all his amazing ability he became in old age curiously forgetful of even the rudiments of law, for on his second marriage in 1873 he could hardly be convinced that this *ipso facto* revoked his will; and he once reproved his son, who showed him the draft of a

will he was employed to draw, for adding "that stale nonsense, the appointment of an executor." He was wont to force not only documents and dates, but even the rules of law to fit into his argument.

Whilst serving as Secretary of the Digest Commission I was constantly at his house, at times spending the evening with him alone, as we both were living in the same terrace, at Lancaster Gate. I had ample opportunity then to observe his marvellous ingenuity of mind, together with an utter incapacity for systematic work and efficient business. He was then in his seventieth year, and perhaps was already touched with the cerebral disease which killed him. But he retained his inexhaustible power of wit and sarcasm. As Attorney-General in a great consultation in chambers, the managing clerk of his clients whispered the date he had misquoted. "Would you go outside that door—and shut it!" said the mellifluous advocate. Oratorically, he asked, "What will be the argument of the Defence?" intending to supply it himself. His innocent junior ventured to offer his own view of the expected argument. "What d—d fools they must be!" said the great chief. And in private he rather exaggerated than moderated his contempt of criticism and even his defiance of public opinion. When one of his fellow Commissioners sent in a memorandum he told me "not to mind that urchin."

With all his cynicism and his wanton proneness to wound, Bethell was really soft of heart, indulgent, and easy to weakness—or rather to a grave fault. He was as tolerant of peccadilloes and indecorum in others as in himself, and at last he became openly shameless about moral offences.

He was so soft-hearted that he was once found alone in his library bathed in tears over *Uncle*

Tom's Cabin, which he had been reading for the first time. And he was so impervious to the opinion of the world, that when the message reached his house from Lord Palmerston that consequent on an adverse vote of the House of Commons, his resignation of the Chancellorship had just been announced—he was found in bed and sound asleep. As I put it to his biographer: "His tendency to sarcasm was due not to any wish to wound nor ambition to display, but to an instinctive genius for clear-cut phrases, coupled with an habitual indifference to the opinion of others. In private and alone, these phrases would flash from his brain as if they were automatic and involuntary reflex acts, at times when there was nobody to wound or to dazzle. His brain seemed never to have known repose, and his life never to have practised restraint" (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 167). He was the only Chancellor who conceived of law in the Roman spirit of symmetry, as a code of coherent principles. But with him it remained an intellectual ideal which he never attempted, and no doubt was unfitted, to bring to any practical result.

Henry Sumner Maine, whose private pupil I was in 1857, when he was giving his lectures on "Ancient Law," was rather historian than lawyer, and more social philosopher than jurist. I remained in intimacy with him until his too early death, and never ceased to delight in his brilliant scholarship and analytic genius, as well as his literary culture and charm of manner. His very precarious health quite prevented him from acquiring the profound and exact learning of a modern professor; but he may rank with Herbert Spencer, and indeed with Charles Darwin, as an instance of how intellectual insight and grasp of luminous principles can dispense with any exhaustive study of books, nay, so

often can open visions of truths which are denied to the voracious amasser of book learning.

My study with Maine was exclusively in the principles and analogies of Roman law — studies which ultimately became the only form of law which I ever followed with zest, though they, no doubt, hardened my habitual indifference to the practice of equity and common-law courts.

When I passed from the chambers of Maine to those of Wickens, afterwards Vice-Chancellor, I found myself in the hands of one of the greatest masters of Equity jurisprudence of our time. Even as a stuff-gown (and he never became Q.C.) Wickens' opinions on cases had almost the authority of a judgment. He afforded a striking refutation of the vulgar charge against advocacy that a barrister succeeds by specious arts, and that his business is "to make the worse appear the better cause." Wickens never would shirk the weak side of his own case, which his judicial mind would rather tend to overrate than to put in the background. Indeed his defect as an advocate was that he would often let the Court see that he thought poorly of his own case—a dangerous temptation to a weak judge to accept the private opinion of so great a master of case-law. And as Wickens never acquired the art of even moderately fluent speech, but stated his points with so much hesitation, qualification, and reserve that it needed patient attention to follow his arguments, a chance layman in Court might have taken him to be an unpractised tyro at the bar. Yet he proved that high legal office, as well as an immense practice, may be attained by the most scrupulous impartiality and without even ordinary skill in oratory.

Wickens and Bethell were a curious contrast in form and in substance—Bethell all persuasiveness, ingenuity, grace, and art; Wickens all learning,

truth, and awkward utterance. Bethell trod gently over slippery spots, Wickens would breast them squarely, however ungainly his attitude in maintaining his feet. But with all his knowledge, his industry, and his acumen, it could not be pretended that Wickens possessed the supreme ability of Bethell—for therein I suppose Lord Cairns alone would be regarded as his equal. I remember one occasion when in Wickens' pupil room I read and analysed for him a complicated set of papers in a big family suit. He was full of the case and confident enough till I drew his attention to a long correspondence between the parties which I suggested would prove damaging. He thought that fatal to his case, and he went into Court to argue what he took to be a lost cause. He honestly explained to the judge the difficulty he felt, and seemed quite ready to be non-suited. But, rather to his surprise, and almost to his disappointment, Lord Hatherley held the point not to be a conclusive bar to the claim. Wickens was, and ought to have been from the first, a judge—not an advocate.

I have pleasant memories of the Chief Justices, Lord Coleridge and Lord Russell of Killowen, both of whom were even more interesting in the political and social sphere than on the Bench. Both were fine orators if not great lawyers. Of my friends Lord Bowen and Lord Davey, Lord Justice Mathew, and of Sir Fitzjames Stephen, I forbear to speak, for their loss is too recent, and those who survive them are too near. Some day we may hope that a future generation will know more of the exquisite wit of Charles Bowen, the unerring judgment and the inexhaustible culture of Horace Davey, the dogged labours and robust sense of Fitzjames Stephen, and the inimitable humour of Lord Justice Mathew. Perhaps as a judge Mathew

varied his favourite *dictum* as a barrister—"that when four able men have put to a judge everything that can be said on either side, he must be a poor creature if he goes wrong." Here, down in my retreat in the Weald, I know nothing of the Courts and the lawyers of to-day. But I fondly trust that they carry on the wit, the culture, the good fellowship and knowledge of the world which I can recall of silk and stuff-gown, juniors and leaders, counsel and judges, in the 'sixties and the 'seventies.

CHAPTER XXV

VARIOUS CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

I WAS elected a member of the Reform Club soon after coming to London in 1856; but, as I was out of sympathy with organised parties of all kinds, and found that the Reform (like the *Fortnightly Review*) did not quite act up to its style, I did not keep my name permanently on its lists. I never had anything to do with the political or party activities of the Club, whatever these may have been. And my action in Labour questions and my part in the Trades-Union Commission did not recommend me to some of the more severe economists of that stately institution. When George Potter, George Odger, W. Allan, and the leaders of the Trades-Unions in 1865 organised a mass procession of Labour men through the streets during the Suffrage agitation, together with my colleagues Professor Beesly, Henry Crompton, and others, I stood at the upper windows of the Club-house to watch them. As the procession passed with their banners, the men cheered the Club, taking it to be the seat of the Reforming party. The habitués at the lower windows looked on, but did not reciprocate the compliment. We young Radicals above saluted the Unionists. And when a member of the Committee begged us to desist from showing sympathy with the men, we declined to share their contemptuous indifference to the workmen's salute.

There was a famous row there when a member of an illustrious family in the Midlands was opposed as an extreme Republican, and the late Duke of Devonshire had to be summoned to restore harmony. Lord Hartington, the well-known jest ran, had to give his name to the Club porter, who had never seen him. He came in, and with his "well now!" manner—"don't you think we'd better!"—he saved the situation; "of course, if you don't like the cut of a man's trousers it is natural enough to pill him—but we can't have a dead set at a man's family and relations." It is curious how hot men can get over Club elections. Do women manage this better in their new Clubs?

Some time in 1865 Thomas Bailey Potter, M.P., the close friend of Cobden and Bright, made me a member of the Cobden Club, and for some years I attended their banquets. But I got tired of going to Richmond and Greenwich to eat a two-guinea dinner and hear veteran politicians and successful business men toast the immortal memory of Richard Cobden. Forty and fifty years ago there seemed little need to repeat the celebration and nothing for the Club to do. Things have changed in the twentieth century, and the Club has had to fight for its life and perhaps for the life of our country against an organised conspiracy of capitalists. And in bygone years it has done memorable work by the essays of Joseph Chamberlain, Thomas Farrer, John Morley, Shaw-Lefevre, Leonard Courtney, and Reginald Welby. The revival of Protection after sixty-five years is one of the most extraordinary events of our age, as it appears to those of my time who have closely watched every turn of it from the Hungry 'Forties to the desperate electioneering of January 1910.

In 1878 John Morley proposed and carried my election at the Athenæum Club without ballot,

under Rule II. I served for a term on the Committee on Herbert Spencer's nomination and in his place. I think my colleagues were, amongst others, Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir Frederick Pollock (the elder), Sir Frederick Abel, Sir Frederick Bramwell, and some others, and I could not stop the waiters from dubbing me "Sir Frederic." When I remonstrated, the butler very politely begged pardon—"but I did think you were in the last batch!" I trust I may escape, as a private member and gentleman ranker, and may get to my end without any prefix—*pas même académicien.* I agree with Herbert Spencer in the matter, and adopt Talleyrand's *mot* that in these days it is "a mark of distinction" to have neither order nor star.

The Athenæum gives one everything a quiet family man of mature age and cultured taste can desire. Its rigid inhospitality to strangers, now like everything else in the twentieth century melting away, secures peace and retirement, so that before luncheon and after the dinner hour the Club is a haven of literary seclusion. The long wait before the ballot of candidates is reached makes it eminently the Club of the Elderly; for hardly any candidate can pass until he is far beyond middle age. All this is delightfully soothing. In the whirl of the London season, or even in a political crisis or a hot election, the Athenæum remains a neutral and peaceful refuge where bustle and excitement are alike unknown, were it not for the infernal motor horn in Pall Mall.

In the 'sixties and the 'seventies I belonged to a good many smaller clubs and societies of a special kind. One of the most interesting of these was the Century Club, of which I gave an account in the *Cornhill Magazine* of September 1903, since reissued in *Realities and Ideals.*

The preliminary meetings usually took place in

my chambers in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, the active promoters being Charles S. Roundell, Hon. George Brodrick, H. Yates Thompson, Hon. Lyulph Stanley, Charles Bowen, Henry Fawcett, Henry Cunningham, Horace Davey. It was an evening talking Club, dealing with all the "most advanced" questions in politics, literature, or theology. On its winding up it became the nucleus of the "National Liberal" and "Eighty" Clubs.

There was also in 1865 a small club called the "Dominicans," from their dining together at a hotel on Sunday evening. There was, however, nothing in the least monastic or even theological about it. It was formed by John Stuart Mill and his friends, Hon. Auberon Herbert being Secretary and Whip.

The real purpose of the Club was to enable Mr. Mill to expound his political views to his followers, —Sir Charles Dilke, John Morley, Henry Fawcett, and some others. I remember that one night I ventured to oppose the idea of developing the volunteer movement into an universal citizen army on the Prussian model. I maintained that the agitation would foster a spirit of militarism, and that the volunteers would soon become a mere accretion to the general army. At that time Mill was rather willing to see the national armament attempted, as he regarded the Napoleonic Empire as a greater danger to Europe than was Bismarck. I think that at this time Morley, Fawcett, Dilke, and Leslie Stephen were inclined to Mill's view. But I believe that my argument did something to impress Mill. Forty years ago England had no real need of a home army against either France or Germany. Things are different now in 1910 after all that has passed in these years. In the 'sixties France was no danger to Europe. She is now a bulwark of Peace and Order.

In 1864 I joined the Alpine Club, as I intended to ascend Mont Blanc, and I wished to be free of the protective tariff of the Chamonix guides. I made the ascent in very fair weather with Alfred Bailey of Lincoln's Inn, who suffered from frost-bite. At the Grands Mulets we were joined by Leslie Stephen with his two Grindelwald guides, Melchior and Jacob Anderegg. I gave an account of our tour in the *Cornhill Magazine* (March 1905); and in my *Alpine Jubilee*, 1851-1907 (published in January 1908), I wrote some reminiscences of mountaineering in the Alps. I tried to express the inexhaustible delight which is given by this noblest of all sports and exercises, and the wonderful exhilaration, both physical and mental, which rational climbing amidst the eternal snows is certain to impart. If, in my eightieth year, I can say that I have never had an illness to keep me to my bed for a single day, I owe that rare immunity from ailment, together with habitual care of health and absence of all worry or fatigue in life, to my practice of devoting my holidays, from early boyhood to an advanced old age, to walking in the mountains or along the coasts of our island and of the Mediterranean, and in the midst of magnificent landscape scenery.

In 1869 I became a life-member of the London Library, which I had joined as an annual subscriber in 1856. I have been a constant frequenter of that invaluable institution, having been member of the Committee since 1875, and now a Vice-President. Together with the President, Leslie Stephen, and our truly admirable Secretary, Dr. Hagberg Wright, I worked at the preparation of the *Authors' Catalogue* of 1903, and also of the far more important and difficult undertaking, the *Subject Index* of 1909, the unique value of which and its great and various uses I have tried to explain in an article

in the *Times Literary Supplement* (November 1909, p. 434).

In 1871 I was proposed by Lord Houghton as a member of the Cosmopolitan Club, of which a delightful account was given by Sir Algernon West in the *Cornhill Magazine* of June 1903. It was the place where any foreigner or colonial of distinction who happened to be in London was sure to be met. At its best time, it was a most agreeable rendezvous of politicians, travellers, soldiers, artists, writers, and dramatists. Grant-Duff, Lord Arthur Russell, Herschell (L.C.), Henry Cowper, Sir George Dasent, Anthony Trollope, Tom Hughes, Millais, Laurence Oliphant, George Venables, Q.C., Fitzjames Stephen, Maine, Bowen, and many a writer in the *Saturday Review*, the *Times*, or the *Quarterlies*, were the habitués to be found on a Sunday night in my day. The father of the Club and a sort of perpetual President was our dear and inimitable Lord Houghton, who knew everybody and whom everybody loved to know and to meet. I doubt if in all these twenty-five years since we lost him, any one has replaced the unique position held by Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton. His *bonhomie*, his vast knowledge of men and things all over Europe and America during more than fifty years, his hearty kindness and love of any kind of ability or gift, his lavish hospitality, his wit, his inexhaustible store of anecdotes and epigrams, made him quite a rare character of the Victorian age by himself. He has left but one equal in this fine social art—and she is a lady, happily still with us, and naturally with somewhat different aims and gifts.

In the same year, I was introduced by Lord Arthur Russell as one of the original members of the Metaphysical Society. That was a very different Society, for it discussed with seriousness,

and sometimes with heat, the underlying bases of philosophy and religion. I remember to have attended discussions there with Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Tennyson, Ruskin, Froude, Tyndall, Huxley, Father Dalgairns, Dr. Wm. G. Ward, Cardinal Manning, Thompson, Archbishop of York, Bishops Thirlwall and Magee, Dr. R. W. Church, the Dean of St. Paul's, the eighth Duke of Argyll, Walter Bagehot, Professor Clifford, Professor Martineau, Lord Selborne (Chancellor), Lord Arthur Russell, Sir M. Grant-Duff, R. H. Hutton, Fitzjames Stephen, Sir Andrew Clark, Mark Pattison. Very many of the papers read and discussed, including some of my own, have been published in volumes; and a full account of the meetings, members, and subjects was given by R. Holt Hutton in the *Nineteenth Century*, No. CII. (August 1885).

Perhaps the theological and metaphysical discussions were exhausted by want of new matter, when each member had stated his own special point of view. When no common ground remained between the intuitional and the scientific schools of philosophy, and between the theological and the ethical syntheses—nothing fresh could be said. We never induced Tennyson to read a paper or to join a discussion. He once startled and amused us by asking Huxley if the sap rising in a plant did not dispose of the argument that the law of gravitation was of universal force. Huxley was puzzled, but he tried to see where the poet's joke came in. There was no joke at all. Tennyson was perfectly serious, and fondly believed that his point had shown that laws of nature are liable to suspension. Tennyson and Dean Stanley had first suggested the scheme of the Club, which was carried out and worked with immense energy, tact, and enthusiasm by James Knowles.

The debates were more instructive and more interesting than one could suppose from so diverse a society of debaters. The method of discussion was quite the best for such a purpose. Short written papers, almost invariably afterwards published in a monthly magazine, were circulated in proof before the meeting, and then read and discussed after a quiet dinner. Things I can recall are these: the superior aloofness of Tennyson, who never interposed with a remark, and I am not sure that he always followed the arguments of opponents with understanding; the subtlety and versatility of Gladstone; the impenetrable orthodoxy of Lord Selborne, who would throw down his paper with an air as if to say—*habemus confitentem reum*, if Clifford or Huxley impugned the authority of Church and Bible; the elusive ingenuity of Manning; the dialectic skill of Huxley, in the style of a great criminal court advocate; the adroitness and rapidity of Bishop Magee (whom Lord Houghton declared to surpass all living men in the power of improvisation and thinking out his argument whilst on his legs); the brilliant eloquence of Dr. Martineau, who in floods of unbroken rhetoric had no equal in the Club—not even in Gladstone; the keen logic of Father Dalgairns; and the sledge-hammer common sense of Fitzjames Stephen. I fear the Society lost something of its urbanity, and more of its cohesion, when Stephen introduced into metaphysics the style of the *Saturday Review* or a court of law. He would return upon his favourite thesis that a Catholic was psychologically incapacitated from attaining to the pure truth of any problem. He abstained from accusing the Cardinal of direct mendacity, but he gave him to understand that his own standard of veracity was somewhat higher.

One night Stephen and I left the Club together after a hot debate over the religion of Humanity,

various views of which in criticism of mine appeared at the time in the *Nineteenth Century*. Stephen maintained that Humanity in the sum "was a brute beast," that he would rather worship an African ape or a bull-dog. I had not invited him to "worship" anything or any one; for indeed his idiosyncrasy did not tend in the direction of worship at all. He clung to Hell for its utility as a moralising agent in deterring the weak and the vicious from sin and crime. As I told him, he seemed to suggest that fear rather than love should be the normal basis of religion. "I was going to reply to your last article," he said; "but then I thought that dog should not fight dog!" He hoped that I should join him in baiting the Roman bull. This I never saw my way to do; for I was on quite friendly terms with the Roman bull, though his fodder was not to my liking.

My relations with Cardinal Manning were continuous and to me most interesting. He was impressed by the moral and spiritual analogies of Catholicism and Positivism. I sent the Cardinal my own translation of the second volume of Comte's *Polity*, and I know that the book interested him. The Cardinal was quite justified in recognising the close analogy of Positivism with the moral (apart from the intellectual) side of mediaeval Catholicism. This indeed had been claimed in the most emphatic way by Comte in his "General View of Positivism" (*Polity*, vol. i. pp. 68-73). "Positivists," he writes, "will always acknowledge the close relation between their own system and the memorable effort of mediaeval Catholicism." And when Huxley made his shallow jibes about Positivism, Dr. Congreve put the truth exactly when he said Positivism was "Catholicism plus science."[1] Comte always

[1] In the *New Letters of J. S. Mill*, 1910, we find Mill telling a French correspondent that when "Huxley ventures to dispute Comte's general-

maintained that the failure of the Church was due to the fact that its visionary doctrines ruined its truly admirable social and moral ideal.

The Cardinal, in fact, was often willing to discuss Positivism with me, frequently invited me to his table, his meetings, his study, and even took me into his simple and almost monastic cell in the upper gallery of the Archbishopric. He once told me that "Comte's Catholic mother and childhood had inscribed on his heart the truths of religion in invisible letters which began to reappear in old age"; again, he said that "Positivism was a noble torso from which the head had been cut off." It was indeed just the reverse. It was the head, the brain, the intelligence, that Comte found wanting in Catholicism: the heart had been sound originally and its yearnings might even be revivified. I remember how James Knowles once startled a clerical party at the Archbishop's table by saying that, "if the Papacy would adopt the scientific principles of Positivism, it would effect the conversion of the world." I gave a deprecating, discreet, but assenting smile. Whether Manning ever hoped to convert me to his Church I can hardly suppose. There were a great many things on which he and I could heartily sympathise—especially his social sympathies and his abhorrence of anarchic individualism. But I fear he never quite realised that Positivists entirely adopted Comte's judgment that *modern* Catholicism (of the three last centuries) was only Jesuitism, a hopeless parody of the noble ideal of Gregory and St. Bernard, of St. Francis and Dante.

Cardinal Manning was one of the most picturesque and versatile men of his time — in person a mediaeval saint — a St. Anthony of Padua by

isations on the philosophy of the sciences, all that he says is so superficial that the least capable follower of Comte could find no difficulty in refuting it" (ii. 222).

Perugino—in manner alternately graceful, ascetic, imposing, and simple; in mind subtle, ingenious, and of wide culture; in principles an ardent apostle of temperance, ecclesiastical discipline, social sympathy, and popular reform. He planned the great cathedral at Westminster and secured the site, intending to raise it as a vast thirteenth-century Gothic fane in the style of Cologne or Rheims, not in the Byzantine mode which his successors more wisely have adopted. I doubt if the Catholic Church in England has been since his time so closely in touch with the Liberal world and with the aspirations of the people apart from Church or creed. I believe that the strength and perhaps the weakness of Manning was, that down to the end he never ceased to be in politics the open-minded priest of the Church in which he was born and bred, and in which the whole first half of his life was spent.

I once asked him why, Liberal as he was, he refused to countenance any movement to curtail or destroy the anomalous monopoly of the Established Church of England and its pretensions as *the* Church of the State. I said that on Disestablishment of the Anglican Church he would gain millions of new adherents to Catholicism. He said, "Yes, I know it; but you, Free-Thinkers, Agnostics, and Positivists, would gain the rest. The principle of a State Church is too sacred to be broken in upon."

I suggested to James Knowles, our Secretary, Whip, and Editor, for most of the papers ultimately appeared in his two successive *Reviews*, a mode of discussion which had no small success and might have been carried further. This was the method of *Symposium*, with the following plan. A paper on a given subject—say Future Life, Democratic Dogmas, Intuitive Knowledge, or the like, was

printed and circulated to members; they were invited, in a well-arranged order, to comment in a short paper giving the heads of each writer's point of view. The papers rolled up in snowball fashion, and the whole set of them was considered in a general sitting. In such abysmal problems as those of Theology, Metaphysics, and Psychology it required time for reflection and the precision of a printed paper to enable even a competent thinker to put his view in brief. On the exhaustion of the Metaphysical Society, I suggested also to Manning the foundation of a definitely Theological Society, to discuss with "dry light" the problems that lie *inter apices Theologiae*; but, though he approved the idea and tried to realise it, he did not find clerical or lay controversialists who were prepared to face so daring an encounter of opposing convictions.

I really think most of us learned a good deal from listening to ideas which each of us was accustomed to treat as fantastic or pernicious, earnestly advocated with logic, eloquence, and fervour by men whose intellect and character we most unfeignedly respected. And we learned better to understand how conclusions which seemed monstrous to ourselves had mastered minds whose power and resources we felt bound to acknowledge and admire. The impression left on my mind, on the whole, was that such splendid eloquence as that of Martineau, Gladstone, Magee, and Manning carried the argument no further. But the *enstasies*, dilemmas, and *reductiones ad absurdum* of Huxley, Clifford, Tyndall, and Stephen left challenges on the table, which few metaphysicians took up with success. But then, of course, I was a Positivist; and much as I sympathised with the social and spiritual aims of the theologians, I could not but agree intellectually with the Agnostics—as far as

they went. But this was certainly not enough for me. When it came to religion the Agnostics had nothing to say. And perhaps a hypothetical religion is better than none at all.

One of the acutest and most learned of the dialecticians was Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln, with whom I kept up till his death a personal intimacy, or at least a sympathetic interest, varied with frequent bouts of sharp controversy. His was a fine mind, ruined, I think, by a morbid spirit of criticism, suspicion, and mental timidity. His acuteness was ever on the watch for weak spots in those about him, and his critical genius thirsted to expose them, whilst his fears made him ever ready to hedge or deprecate rejoinder. After publishing an article which attempted to cover Comte with ridicule, he wrote begging me not to be offended, and even asked my wife to mediate between us. I had no intention of mortal combat, and we were always on the best terms in society; but I felt bound to state my case as well as I could. Yet most of us were really fond of our dry and caustic "Old Pat." I had a sad farewell with him almost on his death-couch. He was mournfully pessimist, and contrasted my air of confident life and hope with his own unconvinced and hopeless state of mind. Why did he ever write—much less publish his Memoirs? It should be a lesson to us all—a lesson, alas! we cannot learn, and which I am now defying in my own senile garrulity!

In 1876 I was proposed by John Morley as a member of the Political Economy Club, of which the great lights then were the Hon. Charles Villiers, the earliest champion of Free-Trade in Parliament (1838), who lived to the age of ninety-six, and was as stout a Free-Trader as ever, and a champion long after the death of Bright and Cobden; Lord Bramwell, the former Lord Justice, a keen indi-

vidualist, with whom I carried on some controversy over Labour legislation; William Newmarch, the indefatigable Secretary of the Club, and vehement opponent of Trades-Unions, Socialism, and Labour laws; Leonard Courtney, even then recognised as the heir of J. S. Mill's economic authority; Professor Henry Sidgwick, then collecting materials for his manual of erudition on the *Principles of Political Economy*; the late Earl of Dalhousie, too early lost to every good cause; and Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, who had only just entered the House of Commons, and was even then regarded as the rising hope of Liberal Conservatism.

When the centenary of Edward Gibbon's death came round in 1894, I felt keenly impelled to have his memory duly celebrated. The late Lord Sheffield, the grandson of Gibbon's friend and executor, had in his muniment room in Sheffield Park, Sussex, the whole of the manuscripts, books, and remains of the historian; but the first Lord Sheffield by will had put a severe embargo on any descendant of his opening, or making public use of, these literary treasures, and so affecting his own publication of the famous *Autobiography* and *Life and Letters of Gibbon*. The late Lord Sheffield, the third earl, was rather eccentric and a recluse, and it was not very easy to reach him or to get him to act. I tried various means of doing this, and published in the *Nineteenth Century* (July 1894) the article since inserted in my volume, *Memories and Thoughts*, 1906, p. 83.

I then applied to Lord Aberdare, former President of the Historical Society, who referred me to Sir E. Mountstuart Grant-Duff, the then President. Grant-Duff threw himself heartily into the scheme, and eventually we induced the Historical Society to undertake the Commemoration, and the third Earl of Sheffield to become the President. The

British Museum opened an excellent exhibition of portraits (including the fine Reynolds), engravings, letters, the printer's proofs of the *History*, and the manuscripts of the famous *Autobiography*. Lord Davey gave an opinion that, in the absence of a gift over, the veto on publication in Lord Sheffield's will might be disregarded after one hundred years had elapsed. I was asked to undertake the Centenary address at the meeting of the Historical Society, held in the Theatre of the School of Mines (15th November 1894).

When we examined the original manuscripts of the *Autobiography*—and they were no less than seven, all in Gibbon's curiously clear hand—it was seen that no one of them was what had been published by Lord Sheffield in 1799. They overlapped and repeated each other, as if the historian had tried several schemes without finally satisfying himself. And we also discovered that the manuscript copies had been pieced together, consolidated, and largely varied by pencil erasures and marginal insertions. These were in a woman's handwriting, and eventually proved to be written by Maria Josepha, the eldest daughter of Lord Sheffield, ultimately the first Lady Stanley of Alderley. This extraordinary woman, whom Gibbon so much admired—"that fine diamond," "that most extraordinary young woman"—became the grandmother of the well-known and versatile Stanleys, whose head has recently succeeded to the barony of Sheffield. The able and splendid second Lady Stanley of Alderley, in her last years, was present at my Gibbon address, and remonstrated with me for giving such high encomium to Maria Josepha, who was, she said, "a terrible woman." "Terrible" or not (I have her portrait, which Lord Sheffield gave me—and she certainly might have sat for Queen Elizabeth or the Empress Catherine of

Russia), she was a woman of genius, for she constructed out of the historian's *rudis indigestaque moles* one of the masterpieces of English literature.

We then proceeded to obtain the publication of the whole of the *Autobiographic Drafts* and of the *Letters*, and this was no easy task. The last Earl, whose whole personal effects have just gone to the hammer, would only part with them for some thousands of pounds, which the house of John Murray thought to be excessive for publishing purposes. The British Museum would give some thousands for the manuscripts, and John Murray would give some hundreds for the copyrights. At last this was arranged. Murray published in 1896 the whole of the *Autobiographies verbatim*, as Gibbon left them, and Lord Sheffield signed an *Introduction* which he asked me to write. And Murray published two volumes of Gibbon's *Letters*, carefully edited by Rowland Prothero. Thus the new Gibbon materials were published before the manuscripts went into the public room of the Museum Library. I believe Lord Rosebery secured the fine Reynolds portrait of the historian. I do not grudge the time and research I bestowed in the years 1894-1896 in clearing up the mystery of the Gibbon manuscripts, and in securing for the public these rich and fascinating remains of our greatest historian.

The Royal Historical Society published (1895, 4to, pp. 54) an account of the "Gibbon Commemoration," with a portrait, a report of the proceedings at the meeting, the addresses, and catalogue of the Exhibition at the British Museum. The Society did me the honour to elect me a life-member, member of the Council, and Vice-President. I have been, so far as absence from London admitted it, a constant attendant at this most useful and admirably conducted body, where I

have learned much and have met so many illustrious historians. My address on *Historical Bibliography* has been printed, and also the address given in November 1908 on the *Centenary of Lord Chatham.* Greatly as I value the acute and laborious research which is stimulated by these learned Societies, too often I am reminded of the inevitable tendency of petty isolated researches to breed an arid specialism which must choke and then dissipate the serious study of history. Let us regard history as the instrument of a true sociology of human evolution, and not as an end in itself. To collect facts about the past, and to leave the social application of this information for any one or no one to give it a philosophic meaning, is merely to encumber the future with useless rubbish.

CHAPTER XXVI

MY OXFORD FRIENDS

WHILST in residence in Oxford, first as Scholar of Wadham and then as Fellow and tutor, 1848-1855, I was often in company of some of its famous personages. I well remember Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen, who died in his 100th year. He was born in the year that Dr. Johnson published his *Dictionary*, was tutor when the Doctor received his D.C.L., and had talked with men who remembered the expulsion of the Fellows by James II.[1] He told John Conington, when he became Fellow of University, to take Holy Orders, "attach himself to some great man, as that was the way to get on in the Church." The Dean of Christ Church was Dr. Gaisford, another typical Head of the old school. He used to hear us try to construe Apollonius Rhodius, or some such late author at sight, and was testy enough to find how little Greek we knew. One of the current jests was about a sermon in which he said, "St. Paul says, and I partly agree with him." Many were the stories of his autocratic temper. A veteran student of the House is fond of telling how he won his bet that, in spite of formal orders of the tutors that no

[1] This is what is now called a "Link with the Past." Another of my recollections was a talk with Admiral Sartorius (d. 1885, aged ninety-five), who was an officer on the *Bellerophon* which brought Napoleon to English waters.

undergraduate should have leave to attend the Derby race, he succeeded by telling Dr. Gaisford that his tutor declared that even the Dean himself could not break the College rule. "What!" said the Dean, "they tell you I *cannot* give leave? I give you leave, sir, and report this order to your tutor."

It was a sight to watch Dr. Pusey early and late, in a mediaeval nook in the Bodleian, ever poring over the Fathers. He might have sat for the St. Bonaventura by Murillo. I did not know Pusey personally; but one of my intimate friends was a special protégé of his, as was my saintly schoolfellow, H. Parry Liddon. As a schoolboy I had been suspected of "Puseyism," so I was "a proselyte of the gate" to the Tractarian insurrection against Low Church Protestantism.

I have heard hundreds of sermons in St. Mary's, Bampton Lectures, and select preachers, and I have been tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine that can be blown into the elastic formulas of our Church. I was touched by the monastic fervour of Liddon; I smiled over the dialectic puzzles of Mansel; and I was convinced by the masterly logic of H. Bristow Wilson, the ablest of the *Septem contra Christum*. Certainly a typical sermon in St. Mary's by a famous leader of a school, on a "Red Day," was one of the rare aesthetic and intellectual treats which Oxford had preserved for a later age.

Professor Conington was my private coach in Latin, and I date my delight in the inimitable pathos of Virgil from his comments. He was indeed a gentle, kindly scholar, absorbed in his poets, *totus in illis*, with curiously innocent ideas about life and the world of action. He would take me out with him in his afternoon walk, and for hours would repeat phrases, lines, whole passages of the classics with happy versions, as they

lingered in his memory. With all his instinctive sense of the music of ancient poetry, he had, I think, but a crabbed turn for English metre, and I find his verse translations quite jaw-breaking, however accurate and skilful they may be as versions. How Goldwin, his friend, used to chaff Conington. He told him at a breakfast party how he overheard Lady Waldegrave say to Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, at a Nuneham party, "Ah! but you should see his profile!"

Goldwin Smith, as a friend and at that time a colleague of Richard Congreve, was from time to time in our circle, which he lighted up with his rapier wit and his ardent Liberalism. In these sixty years I have been earnestly with him, and have followed him, in many a cause—University Reform, Parliamentary Reform, the Jamaica Committee, the American Civil War, the Boer War, Free-Trade, and International Morality. And I have had many a keen bout with him over Ireland, Home Rule, Comte and his school. But I am proud to feel that in our old age we stand on common ground, and that even when we differed I have never failed to honour his mastery of pure and nervous English, his profound sense of social duty, and his lofty moral inspiration. After his accident and the broken thigh-bone, I received a sympathetic letter from him, written on his death-bed, a few weeks from the end. And in the *Positivist Review* (July 1910, No. CCXI.) I tried to express the admiration I felt for his powers and his noble life.

I had the good fortune to be examined for my degree by an ideal board, comprising Jowett, who gave every real thought its value, even if it were but a fraction of truth; Mark Pattison, with his dry, cynical, ungracious good sense, his impracticable individualism, with clear ideas of what was best,

but without sympathy, enthusiasm, or ideals; and Professor J. Matthias Wilson, with his instinctive repugnance to mechanical formulas. But in those days, as perhaps even still, the "swing of the pendulum" obtained in universities as much as in parliaments; so that in a few years the set of opinion and study passes from Hume to Kant, from Comte to Hegel, and to-day I suppose from Bishop Butler to Schopenhauer or Nietzsche.

I knew Dean Stanley at Oxford, in society, and in his own Deanery, and remember him as the ideal of the courtly prelate, the arbiter of tolerance and moderation, with his graceful charm and his historic imagination. After bitterly denouncing me in 1861 in the *Edinburgh Review*, at which Jowett remonstrated, he ultimately became my genial host and good friend. I can never forget a meeting which he organised in Westminster Abbey. I believe those invited were mainly members of the Metaphysical Society, and were called to consider a sort of Pan-Eirenicon of the Churches and Creeds. I think that Spencer, Huxley, and Dr. Martineau, as well as Manning and Dalgairns, with Nonconformists and others, were invited. We met together in the Jerusalem Chamber—Churchmen, Catholics, Unitarians, Wesleyans, Agnostics, Positivists, and Ethicists—Cardinal Manning presiding in the old oak seat. He said, "The last time a Catholic Archbishop sate in this seat, it was Cardinal Pole" (a picturesque remark, which went to the soul of Stanley). We then adjourned into the Abbey itself, where a short prayer, adapted to cover almost every conceivable faith, was offered up, I think by Manning. No one who has not been in our ghostly Abbey by night and seen its sombre aisles and empty chapels just faintly lit with a chance burner here and there,—who has not felt himself, almost alone and in gloom, with the dust

of the mighty dead,—can conceive the mysterious pathos of such a visit. I had from Stanley and his successors personal facilities to visit the chapels, and to bring our Newton Hall body for special commemorations; and I often went to the Abbey in the time of the wise and generous Dean Bradley, Stanley's successor. He carefully considered my appeal as stated in my *Life of Cromwell*, that the remains of the Protector, if the head could be verified and restored by Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Sevenoaks, and if, as is said, the embalmed body could be found in the walls of Newburgh Abbey, might now be replaced in the vault in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in which the nation had placed them in honour. I believe Dean Bradley approached the Queen on the subject, but the plan went no further.[1]

Dean Bradley also very much sympathised with the protest which I raised in the Press, along with William Morris and a few others who were outside all political, official, and social taboos, against burying the young Napoleon who was killed by the Zulus in the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. The Dean and Chapter, and I believe the Government of the day, hesitated to go counter to what was thought to be the Royal and Imperial wish. The Sovereigns always claimed the right to bury in the Chapel eminent persons by their own prerogative, with a liberal extension of the term "seed royal." Charles I. gave this honour to the Duke of Buckingham. To me and my friends, to whom the Abbey is a sacred trust in the keeping of the nation, the idea of burying in it the heir of dead

[1] Bradley wrote to me a very thoughtful letter (8th June 1888) stating the difficulties. First, Henry the Seventh's Chapel is essentially "a royal chapel," in which, by the foundation deed, none but the *seed royal* could be buried. Lady Augusta Stanley was buried there as descended from Robert Bruce. Then Parliament—not the King—put Cromwell there, and Parliament removed him; and to restore the body might seem a Republican manifesto.

Napoleonism was an outrage that could not be endured. I did not soften my language of indignation, and others in and out of official and parliamentary life quietly allowed their opinion in the same sense to be known. And the desecration was spared us.

On another occasion, too, I tried to give voice to the anxiety caused to all lovers of the Abbey by the monstrous scaffolding and disfigurements intended for the Jubilee. Architects, engineers, and archaeologists felt the extreme peril of the building caused by huge timber erections and crowds of workmen engaged over weeks of urgent work inside the church. And when it was all done it would disfigure and destroy all the charm and associations of the place. Alas! in this matter, too many royal, noble, and official interests were involved to make it possible to check the barbarous prostitution of our ancient Abbey. Dean Bradley (who allowed me, in June 1897, with many misgivings, to take a party of French Positivists to see the tombs, and they did not stint their criticism of the profanation) quite sympathised with our fears. I remember his saying to me, as he showed me the hideous workshop inside, "If it were to be set on fire, I pray God that I too may be burned with it."

CHAPTER XXVII

POETS—HISTORIANS—CRITICS

As I have already in various books (*Victorian Literature*, *Tennyson*, etc., *Memories and Thoughts*) given estimates of most of the writers of the Victorian age, I will now simply add a few notes of my personal memory of the men themselves. In more than one essay I have tried to show reason for placing Tennyson in a class by himself, at the head of all the poets of the nineteenth century since the death of Shelley and Byron and the prolonged silence of Wordsworth. Circumstances frequently brought me into touch with the Laureate; but, in spite of my admiration of his verse, my papers read in the Metaphysical Society and my adhesion to Comte, of whom he understood nothing, caused him, I fear, to regard me with no friendly eyes. The problem of life beyond the grave haunted his mind till it became a kind of cerebral nightmare. When I first met him at the table of the Society he expressed this with the bluntness that incessant adulation had led him to assume as his privilege. In 1871, when we were living at Pinewood Cottage on Witley Heights, my wife and I drove over to the Blackdown and lost ourselves on the heath outside Aldworth. The poet was kind enough to receive us there, and to show us the grounds and gardens of that beautiful place, which at that time was only beginning to

emerge out of the moor, and was almost devoid of trees. In the autumn of 1878 we occupied Mrs. Cameron's cottage of Sunnyside at Freshwater, whilst she and her husband and son occupied Farringford, the Tennysons being in Ireland. At that time we were constantly at the "careless ordered gardens" of Farringford, and spent long days on the "noble down" at Freshwater. From 1888 to 1897 we occupied Blackdown Cottage, within a mile of Aldworth across the moor, the only other house on the northern slope of it.

I was thus at two periods of my life residing in close proximity to the poet's two homes in which he equally divided his time. Both neighbourhoods are thus familiar to me by the scenery which so constantly colours his poetry, and they were naturally rife with all sorts of personal anecdotes of the poet. All this would fill a volume, but I need not say that not a word of it shall escape me now. Every step that one took in the grounds of Farringford or of Aldworth, every landscape to be seen from either, every walk on the downs and woods round both, brought to mind some phrase or picture in the poet's verse. Tennyson had not the passion of the mountain which inspired Byron, nor that of the sky which Shelley worshipped, nor had he quite Wordsworth's gift of infusing a local patriotism into an entire countryside. But he certainly stood before all poets, ancient and modern, in his exact and subtle observation of all flower, plant, and tree life, as well as of the animals, birds, and fishes of the English homes in which he lived.

The unwholesome incense, in the fumes of which his later life was passed, tended no doubt to breed the affectation of his being even in this life a kind of immortal being; and he would too often assume a taciturnity and aloofness which gave a bad impression of his good nature. But when alone with

any one whom he knew well, and with a few intimates round him, his conversation was full of interest and life. In one of the last years of his life I found him sitting in a despondent mood alone in the summer-house looking south over the rolling Hampshire Downs. He was not very willing to admit a visitor, but in the end he told us a variety of capital stories—often about himself—how in early days the innkeeper at Stirling took shame to himself that he had "given his best bedroom" to a "poet"—how the flyman who drove the American pilgrim to the barred gate of Aldworth refused to call the poet "great" because "'e only kep' one man."

It is perhaps only those who have had the fortune to find the poet in the mood to talk, to hear him recite passages from his own poems or from European and classical poets, in the rich and resonant voice which was his special gift, who have heard him discuss points in the literature of many countries and many ages—who could quite understand the life-long devotion to the poetic art which Tennyson gave with every faculty of his brain. Alone of all our poets, unless it were Wordsworth, Tennyson lived only to make himself a poet, to live the life of a poet.

In my opinion, it would have been well had he felt clearly that it was his destiny to be the poet—not the philosopher—much less the moralist, the reformer, the evangelist. Every time I read his *Maud*, *In Memoriam*, or his later philosophical effusions, I am more alive to their shadowy, sentimental poverty, notwithstanding all their beauty, if regarded as the answer to moral and metaphysical problems. He was quite indignant with me when, in writing about Byron's slovenly versification, and comparing it with Tennyson's exquisite polish of phrase, I added that after all Byron had a far higher intellectual power. It is a serious hindrance to our

recognising the perfect beauty of Tennyson's poetry, that we have hardly yet given up regarding him as having that mission to instil morality, patriotism, and religion to the world which towards the end of his life he persuaded himself he was called upon to proclaim.

My intercourse with Robert Browning was much more intimate. I doubt if, in the 'seventies and the 'eighties, London had any more genial companion, any keener mind, or a heartier friend to his many friends. He was always ready to meet a congenial company, large or small, at a club, a mansion, or a cottage, to talk with every one on every topic that could interest a man of letters, a man of the world, or a lady of fashion. He was all things to all men and all women, always at his best, always bringing light, happiness, generosity, and sense into every society he entered. I think him the happiest social spirit whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. Though I knew him in Florence in 1853, in the house of Isa Blagden, Mrs. Browning's close friend, and thence during his life in London, and was with the many mourners at his burial in the Abbey, I do not pretend to count myself as more than one of the thousand who had the good fortune to have his acquaintance. But, having had many a quiet talk with him alone, I used to think that, though he could not be rated as a Radical in politics or an avowed Agnostic in faith, our social and religious ideas had very much in common. In all things he seemed to me to go straight to the roots of things, with the rapid insight of the poet and the sure judgment of a great mind.

I incline to hold Robert Browning to have been the most original and most sane spirit of the Victorian writers; for if he had not the prophetic gifts of Carlyle or the philosophic acumen of Mill, he was far more versatile and spontaneous than Mill, and far more healthy and humane than Carlyle.

But, if in mental power he stood above Tennyson, he fell as far short of Tennyson in the true business of poetry. The true business of a poet is to enshrine fine thoughts in exquisite melodies. Now, Browning too often left the melodies to take care of themselves. He could and did produce them in some of his earlier and simpler poems (*Evelyn Hope*, *Galuppi*, *Ride to Ghent*, etc. etc.), but at last he seemed not only to repudiate melody as an artificial cosmetic unworthy of a poet, but he would even search out cacophonies. The fifth line of his longest and best poem—*The Ring and the Book*, runs thus:—

> Spark-like 'mid unearthed slope-side fig-tree roots.

I doubt if a trained ear for discords could produce a more exasperating jumble of words. One who can deliberately manufacture uncouth phrases and cryptic anagrams, whatever his mental power, is only to be counted one of the fine poets that might-have-been.

I often ask myself if our age has altogether lost all ear for melody in verse, as I observe that poems are now extravagantly lauded in spite of their being cast into barbarous, tiresome, and dissonant form. We have men of fine intellect, men of genius and vivid imagination, who are hailed as poets because they have thrown some of their fancies into lines which are printed as verses, and which occasionally scan, but which otherwise are awkward prose of really excruciating sounds. Do these enthusiasts feel the music of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley—can they hear it? or are they deaf to this ethereal witchery of words? No force of intellect can save poetry which lacks this. In the later Victorian era we had but three poets of prime mark—Browning, with subtle thought but no music; Swinburne, with luscious music and no deep or original thought;

and Tennyson, who put his truly poetic ideas into exquisite, varied, and harmonious cadences.

I have more than once recounted my chief memories of George Eliot and of George H. Lewes at the Priory, Regent's Park, where one met so many men and women famous in the world of letters, art, and politics. But for a certain severity and over-elaboration of subject and phrase, her conversation would have been counted as almost the best of her time. We all felt that we were listening to one who, possessed of an immense and scientific culture, had long meditated on burning social and moral questions. She was treated by her many guests as if she had been invited to give them her best thoughts, and knew that she had something to tell which they would desire to hear. To me, I must say, she was always more the superior mind with great knowledge of men and of books, rather than the artist. She was herself more than her books. And I never thought that she reached the front rank of Victorian novelists except in one or two of the shorter and earlier stories. The greater and later novels and all the poetry were, to my mind, too much laboured to reach quite supreme success. But as a moralist and teacher she ought to rank with Ruskin and even Mill.

The many excellent qualities and the brilliant intelligence of George H. Lewes were not perhaps always recognised, owing to his vagrant breeding and a somewhat effervescent manner. A philosopher who had lived a boisterous life in Bohemia, a man of science and a metaphysician who never quite ceased to be the versatile journalist, the *Graeculus esuriens* who at last found himself the host of princesses and nobles—was a compound character that too few justly honoured. But his beautiful devotion to her and his loyal submission to her least wish or reproof, was a noble point in his

character. In not a few things he was intellectually her superior. She learned much from him. He gave her real assistance; and it would have been well if he could have inspired her with a dose of the rattling devil within him. I believe that his services to the thought of his time will one day be more valued than they are to-day. And amongst these services I can never forget that he was the first writer in England to understand the new era which dates from Auguste Comte, and he was the first in England who sought to popularise the Positivist scheme of thought.

At their Sunday afternoon receptions, sometimes preceded by a small and early dinner with chosen friends, there was a continuous flow of varied company. One listened to the measured *ipse dixit* of Herbert Spencer, who once fell into a passion with me when I said that in its evolution language became more simple, not more complex, and so far contradicted his rule of universal evolution accentuating differences.[1] One met the rare learning of Emanuel Deutsch (d. 1873), who used to maintain that in the first century A.D. there were plenty of young enthusiasts besides Jesus preaching a similar Gospel; so that the New Testament was the common evangel of a school of Syrian moralists such as that of Hillel, many of whom were quite equal to the preacher of Nazareth. At times George Eliot would play Beethoven with fine power and taste, or George Du Maurier would sing one of his exquisitely comic French songs, or G. Lewes and Edward Pigott would act an impromptu charade, with witty dialogue invented on the spur of the moment. The superb Frederic Leighton would

[1] I argued that the Greek, Sanscrit, Hebrew, or Turkish tongues were far more elaborate and involved than modern English—which in many particulars is one of the simplest of all languages. I doubt if I were right. Modern English is a result of breaking up a compound language into small bits—the fragments of conglomerate vocables.

drop in, who had made fine illustrations for *Romola*; or the hearty Robert Browning, with endless anecdotes and happy *mots*; George Meredith, the inexhaustible and the *mitis sapientia* of Lecky; the first Lord Acton, the omnivorous student, the gentle irony of Charles Bowen, and the second Lord Lytton, the cosmopolitan courtier; the jolly rattle of Anthony Trollope; the ever-welcome and genial Lord Houghton; Lord and Lady Amberley, in spite of her mother's frowns; that most thoughtful of painters, Frederick Burton; and that gentle, modest, and cultured poet, Leicester Warren, last Lord de Tabley.

Nor were "illustrations" from abroad wanting—Ministers from United States, Lowell and Motley; Emerson, the unfathomable prophet "of the eternal silences"—for I never could hear him make a remark beyond monosyllables; Longfellow, whose features might be the model to serve for a Greek philosopher, whose poetry, I thought, might serve for a lady's album. I have seen there, too, Richard Wagner, looking like one of the heroes of the Nibelungen, with his beautiful wife; and Tourgenieff, with a head and frame that might fit Zeus, the father of gods and men. The gatherings at the Priory were a true "salon" in the French sense of the word, except that there was no pretence of "esprit," and their vogue was maintained by the social many-sidedness of G. H. Lewes and by George Eliot's own sincerity and devotion to the best in thought and in art.

Thomas Huxley, as I have said, was consummate as a lecturer—he gave you in fifty minutes striking analyses of two or three phenomena in nature which did not seem quite cognate. He glanced at the clock, and in the remaining ten minutes put them all together, showed their analogies, and as the clock reached the closing hour he left us with a

sense that nature, if it were indeed "a mighty maze," was certainly "not without a plan"—intelligible to science and research. Again, at the Metaphysical Society, he rarely found any one who could prove the fallacy of his argument. And famous as he was for pugnacity in public controversies, I think none who knew him at home and in friendly society would deny that he was thoroughly clubbable and genial. I bear testimony to this the more willingly in that more than once I have had to criticise his methods of controversy, in which the love of battle made him careless of accuracy of facts and words imputed to an opponent. And his keen hostility to Comte and to everything he attributed to Positivism made him, as I showed in our many controversies, resort to criticism which was unfair and ignorant.

I have had my say about Matthew Arnold on things wherein we differed, and I need only now speak of the many points whereon we heartily agreed. As a poet no writer of the Victorian age had the same general intellectual culture or followed a muse more refined and elevated. Such thoughtful meditations could not command great popular success; and his ear for melody was too uncertain, or his leisure for continuous poetic achievement was too hampered, to allow him to leave us such poems as he might have given to the thoughtful world if he had led a poet's life. But he was essentially the critic — the arbiter of a somewhat silver age in literature — the mentor of a society wherein he never could forget that he was the son of a great Churchman and the associate of great magnates. He had not the moral courage of Dr. Johnson, nor the intellectual courage of John Stuart Mill. Whether he was criticising poetry, manners, or the Bible, one imagined him writing from the library of the Athenæum Club. His theological disquisitions

were a curious mixture of intellectual audacity and social orthodoxy. As I told him, he tossed about his sceptical epigrams and his risky *bons mots* like a free-thinking Abbé at Voltaire's supper-parties. His was the type of religion which will never consent to bear a label. But Oxford never bred a more typical scholar, nor had London society, club-land, or country-houses any more welcome guest or more fascinating companion.

Professor Tyndall, Dr. Carpenter, Charles Darwin I have met; but my intercourse with them gave me no opportunity of colouring in any way the impression left by the reading of their works. To witness in private the extraordinary nervous delicacy under which Darwin passed his life, gave a striking proof of the genius which, in spite of physique so slight, enabled him to achieve his immense triumphs of thought. My opportunities of meeting J. A. Froude and J. Addington Symonds, which left none but agreeable personal remembrance, were not such as to modify what, in my book on *Tennyson*, I have there spoken of both.

I have written so much about Fitzjames and Leslie Stephen, both of whom I knew well and met constantly, that I need add nothing here except to repeat what memories of energy, sterling sense, and downright *bonhomie* Fitzjames left to his friends; what an example of honesty, conscientious work, and generous humour were given us by Leslie. Fitzjames forgave, and Leslie enjoyed my little caricature of Fitz's "Liberty and Fraternity," when I wrote my article on the "Religion of Inhumanity" (*Fortnightly Review*, No. LXXVIII., June 1873).

The wide knowledge and deep reading of Lord Acton, of Lord Arthur Russell, of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, of Walter Bagehot, of Henry Sidgwick —I need here make no attempt to characterise. I will only record my grateful remembrance of the

hours I spent in their society, the pleasure it was to listen to them, to ask questions of them, and to discuss with them—and above all to bear witness to their charm of manner and the impression of genuine superiority of mind and character.

Mr. Spencer had very decided views as to a non-theological funeral for an Agnostic, and thoughtfully provided for this at the cremation of his own remains. He and I consulted at one time as to securing a common action in that sense, but practical difficulties supervened. At the burial of George Eliot with a Unitarian ceremony in Highgate cemetery he wrote me an interesting letter to express his acceptance of her husband's decision to that effect, and we were both present, as at the burial of G. H. Lewes. He had grave doubts as to attending Darwin's funeral in the Abbey. Spencer, I am proud to add, quite got over the irritation caused by our controversy in the years 1884-1885, as appears in the letter to me of 1892, as printed in the *Life*, p. 324. I gladly accepted the invitation of the University to give the first lecture on the new Herbert Spencer foundation in 1905. I summed up in this study my general estimate of his philosophy, in all its unique breadth and rare synthetic range, and also in what I felt to be its inevitable omissions and failures. We were to the end on most friendly terms. He became a reader of the *Positivist Review*, and at his death I published therein the two articles reprinted in my *Realities and Ideals* (pp. 410-419), in which I had attempted to express my sense of his eminence. Far too much has been made of his eccentricities and his egoism. His intellectual pre-eminence almost forced him into an attitude of jealous isolation to defend his solitary citadel of thought. The same thing happened to Comte. But to say nothing

about his vast intelligence, Spencer had a character of perfect simplicity, intensity, and rectitude.

Of Thomas Carlyle I have recorded all that I can recall of my visits to him in my book, *Memories and Thoughts* (1906); and I wrote an Introduction to his *Past and Present* in 1897, and again I edited in 1907 his *Letters* on the foundation of the London Library, 1840. I was a young Oxford student in the middle of the nineteenth century, a time which I take to have been the apogee of Carlyle's influence on his generation, until it waned before the growing reputation of Mill, Spencer, Darwin, and Comte. In these sixty years past I have watched the various phases through which Carlyle's work has passed since the triumph of his defence of Cromwell; and I think we may now hold that his place in English thought has been finally settled—a place akin to that of Burke or of Swift—having much of their profound originality, of their morbid perversity, their thunder and their flashing insight into the heart of things.

There are few writers whose works, both literary and historical, I have read more assiduously than those of Dean Milman. I remember him in his last years, with his snow-white head and his eagle look, as a most beautiful type of refined old age. I was brought up as a boy on his poems, and as a young man I studied all his historical books. Though he was neither original poet nor consummate historian, he could entertain those for whom Shelley was too mystical and instruct those who found Gibbon too closely packed. It was his Oxford poem on the *Apollo Belvidere* which roused my early passion for Greek sculpture. Few writers of his time exercised a wider influence on the academic world of the mid-Victorian era.

In some fifty years also I have seen the slow emergence from obscurity to the final leadership of

letters by George Meredith. A man of original genius, a hearty friend, a brilliant talker if ever there was one in our time, he bore hard times and bright times with equal courage and self-respect. I would meet him in London society, in a country house, in his own rural home on Box Hill—and always found him the same incomparable companion and stalwart spirit. But after his five or six best and earliest novels the style was too jerky and cryptic to suit my taste; and as to the recent verses, I left them to those who care to dig up poetic ideas buried under uncouth conundrums. Like Robert Browning or William Morris, George Meredith was to me much more as a man than he was as a writer.

I never thought much of dear old Morris's jaunty, galloping muse, nor anything at all of his painting. But as a creative spirit of his time he will rank with the very best. Fervid, generous, truthful —there was much that was heroic in him. No doubt the brethren called Pre-Raffaelites were overrated as painters. Rossetti's pictures were rather poems than paintings; and Burne-Jones, with all his fascination, forgot that mystical odes to beauty are not paintings. But the moral and social influence of these reformers redeemed the age of the Queen from the "early-Victorian" *mesquinerie* into which their predecessors had plunged it after the dismal era of her uncles.

I have already in various books written what I had to say of the historical work of Froude and of Freeman, of the critical work of J. Addington Symonds and of Walter Pater; but I have nothing of a personal nature to record, except a slight friendly acquaintance with these men. On the death of my good friend and generous colleague, J. Cotter Morison, I gave an obituary address at Newton Hall, which has been published, as also was that

given at the cremation of that eager spirit, my friend, Grant Allen—both, alas! too early lost to history, to art, and to science. All that need be said of the short sad life of George Gissing has been already told to the world, and I, who knew more of him than any, told my tale in the Introduction to his last book, *Veranilda*. Sir Lewis Morris and Frederick Myers were our friends, and in different ways both did ample justice in their books to their scholarly learning and their graceful taste. Of dear old Professor Blackie, who always seemed to me a sort of Highland Landor; of the quaint oddities and generosities of Lewis Carroll; of the learning of the rector of Lincoln, Mark Pattison; of Sir Charles Newton, of the British Museum; of the robust personality of John Forster; and of James Fergusson, the historian of architecture, I have pleasant memories, however distant and slight.

It will be noticed that in this chapter, and indeed in preceding chapters throughout this entire book of reminiscences, I forbear to speak of any living person, or of any one quite recently dead and leaving close family relations behind them. My aim has been to speak my whole mind quite frankly of every one I mention. The rule—*de vivis nil nisi verum*—might not be pleasant to any of us, and I am too old for any new discussion. And on the same ground I have kept silence about all the controversies, religious, critical, or political, into which I may have been drawn in recent years with living men.

Any one who, at the close of a long life, turns back in thought to his vanished friends, contemporaries, fellow-workers, or teachers, will recall in them much that the outside world hardly knew or will ever know. How much greater than their writings were some—how unstable has been the

reputation of others — how vain has been the ambitious hope of this one—how far short of what might have been was the work achieved by that other!

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

All through my life, in common with my Positivist friends, I have felt a deeper interest in the wide international questions than in those which are purely British, unless it be in the social position of Labour. These Labour movements are also questions common to the races who lead in modern progress, for the problems of Labour regeneration beset all civilised peoples alike. I have never ranged myself under any party banner; but for fifty years I have sought to make known what I hold to be the essential axioms of international morality, and from time to time have addressed the public on various affairs of foreign policy.

I have already stated the views I took of the Crimean War of 1854-1855; of the Indian Mutiny, 1857; of the French and Austrian war of 1859-1860; the American Civil War of 1861-1863; on the system of Palmerstonian Foreign Policy, and also of the Japanese war, 1862; of the Jamaica Terrorism of 1866; of the Irish convicts of 1867; of the Abyssinian war of 1867; and finally of the long war between France and Germany in 1870-1871, and the cruel war of the Commune in France in 1871.

It was the fashion of our critics to say that all these affairs were no business of ours, that we were the friends of every country but our own, etc. etc.;

that we were seeking seats in Parliament, or were journalists in search of a name. But the event has belied these sneers. The world knows now that we desired neither place nor office, that we neither sought nor gained any literary end, and met little but contempt as unpractical fanatics. If we were fanatics, it was simply as men of various creeds have sought to make prevail the faith that was in them. The only religion we recognised was the religion of doing one's duty in things public as well as things personal. And as we did not nurse mystical hopes of all things being set right in the Heaven beyond, we acted as men who profoundly felt that if any state of blissful happiness was to be obtained by man, it could only be by making the earth the dwelling of a race of men less filled with ambition, self-love, and love of battle. From the first we were a religious body. And, though few would listen to a religion that was not up in the sky, we acted as men under a religious call have felt impelled to act in the ancient or in the modern world.

Turkish Questions

During the Turkish wars and the international complications of 1876-1878, most of my political friends ranged themselves with Mr. Gladstone and his party in supporting Russia and the Christian races of the Balkan in their attacks on Turkey. I could not accept a policy which seemed to me to partake of a religious crusade on one side, whilst, on the other, it opened an era of general confusion and war. I published in the *Fortnightly Review* of December 1876, an article entitled "Cross and Crescent," which was written between the close of the Servian campaign and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878. Whilst accepting to the full the indignation aroused by the Bulgarian atrocities and

the infamous rule of the Sultans, I insisted that "all this gave no sufficient ground for the entire dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire and its partition amongst its rivals in Europe. There had been constantly in the East, and sometimes in Europe, governments as corrupt and as savage; but every attempt to interfere with internal disorder by foreign arms had proved mischievous and unjust."

I repudiated the cry of driving Mussulmans out of Europe, "bag and baggage," as incendiary rhetoric, and insisted that there are men of authority in Turkey, both able and honest; that the Ottoman Empire, in its long decay, like so many ancient institutions, has incredible powers of recuperation. "A group of capable statesmen might yet be borne to power by fortunate circumstances. Those who call for the extinction in Europe of the Ottoman Empire are simply calling for a most bloody and most wide-spread war." I had not the least sympathy with the pretentious swagger of Disraeli at Berlin, but I could not convince my Gladstonian friends that I had become anything but a "Jingo." The thirty years which have followed have sufficiently proved that we were right when we repudiated the scheme of destroying the *status quo* of Eastern Europe in the name of the Cross and to deliver it over to the sanguinary ambition of rival races. And when in 1910 I went again to Constantinople and saw the reformed government, I used the same language and felt the same conviction.

The Afghan War

When the extravagances of Imperial expansion broke out in the wanton Afghan campaigns of 1879-1880, my action quite convinced my Liberal friends that I was not a believer in the policy of Beaconsfield and Lytton. I wrote two articles in

the *Fortnightly Review*, December 1879 and March 1880, which denounced all this in no measured terms. I was supplied with special information as to the facts of those wars by politicians and Indian officials of high rank, as explained in the note inserted in my *National and Social Problems*, pp. 163-165, where part of the first article is reproduced. It was printed and circulated as a pamphlet by the Liberal Association, and was part of the popular indictment against the Beaconsfield Imperialism which carried Mr. Gladstone again to power early in 1880.

With Lord Hobhouse, who took a noble part in opposing this Indian system of expansion, we formed a small Afghan Committee on the lines of the Jamaica Committee of 1866, and we issued an appeal to the Government, which I drafted and Lord Hobhouse revised. We said: "A national resistance to invasion cannot with justice be converted into mutiny and insurrection by a proclamation of the invaders; much more so, when the invaders have themselves destroyed such government and administration as existed in the country."

The Anti-Aggression League

The Mid-Lothian campaign and Mr. Gladstone's accession to power in 1880 was far from satisfying us that a policy of peace and non-interference with nations bordering on the Empire was at all destined to be permanent. Mr. Herbert Spencer then came forward in 1882 and proposed the formation of an Anti-Aggression League. After a series of conferences, mainly at the house of Lord Hobhouse, which I attended, a public meeting, presided over by John Morley, was held in February 1882. An account of the League is given in my own *National and Social Problems*, p. 184.

At the same time I issued to the Press a letter, dated from Lincoln's Inn and signed by myself, to explain the object of the new Association. I said: "So long as the British Empire is an immense congeries of provinces, surrounded without by races imperfectly civilised, and charged within by aspiring officials and adventurous traders—so long as we have still a tradition of more than a hundred years of continual war and aggrandisement—so long will it require systematic efforts on the part of all friends of peace if the great national awakening of conscience of 1880 is ever to become the permanent policy of England."

Egypt

Alas! the Anti-Aggression League was hardly formed when it melted away under the poisonous solvent of the party system. The imbroglio caused by the financial slavery, which the scandalous Khedive Ismael had imposed upon Egypt, threatened a new war with practical annexation of the country. Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, but deeply occupied with acute Irish problems. Lord Granville was Foreign Secretary, but he was no match for Bismarck or Abdul Hamid, both of whom secretly promoted the British occupation of Egypt, as certain to prove a fatal trap, which it really was. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville were personally most unwilling for war or for annexation—but politically they were thrust into both by others whom they could not control.

I sent to Mr. Gladstone an early proof of the "Open Letter" that I issued, 1st July 1882, the day before the bombardment of Alexandria. It is now published in my *National and Social Problems*, p. 210. Mr. Gladstone acknowledged the pamphlet, and said that "whatever differences of opinion might arise as to the application of principles, he

would be guided by those he had hitherto professed and acted on." Principles have wide application!

As usual, financiers and money-dealers pulled the strings unseen. Thirty-six members of Parliament and forty well-known politicians had formed the Council of the League in March. By the end of June nearly all of them became tepid or neutral. The party went on from one folly—from one crime—to another. Egypt became a conquered possession after a series of inglorious wars. Mr. Gladstone, for all his Mid-Lothian denunciations, slid decorously and with elaborate justifications into a somewhat apologetic Imperialism, and the great Liberal party and its spokesmen in Parliament and in the Press found it all very right and patriotic. The League was left with few besides Lord Hobhouse, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Spencer and myself. The rest, on various pretexts, declined to oppose Mr. Gladstone. From that day we have known that no member of the Liberal party, whether politician or publicist, could be counted on to resist unjust war and Imperial expansion.

I have been reading again the speeches, addresses, and papers I issued in opposition to the Egyptian war, and my controversy with the *Pall Mall Gazette* preceding it. I hold by them all today. After twenty-eight years it is seen now what a Nessus coat of trouble the annexation of Egypt has cast upon our country—how it weakens and demoralises our honest efforts towards peace and progress. I have seen Egypt under Lord Cromer and I willingly recognise the vast material results of his beneficent statesmanship and all the services he has rendered to Egypt and to Britain by masterly success in an almost hopeless task. But the innate evils of conquest by a foreign race, of rule over a fanatical and ignorant population by men of an alien and detested creed, must neutralise

the noblest intentions and the wisest counsels. Now, in 1910, I write with gloomy anticipations, and I see how the harvest of wrong-doing is preparing for us a national humiliation, if not a bitter disillusion.

Convinced as I am that the annexation of Egypt is destined to bring our country into disasters, I reprint the appeal which I drew for the Anti-Aggression League, and which was issued by them early in June 1882, when the British fleet was ordered to Alexandria, before any riot or collision had occurred.

The Crisis in Egypt

To all who desire the maintenance of Peace, and to all who reject a policy of Aggression, the course of events in Egypt must be fraught with anxiety and pain. What appears on the face of it is this: a powerful English fleet is drawn up in battle array before the armed batteries of the port of Alexandria; the Egyptian army and the British fleet may at any moment be engaged in war; and under the guns of the ships the English envoys are demanding the dismissal of a native Ministry. Neither English persons nor English property have been attacked; the English Government has suffered neither injury nor insult; and no treaty has been violated by the Egyptian nation. Yet we are on the very brink of war, and are dictating a form of domestic government to a foreign nation.

We call for a full disclosure of the grounds on which we are asked to accept a policy of Manifest War and Aggression. All that we have hitherto heard are high, but very vague, reasons of State that this policy is pursued for the sake of some paramount British interests, and for fear that some other Power may hereafter resort to acts of war and aggression. These are, however, the familiar reasons which are perpetually repeated by the advocates of a warlike and aggressive policy, whether in this country or in any other. We can find nothing, in the facts as hitherto disclosed, which renders these reasons more sound in the case of Egypt, than they were in the case of Turkey, or Cabul, or Candahar, or the Transvaal. British interests exist in every part of

the globe, and amongst every civilised and uncivilised people. And if every one of these is to be promoted by menaces and cannon, the prospect before us is one of perpetual collision. In Egypt, as elsewhere, we are confident that the first of all British interests is Peace and Justice.

We are not about to criticise the past policy of English governments in Egypt; nor are we about to propound a scheme of policy in the future. It is not the duty of private citizens either to administer foreign affairs or to dictate diplomatic expedients. Their duty, however, is plain to insist that the official government shall not drag the nation to the verge of war, and embroil it with a foreign people, in the mere pursuit of its own political devices. The policy of the Control was notoriously adopted in the interest, not of the Egyptian people, nor of the British Empire, but of the foreign creditors of the Treasury of the Khedive. It is contrary to the honour and welfare of the English nation to use its armed might to further their private financial ends. As to the ruler of Egypt, to whom we may give our friendly support, we repudiate the view that it can ever be a national duty to maintain him against all comers as our nominee, agent, or middleman. We want to know if for indefinite periods a British fleet is to parade before the forts of Alexandria, every time that a Khedive of our choosing happens to find himself in a ministerial crisis at Cairo.

To keep this or that Prince permanently on the throne of Egypt, to maintain by force a stereotyped government in Cairo, is a task far too great for ingenious protocols, with or without ironclads at Alexandria. It means the practical assumption of the government of a considerable nation. The exercise of such authority implies the imminent risk of a European war. The responsibility of ruling Egypt ourselves is a burden which we repudiate almost as earnestly as we shrink from the prospect of fighting for its possession. If British persons or property are attacked, if the freedom of commerce is threatened, we desire to know by whom and where the attack is made. Vague possibilities of potential damage in no way satisfy us; for they can be plausibly discovered in every possible situation. What we certainly have before us is the armed interference with the domestic politics of an independent people, and the imminent risk of massacre and war. In the face of this direct assault on every principle of Peace and Justice, as we understand them, we are not contented with the only justification of it yet

presented to the nation—diplomatic answers and conventional despatches.

During the wretched wars in Africa and the trial of Arabi Pasha, I strove by letters in the Press, and by addresses delivered at Newton Hall, to rouse the opinion of the public and of politicians in opposition to the policy of conquest and annexation. I sent Mr. Bright a copy of the "Open Letter" to Mr. Gladstone. He left the Ministry and ultimately he presented our petition to Parliament to mitigate the death sentence on Arabi, for whose defence we raised at Newton Hall a sum of £62. It was all in vain. The party system, the financial interests, and the thirst of Empire are forces that do not listen to the voice of reason and of justice.

The Boer War

When the wanton attack on the Boer Republics was engineered by a conspiracy of financiers and ambitious politicians, the Liberal party showed the same feebleness and practically allowed the conspiracy to gather head.

After the wretched Majuba affair, I had in February 1881 addressed two letters through the London Press to Mr. Bright, and I wrote articles with my name to oppose a policy of conquest.

From the first letter to Mr. Bright I extract one passage :—

> Is it necessary to goad these farmers into war, to drive them out of their homes, to continue the slaughter until we have won a victory red enough to satisfy the hot blood of our officers, and to wash out the stain they imagine to have fallen on their pride? do you still think it necessary to kill so many thousands of these innocent civilians *before* we can leave them in peace and withdraw from a wanton invasion? They are men whom you must respect, and even honour. They are free, quiet, toiling yeomen, who cling proudly to

their old ways in belief, and work, and household life, and have gone out into the desert that they may have such Church and such State as is right and dear in their eyes. They worship God much, I think, as you do; they have the same abiding trust in their own people and the traditions of their fathers. Their religion and their type of life is not that which most interests me; but you have often taught us to see its simplicity and its strength. To keep it undefiled by an alien Government they have seized their rifles and mounted their horses, and are waging a truly heroic war of independence against the disciplined troops of an alien invader. Do you imagine that the desperate courage of these farmers who are resisting our veteran regiments, without cannon or equipment of war, is "the work of a few agitators"; that their lands *must* be conquered; that so many thousands of them *must* be killed—and then we are to see how gracious Her Majesty can be?

I say this war so begun, so continued, has in it every quality of folly and wickedness that unjust war ever had. Their case is curiously like that of the New England farmers of the last century, and the plea of the "Office" and the Government at home is curiously like that of George III. It is the very irony of politics, that Mr. Gladstone is playing on an insignificant scale the fumbling policy of Lord North, that John Bright is responsible for the maxim that "the rebels must be crushed." I know, sir, that your heart revolts against it all, as your brain does, and your whole conscience and soul. Had your forefathers been men of South Africa, you and your whole kin would be now in the saddle. I know that every victory brings a pang into your spirit, whether redcoats or farmers kill the most. You said once, in the noblest passage in all modern oratory, you could hear in the air the wings of the Angel of Death. Can you hear them beating now? Do you not think of the firesides in those simple homesteads which will never be warmed again by the father, and the son, and the husband, and the brother? And the bullets which laid them low were fired by your order. Indirectly, of course — politically, in the course of State business; but you are responsible.

I had never ceased to feel a keen interest in the story of these Dutch farmers, who sought a new and free life away from close-packed cities and military states. The fiasco of the Raid had given

a new development to the plot; and when a Minister of the Queen organised an Imperial Raid on a national scale, I did what I could to awaken opposition in the public mind. With the honourable exceptions of such men as Lord Hobhouse, John Morley, and Leonard Courtney, Party, Press, and Parliament were all too much under the glamour of Empire to offer any serious resistance. Some of the old Gladstonian Ministers were not unwilling to see the Boers coerced; some found it too late to interfere; some thought the Party must stand by the Flag.

Never was a big war entered upon with such scanty preparation and such presumptuous ignorance. It was "to be a walk-over," they said; "the farmers would never face redcoats"; the Christmas holiday "was to be kept in the Boer capital." A Privy Councillor who had been Governor of a great dependency himself told me that "this time there were to be no half-measures," "for they were going to send out 30,000 men"; a famous journalist told me that there was "to be no Majuba again, for the Guards were going out"! That seemed to them all to settle it. The Government asked for £11,000,000 as the cost of the war, and dismissed a most capable officer who warned them of the dangerous blunder they were making. I wish to put on record my deliberate judgment, after ten years and not a little of modern history have passed, that no such unpardonable folly was ever committed by British rulers since the time of George III. and Lord North.

When the Minister of the colonies was manifestly engineering a war of conquest, I appealed to Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, to take the negotiations into his own control. At the end of August 1899, finding on my return from Nauheim that war was imminent,

I published an Open Letter to the Prime Minister, which ran thus :—

> The cause of the war, if war there is to be, arises from matters between Great Britain and the internal affairs of a Republic which is not within our Empire. It would be a war for which the Foreign Office would be virtually responsible; for which the future of the Empire would be staked; for the justice and the consequences of which the Prime Minister of our country will be judged.
>
> It is *you*, my Lord, whom history will hold responsible for this war and all its ulterior results. It is Louis Napoleon whom France holds responsible for Sedan, and not Eugénie, Ollivier, or the Marshals. It is you whom our Queen will hold to be that one of her servants on whose head lies the weight of a war clouding the end of her long and glorious reign—a war which the majority of Englishmen know to be mean and unjust, which many men of great experience look on as charged with permanent trouble and possible disaster to our vast and scattered Empire.

All through that wretched autumn of 1899 we continued to oppose the war, by addresses at Newton Hall and elsewhere, and in the *Positivist Review*. A Transvaal Committee was formed, and then the South African Conciliation Committee, of which the President was Leonard Courtney. "The rejected Draft of a Queen's Speech," which I wrote in October, compared the probable cost of the war to that of the Crimean War; it thanked the Opposition for "their prudence in abstaining from influencing the Ministers"; and it anticipated a scheme that Victoria would be one day proclaimed "Empress of Africa" as well as of India. In December 1899 and in January 1900 I gave the address on the Boer Republics for the South African Conciliation Committee, Lord Hobhouse, and then Mr. Leonard Courtney, presiding. This was partly an historical account of the states of South Africa from the time of the Dutch settlement, and it described the war as "a new Imperial Raid, carried

out in the name of the Queen, under the instigation of a combination of trading syndicates." As the war deepened into a cruel campaign of devastation and practically the imprisonment of the female population and the destruction of the infants of the occupied countries, we continued to appeal to public opinion in the Press and by addresses. My own addresses are in part included in my *National and Social Problems*, pp. 224-244; and a list of the articles, addresses, and pamphlets I issued may be seen in the bibliography attached. Strong as my language was, I will not unsay a single word that I wrote in the letters published in the *Daily News* of May and June 1900 as to the savage system of devastation and as to the prison camps.

We heartily rejoiced when, on the accession of Edward VII., an era of non-aggression and serious pacification was inaugurated. The Boer War came at last to an end; and the *entente* with France was happily achieved. The entire nation rightly supported France against German arrogance in Morocco. And it welcomed the victory of Japan over Russian menaces and intrusions. Even more heartily did we rejoice, along with all parties and creeds, in the regeneration of Turkey and the hopes of liberal government. And it was with peculiar gratification that in 1910 I accepted the office of President of the Eastern Questions Association, in succession to James Bryce, and was the bearer to the President of the Turkish Chamber and other officials of the new *régime* of a message of sympathy and encouragement from English friends and politicians. And as I write this, in May 1910, we enter on a new reign with earnest hopes of peaceful and friendly relations, not only with all the great Powers of Europe, but with the military autocracies of Germany and of Russia, with both of whom we

have had such deep and prolonged disagreements and suspicions.

I take this occasion to include the address which, as President of the Eastern Questions Association, I gave at their annual meeting on 2nd February 1910. It expresses in summary the policy that I have advocated in the Ottoman problems ever since the Crimean War, fifty-five years ago.

In July of last year I was invited by the Committee to accept the office of President of the Association, vacated by Mr. James Bryce, now British Ambassador at Washington. My long friendship and close association with Ahmed Riza Bey, whose heroic struggle in exile to free his country from oppression I had anxiously watched; my old friendship with Syed Ameer Ali, whose legal abilities I had admired from the day of his entrance on our learned profession; and lastly, my own public appeals ever since 1876 to support the integrity and the prosperity of the whole Ottoman Empire, all these reasons made me feel it a duty to accept the honourable task imposed on me; and I longed to bear witness to the realisation of the hopes I had formed for the future restoration of Turkey to peace and well-being, even so far back as thirty-five years ago.

My first act as President of the Association was to draft and sign, along with Mr. Ameer Ali and Mr. Edward Atkin, a circular letter to explain the policy of the Society and to point to the dangers to be avoided and the benefits to be expected in the very complex situation of affairs in August of last year. We admitted that enormous internal difficulties awaited the new system, and therefore it was a duty of all well-wishers for peace and good government to urge a policy of unity and loyalty on all the various races and creeds in the Empire. The Turkish reformers, we said, and their indefatigable leaders, had given proofs of sincerity, patriotism, and self-devotion, for which history would hold them in honour.

We claimed for them in this onerous task respect for the national independence and integrity of the State, whilst they were working out the equality and freedom of all Ottoman subjects, Mussulman, Christian, Catholic, Jew, Greek, or Armenian. If this great and beneficent change could be effected, it would at once compose, we said, those passions

and feuds which have formed the crux of European diplomacy for more than half a century, and have been the battle-ground even of British parties. To the Turkish reformers who have devoted their lives and their fortunes to the task of guaranteeing order within their composite fatherland, whilst offering to all creeds religious freedom and to all races civic justice, every party should give their support, if they value the peace of Europe and have hopes for the future of human civilisation.

These sentiments on my part are not new, nor do they date from the events of 1907. I am old enough to remember the Crimean War, which began, as Auguste Comte himself told me in 1853, in an effort on the part of England and France to maintain the peace of Europe and to defend the principle of national independence. I was an active politician and took part in the fierce clash of party antagonisms during the events in Eastern Europe in the 'seventies. Throughout all that I wrote or said in public I protested against any support being given by England to the designs of any European Power to destroy the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, or to make a special protégé of any of the various races within its territorial limits, or to countenance any kind of crusade against the traditions and the creed of Islam.

No man could denounce more heartily than I did the monstrous evils of the Hamidian misrule. But from the first I warmly repudiated the view current amongst some British enthusiasts that these evils were innate in the Ottoman Supremacy and in the traditions of Islam. More than a generation has passed since I wrote those words, and in my old age I can include in my *Nunc Dimittis* the joyful sense that I have lived to see my hopes brought to fruition.

Having watched with deep interest the history of Turkey now for more than fifty years, since the reign of Abdul Medjid and the Crimean War, in which many of my own friends fell in defence of the independence of the Ottoman Empire, I am too much convinced of the extraordinary difficulties of the problems that await the Reformers to venture upon any forecast of the future. And, if we are true to the principles and practice of our Association, I am sure that we shall not presume to offer any advice on practical policies, except the exhortation to unity, conciliation, and mutual respect for the beliefs and claims of the various races and religions which at present are defended and kept in order by

the civil and military servants of the Sultan. The present, charged as it is with intricate problems, is no time for revolutionary changes nor yet for military adventures.

I believe that all our members will agree with me that the time has not come for any permanent settlement of the Cretan question. To force on a premature encouragement of the aspirations of Hellenic Cretans would inevitably involve the armed intervention of the European Powers, if it did not light up the flames of war in the whole Balkan Peninsula. Peace to-day is bound up with the maintenance of the *status quo*. And we will not believe that the Powers will accept any solution which would be vehemently repudiated by the sovereign and people of Turkey.

Though the kindred problems of Reform in Persia have hitherto been outside the direct scope of our Association, we cannot refrain from expressing similar views as to the integrity of the Persian kingdom. There is every reason to hope that the policy of the Ottoman Government will be found to accord with that of the British Cabinet — in strengthening the maintenance of an orderly and progressive administration under the young Shah.

I have planned a short visit in the course of next month to Constantinople, Brusa, Smyrna, Athens, and Crete; and, though I may see some politicians of various nationalities and creeds, my tour will be entirely private and without any kind of political object. I am going to show my son countries and cities which I have long known and which will never cease to be dear to my heart; and I hope to take the hands of old friends whom I honour and trust—both countrymen of our own, or Turks, or Greeks, Bulgarian, or Armenian —military or civil—private persons or officials; and I ask you to let me be the bearer to all of a message from you of good hope for an era of conciliation, unity, and peace.

A New Reign—George V., 1910

After the fifty years that have elapsed since, in concert with my immediate colleagues and other political friends, I have taken part in addressing the public on foreign problems, we may fairly claim that events have justified our words and that the better sense of the nation has accepted the issue as

it stands. All reasonable Englishmen rejoice in the unity and independence of Italy. They are only too glad to recognise the high civilisation of Japan and to court her friendship. They will certainly now shrink from any new wars in China, or "punitive" expeditions into Central Asia. They seek a practical fellowship with the United States, and to-day we are on the verge of an almost defensive alliance with France, and a friendly *entente* with Russia. The era of adventures to push forward the frontiers of India is closed for ever, and we are face to face with the problem how to keep peace and order within the vast frontiers we retain. It is recognised at last that the secular attitude of dominant authority over Asia asserted by Europe has passed away, and that West and East no longer are to stand in relation of master and dependent. Our occupation of Egypt has become the dangerous and insoluble dilemma which was inevitable from its sinister origin. And South Africa, under the best soldier of the Boer Republics, is rapidly becoming a solid Afrikander State, native in feeling, in race, in religion. The English minority console themselves with the Union Jack and the nominal suzerainty of the Crown. But for all real ends the South African Dominion is, and will ever remain, in the hands of men of South African race. It will be far less under imported British interference than it was before England squandered £250,000,000 and 20,000 lives in a criminal attempt to subject the native population to the ascendancy of newly imported colonists and financiers from home.

To-day it is the fashion to vaunt the successful union of South Africa as a self-governing State. But we can see now that true statesmanship could have effected a satisfactory combination of interests and of races by peaceful methods and by just

respect for national patriotism, without the sacrifices imposed and the scars left by a ruinous war. The war was made to secure the ascendancy of the British minority—and, after ten years have passed and enormous resources have been wasted, the ascendancy of the Afrikander majority is established, to the happiness alike of Great Britain and of South Africa. It was a great pleasure to me to make the personal acquaintance of Generals Botha and De Wet, of Messieurs Steyn, Cronwright, and Olive Schreiner. And I rejoice to think that the future of South Africa will be in the hands of such true and able patriots.

CHAPTER XXIX

VISITS TO GREECE—TURKEY—EGYPT

Between 1881 and 1910, I made three visits to Greece and Sicily, two to Turkey, and one to Egypt. And although these had no unusual incidents and were not prolonged, they were separated by such an interval of time that some impressions they left in my mind by changes may be noted. Thirty years of what is called "great industrial expansion" has gone far to destroy the beauty and the charm of some of the most famous scenes on earth. The bays of Naples and Palermo, the Piraeus, and the Golden Horn are now perpetually befogged with the fumes of coal-dust poured out in torrents from factories and steam-ships, whilst, day and night, the air rings with the roar and hooting of incessant steam signals. The lovely Bay of Naples, and the still more magnificent panorama to be seen off Seraglio Point, are now darkened by such a murk as that which veils the beauties of the Thames or the Tyne. As we steamed slowly round the Golden Horn the other day, a canny Scot was heard to cry, "Why! it's just our Glasgow!" Whether he spoke in pride or in disappointment I cannot say, but he reported the too melancholy truth. In thirty years I have seen the passing away of the fairest scenes earth had to show by the monstrous development of mechanical disfigurements.

It was in 1881 that my wife and I were invited to join my brother Charles in a cruise to Sicily and Greece. He was a keen yachtsman, and was never so happy as when he was riding out a gale in "the Bay" on board his stout schooner the *Linda*, without, as he boasted, ever "shipping a bucketful of sea." We lay in the bay of Palermo, making frequent visits to Monreale, the Old Palace, and all the antiquities of that delightful city, and afterwards to the ruins of Greek temples at Selinus and Girgenti. Thence we went round to the remains at Messina and Syracuse.

In 1881 the danger of brigandage was such that the high road from Palermo to Monreale had to be guarded at each quarter of a mile by pelotons of Bersaglieri. When the peasants came to market, a man with loaded gun walked on each side of every cart. We heard that a lady driving up to Monreale Cathedral in the afternoon had her diamond ear-rings torn from her ears by a gipsy girl, who sprang into the carriage. A few years before this, my father and mother were invited to a picnic party on Monte Pellegrino by Sir George Dennis, the British Consul at Palermo, and they noticed that the whole day the company was surrounded by lines of Carabinieri. Dennis told my father that he could not go outside the walls without an ample guard. In 1910, it is true, there was less visible ground for disturbance, and the city and port were immensely increased and far more busy, but the lovely panorama was ruined by the smoke from steamers and factories, which covered the city and the bay. And the savage murder there the other day reminds us that *quei Saraceni*, as our Roman guide at Syracuse called them, are not perfectly civilised yet, in spite of the vast increase of traffic and trade.

Another week we lay in the bay of Syracuse.

I have never known a keener pleasure than I had in exploring the antiquities of that fossil city with my books in my hands. One of the special advantages of a yacht journey is that one can take any quantity of books, apparatus, and conveniences of all kinds, which in an ordinary journey by rail is hardly possible. On the *Linda* we had an adequate library, and with a steam launch we had the means of exploring every creek. To have read again the seventh book of Thucydides in the harbour of Syracuse is a supreme joy, and gives an indelible impression of the Attic historian's genius and research. To read the *Odyssey* in Ithaca and the *Iliad* in sight of Ilium and Ida is an education in poetry. And so, to study the great sieges of Constantinople under the very walls that bear record of them in their rents, is an education in history. To behold the Acropolis glowing in sunlight at dawn or at sunset is to hear again the echo of a thousand splendid lines which linger in the memory from far-off schoolboy days.

In 1881 Messina was a beautiful and busy city, and the splendid panorama of mountain landscape in the straits between Italy and Sicily inspired romantic and historic memories. How awful a sight are the ruins of Messina and Reggio since the earthquake—cities of the dead and the ruined! What a blight of desolation has the catastrophe spread over the whole land, whilst a fresh eruption of Etna in April 1910 seemed to threaten to renew the catastrophe. Sailing leisurely in the schooner from Syracuse to Western Greece, in 1881, Etna seemed to mount ever higher in the sky throughout the day. We cruised about the islands, Cephallenia, Ithaca, Santa Maura, Zante, and Corfu; and there I realised how different a landscape is formed by the Greek mountains from any to be seen in the Alps, Apennines, or Pyrenees. In Greece the

mountains are seen from the sea-level, not from places 4000 feet above it, and their forms are marked in picturesque outline by the sharp peaks of marble, and are usually quite bare of vegetation.

I recall an amusing incident in Cephallenia, which showed how the worship of Byron still flourishes in Greece. After a long day at the old Venetian fort and the ancient ruins, we hired a carriage to explore the country and take us to Argostoli. The driver insisted on taking us to see the house in which Byron lived at Metaxata in 1823. It was far off, and we refused to go. Hours passed, and we seemed to get no nearer to our ship, when the driver triumphantly pointed out "the house of Byron!" which he compelled us to see, whether or not we wished it or intended it. It is one of the most wonderful facts in the history of literature that a few poems, not of the first rank, and a few months of not very glorious service contributed by Byron to the cause of Greece, should have created an intense and enduring national patriotism in a mixed race which had hardly in their veins a drop of pure Hellenic blood, and which, before Byron sang and fought for their Renascence, had lost all memory of ancient Hellas.

It was on the island of Cephallenia that I had my first walk on Greek soil, and I know I felt like a pilgrim in the tenth century who at last trod the ground of the Holy Land. I had not gone far when I saw seated on a rock an aged shepherd, with a long white flowing beard and a chiton fastened by a leathern belt. He rose from his seat as I passed, lifted his *petasus*, and uttered a solemn χαῖρε. I felt myself as in a trance transported back two thousand years. As I climbed the hillside, thick with arbutus and thyme, two huge wolf-hounds

rushed down on me with furious barks, showing their fangs at the stranger. I remembered my *Odyssey*—how Odysseus sat down when attacked by the hounds and dropped his staff. So I sat on the ground at once. The dogs stopped baying and lay down on watch over me, until Eumaeus called them off and pelted them with stones.

Every step in Ithaca brings home some line in the *Odyssey*. I am certain that the poem or parts of it was composed by a native of these islands. We spent a week in the wonderful harbour of Vathy, where the whole British fleet could lie and yet not be visible a mile off. In 1881, Ithaca was but irregularly served with packets; it had no inn, and English visitors were few. The island has deteriorated materially after the cession to Greece, in which Mr. Gladstone had so ill-starred a part, and I did not learn that the islanders had gained anything. When we walked about the island we were followed for hours by crowds of native youths and girls, who examined us curiously, as if we had been Chinese or Red Indians, feeling our clothes, and offering grapes and wine at their cottage doors. I was called ὁ ἄνθρωπος, and one might suppose they had never seen "a European." Our guide bragged of the beauty and virtue of his wife—she was named Penelope, but he declined to produce her. Hareem ideas still survived in the island. The Club in Vathy was called Πηνελόπης Λέσχη. We climbed Mount Aietos, which crowns the narrow bar that divides Ithaca into two nearly equal parts. There Schliemann discovered the prehistoric remains which he named "the Castle of Ulysses," and I brought away fragments of amphorae from what Schliemann declared to be the wine-cellar of the Ithacan King. I fondly tried to believe that Alcinous and the Suitors had drunk libations from this very jar. Certainly a

chief who held this impregnable cliff, and could command a fleet of vessels equally on the Eastern as on the Western bay, might easily become the Lord of the Ionian Isles. I can remember no hours of my life more inspiring than those I spent in these islands—Ithaca, Zacynthus, Leucadia, and Corcyra, recalling their infinite and poetic memories, repeating lines of Homer and Virgil, and tracing some local reference in every bay and every stream,—the "School of Homer," the cave of the Nymphs, the fountain of Nausicaa, the hall of Alcinous.

As in 1881 I explored the ancient remains in Ithaca, which Schliemann was certain had been the fortress and palace of Ulysses, so in 1890 and 1910 I had the opportunity of examining the excavations on the Acropolis of Athens, in Eleusis, in Corinth, Tiryns, and Mycenae. All of these are immensely important to the really competent scholar, but to the ordinary traveller and even to one who remembers his classics, his Curtius, and his Grote, they must be, I think, uninstructive and even misleading. The difficulty for any but the expert to disentangle early and late buildings, when both are in confused ruin, to detach prehistoric from Hellenic and Roman accretions, is bewildering on any cursory visit. After studying learned volumes about Greek, Cretan, and Trojan excavations, I am driven back on the melancholy admission that nearly all of it is still conjecture. Personally, the only opinion I would hazard is this, that the huge walls and chambers to be seen at Mycenae and Tiryns belong, like those at Crete, to ages immensely anterior to the Homeric poems; that they are records of a civilisation far more rude and more archaic than anything contemporary with the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The secular cycle of poets, conventionally known

as Homer, surely never frequented such structures as those called "the Gate of the Lions" and "the Treasury of Atreus."

In my *Meaning of History* (chap. x.) I have recorded my first impressions of Athens — how curiously small it seems in material size, how great in intellectual influence; how seminal a force upon all subsequent human civilisation; how marvellous its revival to-day after some fifteen centuries of obscurity and decay. When I saw the Acropolis again in the spring of 1910, its solemn glamour and its effect on the imagination of every cultivated mind seemed to me greater than ever. It struck us all as one of the very few things in the world which are strictly and literally *unique*, incomparable, indescribable, everlasting. And when I saw again the new city of Athens on Independence Day (7th April 1910), with its spacious boulevards, piazzas, and gardens; its marble palaces and its restored Stadium; its excellent Museums, Schools, and University, all the most scientific appliances of modern luxury and urban convenience,—the revival of the city within the life of man from an obscure village into a beautiful modern capital, this is certainly one of the most significant facts in history.

Athens is now a really beautiful city, with a population of about a quarter of a million, including suburbs. I suppose the whole of history cannot show another such example of a city, which for five or six centuries was one of the centres of civilisation and then lay hid for about fifteen centuries, and in recent times has again become a stirring and brilliant capital of a small but ambitious race that makes itself heard and felt in two hemispheres. Gibbon declared (in chap. lxii.) that the language, literature, and patriotism of the Greeks were utterly extinct. There is now no

people on this earth who nurse with such unbounded passion the traditions of their past and parade such overweening aspirations for their future. To those who doubt the truth of Comte's aphorism—the living are dominated by the dead—this is a vivid lesson. But the lessons taught to the traveller in Greece are endless. Why is Corinth to-day as poor and lifeless as any half-ruined village in Connemara? Why are Melos, Delos, Paros, and Chios mere rocky islets, with nothing but goatherds and fishermen? Why is the valley of the Eurotas of less account in the world than the valley of the Ouse or the Rother? How came a language and a history to die out, and then after a thousand years to rise again from dust and ruins?

The traveller, fresh from the old Turkish quarters of Stamboul, Smyrna, or Brusa, with their air of squalid poverty and festering decay, who then passes to the Greek quarters, or to the noisy modernism of the Piraeus and the Parisian brilliancy of new Athens, is ready to denounce the Turk as sunk in lethargy and barbarism, and to pronounce the Greek to be in the van of modern civilisation. Such a view, based on outside and cursory inspection, is quite untrue. The Turk inherits, and still partly retains, the qualities of courage, discipline, self-control, and self-respect which make up national force, which for three centuries carried him into the heart of Europe. And the Greek versatility, volubility, and smartness too often end in public restlessness, out of which nothing solid and stable can arise. A passion for new devices and impracticable adventures is not the mark of greatness, nor are the dogged adherence of the Ottoman to ancient habits and his stolid patience under cruel misgovernment and neglect infallible signs of hopeless barbarism.

As one passes in Constantinople and in Smyrna through the separate quarters which mark off Turk, Greek, Jew, Armenian, and Frank, problems in history and in ethnology present themselves for solution—and too often are felt to be problems which remain inscrutable mysteries.

In the spring of 1910, on my second visit to Constantinople, I met my old friend and colleague Ahmed Riza Bey, now President of the Chamber, and by his order I was present at a sort of Budget debate, and heard the Minister of Finance make a statement. As I was seated along with English and Turkish interpreters, I was able to follow the substance of the debate. In form and general conduct the Turkish Parliament is quite as orderly and businesslike as any Western Chamber. The extreme brevity of each speech (other than the Minister's), the eager attention of the deputies, the rapidity of business, reminded me more of the London County Council than of our own House of Commons. In a morning sitting I heard at least forty or fifty speakers, and half a dozen divisions by show of hands. Quite a third of the deputies were mollahs, to judge by their white turbans. Otherwise all, except one Arab deputy, wore European costumes. At noon the muezzin called to prayer, but no one stirred and business was not interrupted. I met other officials of the Parliament, visited the Grand Vizier, was entertained by Ferid Damad Pasha, of the Sultan's family, and other politicians, and saw a British officer drilling the new recruits, with men Christian, Greek, Jew, and Armenian in the ranks. I came away without solving the big problem—can the new *régime* effectually regenerate the composite and effete Ottoman Empire?

Constantinople, and the races and the dynasties which have ruled there for more than fifteen

centuries, have never been fairly judged. And the religious jealousy, which was their great obstacle and their ultimate ruin in the Middle Ages, has been violently fanned and exaggerated in the five centuries since the advent of the Turk. To-day as ever, the problem seems insoluble. The hold on Islam still seems to bar the way to any peaceable settlement. And yet the hold on Islam is the one thing which can make for order and patriotism. I came back from the East in 1910, as I did twenty years ago, full of the belief that religious faiths in the East are infinitely more real and vital than they are in the West; that all life in the East is after all only the external and visible form of the inmost faith—or call it superstition—of Turk, Greek, Jew, Armenian, or Arab; that in fact this faith—this superstition—these rites—these habits—are to the Eastern races what nation, fatherland, morality, civilisation and future are to the races of the West.

If this is the lesson to be read on the mosques and palaces of Constantinople, it is more legible still in Cairo. There the contrast between the Mussulman city and the Frank suburbs is even more glaring than it is in Constantinople, in Brusa, or Smyrna. I had unusual opportunities for seeing both sides of the Egyptian problem when I was in Cairo in 1895. I visited the great University of El Azhar, saw the students, even in their dormitories, where wild men from the Soudan and Nejd slumbered with knives and revolvers at their side. I was also presented to the Sheik-ul-Islam and his Sanhedrim of doctors, to whom, by the aid of Mohammed Abdu, I explained how at Newton Hall in 1882 we had commemorated the thirteenth centenary of the Hegira, Mohammed being one of the four chiefs of the initial Theocracies recorded in the Positivist Calendar.

On the other hand, I was on two occasions the guest of Sir Charles Cookson, then British Consul and Judge of the Consular Court at Alexandria, and as he had been all through the Arabi insurrection, he was fully imbued with a belief in the immense gain to mankind from the British Occupation. At the Consulate I also met Sir John Scott, judge of the local Court. And, as I was hospitably received also by Lord Cromer, I was amply informed as to all that could be said on the official side. The question is far too complex and many-sided to be dealt with here. But I now only add that my visit to Egypt in 1895 did not cause me to regret or to withdraw what I said in public in 1882, the substance of which I reproduced in my *National and Social Problems* (1908). The difficulty inherent in the task of holding by armed force and governing by European orders a people of ten millions who are obstinately attached to Mussulman religion and habits, is such as to make it impossible to have permanent success. I know and admire the vast material improvement in the whole country due to British occupation, and the excellent system and institutions they have introduced. As Mr. Roosevelt truly said, it does honour to the British name. All that is clear. But the evils inherent in conquest by a Western power and occupation by a Christian government outweigh all the advantages of just and honest rule, for they remain, and grow and fester in the soil.

CHAPTER XXX

HOLLAND AND BERLIN

Installation of Queen Wilhelmina, 1898

THE visits that I made to Holland in 1895 and 1898, and my studies in preparing my *Life of William the Silent*, published in 1897, and by permission dedicated to Queen Emma; my semi-official place in the ceremony of Installation of Queen Wilhelmina—these are among the most cherished of all my memories. William is for me—after Alfred himself—the prime hero of my devotion. And the unique constitutional and international position of Holland as a state has long been to me a subject of profound interest.

I was much occupied with researches in Dutch history and the fascinating annals of the House of Nassau during the years 1895, 1896, 1897; and I went to Holland in 1895 to search libraries and museums, to study portraits and the local associations and scenes of the tremendous struggle that the great Prince carried on from 1550 to 1584. I note my impressions from letters written at the time.

I enjoyed the Hague, and quite agreed that it is "the most beautiful village in Europe." That is, it has never been a walled town, and has not been restricted in area nor pinched by narrow contorted streets. It has always been the *Château* and

Plaisance of the Counts of Holland. So it has a naturally princely and aristocratic air, and its antiquities carry out the impression of its being a royal residence rather than the capital of a rich commercial nation. And the Bosch is undoubtedly one of the most delightful parks in Europe, with its magnificent beech and oak groves, lakes, and meres. One sees where the avenues and plantations of Kensington Gardens took their origin; and ours are now in no way superior.

From the Hague I explored Delft, Leyden, Brill, Haarlem, and neighbouring towns, for the local associations as described in my book on William, and I made a special study of the old views of towns, fortresses, and portraits of the chiefs in the long war of independence. And I did the same on a visit to Antwerp,—its galleries, museums, and churches. I became deeply impressed with all the affinities of race and character between the British and the Hollanders, and by the analogies, contrasts, and rivalries of the two peoples, with which their common history is filled.

In the autumn of 1898 I accepted an invitation to join the Congress of Historians at the Hague, which was arranged by M. Clavière de la Maulde and other French savants, in concert with the French and other European Governments. Lord Salisbury accepted the invitation to be an Honorary President of the Congress; but neither our own Foreign Office nor the Record Office saw any occasion to send a special delegate. I was asked to represent both, and received formal instructions and official authority to attend the sittings. Sir Henry Howard, then Minister at the Hague, received me with a most courteous welcome, and gave me every assistance that I could possibly require in the unexpected but not very onerous duty of making a few complimentary speeches in

French to the historians and delegates. I reached the Hague on the morning of Queen Wilhelmina's birthday, 31st August. I wrote to my wife next day:—

THE HAGUE, *September* 1.

A comfortable journey—one of the easiest routes to the Continent. In spite of a gale I got sound sleep in a good berth before we cleared the Nore, and hardly woke till they rang us up at 5.30 A.M. at Flushing. Everything went well here, and at 9 A.M. I was installed in capital quarters in the Hotel des Indes at the Hague. I found official letters from the F.O., and called on our Minister, who carried me off to the Palace to inscribe my name. I joined the crowd to see the Queen come from the Groote Kirche, where her birthday and Accession ceremonies were held. She looked quite charming, and is plainly an intellectual and sweet young woman. After her came a royal lady, the Queen's aunt, who was much cheered; and, as she bowed graciously and beaming with happiness to my side of the road, I recognised her as the Princess of Wied, to whom we were presented once at Santa Margarita di Ligure. The streets are a mass of Orange decorations and the crowds cheer lustily. It is *de rigueur* to mount an Orange favour—or the *gamins* may pelt you. The streets are pretty in their profuse decorations—not costly, not artistic, not always in faultless taste; but with good humour, endless bunting, a fine sky, and a picturesque old city the scene is most exhilarating. It is the psychologic moment for the historian of the Silent one to arrive on the vociferous day of the young Queen's Accession. It is touching to find the memory of the immortal William more profound, more universal, more effective 314 years after his martyrdom.

At the Historical Congress there seem to be some very interesting and able men—Russians, Germans, Italians, Roumanians, Greeks, Japanese, and Americans.

The Historical Congress, 1898

Our Congress opened to-day in the Dutch House of Lords, which is part of the State Palace facing the Lake. The Minister of Foreign Affairs presided, the Italian and British Ministers being present. It opened with reading the delegates' letters of powers. Russia sends a Prince Galitzin from

the Archives at Moscow, and a Secretary from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg; the Pope is an Honorary Member, and sends a Monsignore from the Private Cabinet. I am supposed to represent the F.O. — a sinecure — it has authorised the British Minister to assist me. I sit next to the Russian Foreign Office delegate, who is able and very keen. Italy, Greece, Roumania, Spain, Japan, etc. etc., send delegates. I find Mr. Henry Howard, the British Minister, most hospitable and courteous. He lives in a fine old Palace built in the Spanish times. I went to luncheon with him to-day, and am to dine with him on Friday. To-night I dine with the Italian Minister, Count Zannini, a very pleasant man, with whom I have had some interesting conversation. Mr. Howard tells me that the Foreign Minister has some thoughts of offering me a seat in the church for the Installation ceremony on Tuesday next at Amsterdam. This is an appalling honour, as the church is not vast, and natives and foreigners are clamouring for places. The difficulty is that I have no uniform, and the whole church is to be a blaze of uniforms, and no morning dress could be endured. Mr. Howard told him I could come in evening dress, like the U.S. Minister. He said, would I refuse? I said, No! I could not decently refuse so handsome a compliment, or to decline to see William's descendant installed on the throne they thrust him from 314 years ago. As Howard says, it is quite an historic moment, and I told him if they spontaneously offered me a seat as an English pilgrim to the Memorial of William, and allowed me to come as a republican in a black coat, I could not decently decline, but I most positively declined to ask him or any one to wag a finger to get me there—and let him remember that I am not *kurfähig* and abstain from Court ceremonies on principle—being in these things a Quaker. Howard promises also to find me a seat in the express train on Tuesday from this, so as not to sleep in Amsterdam. Really very kind! But it is all a little like a dream.

I have seen Professor Blok, who tells me that he expects the proofs of the translation of my *Life of William*, which he is so good as to superintend. The Professor tells me that the Court as well as the historians are really satisfied with my account.

I have just seen the Queen on her way to Amsterdam. She was alone with her mother in a quiet carriage, with two servants and no soldiers or police or attendants. She looked

radiant, and quite self-possessed, and has a very fine complexion and intelligent expression. She was not ten yards from me, and bowed to my side of the road, so I saw her perfectly. Every man, woman, and child mounts *orange* favours, sashes, flowers, and feathers—of course I have the national rosette with *orange* centre. And every house is decorated with national flags, wreaths, and illuminations. It is not so splendid as St. James's Street last year at Victoria's Jubilee, but it is far more simple, spontaneous, and general. It is pleasant to see the whole population looking good-humoured, gay, and natural. The streets are alive with girls and children staring at the decorations, just as they did in London. On Friday I dined with Mr. Howard, the Minister here, at a great banquet, including the Italian and Swedish Ministers, Count Greppi of Milan, the Italian delegate. The Italian Minister, Count Zannini, is an exceedingly agreeable man of the old school, who has been in all the Courts of Europe. His colleague, Count Greppi, the delegate of Italy to the Congress, is one of the most interesting old gentlemen I ever met. He has been in the diplomatic service all his life, and was for ten years Ambassador at Madrid. He is now retired, and a Senator. He is nearly eighty, and a consummate specimen of the old-fashioned Italian Signori. He has been charming with us. From the English Minister's we all went on to a great reception at the Netherlands Foreign Secretary, M. de Beaufort. There I met all sorts of people who knew me, and talked English, but I cannot remember all their names. I have had visits and cards pouring in all day, and have to perform the *corvée* of driving round and returning cards.

On Saturday the Congress met again and I had to speak several times, and deal with some hasty resolutions that were proposed and nearly carried. That evening we had a "banquet" ourselves, and invited some of our hosts, including the British and Italian and Austrian Ministers. The President of the Congress in the chair sat between the British and the Austrian Ministers, with the Italian delegate, Count Greppi, opposite, the Count having me on his right and the Russian delegate on his left. I had a most agreeable dinner, the Italians particularly being delightful. I am overwhelmed to find myself in the place of honour at these dinners. I suppose it is the combination of my character as Lord Salisbury's nominee and as biographer of William. At the dinner given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs I was

between the Italian and the Swedish Ministers, and was introduced to the Prime Minister and a dozen secretaries and officials. They are all very pleasant and most friendly, one and all. I have sent off a report to Lord Salisbury of the proceedings. I cannot say that the Congress will tend to much. But it has been highly interesting, and personally useful to me. I have been astonished to find the awkward and stolid Englishman embraced as a friend by German and Dutch professors, Americans, Greeks, Roumanians, Hungarians, Swiss, Mexicans, and Japanese, etc.

Almost every nation is represented, and there are some amusing characters. Count Waliszewski and his wife—the Pole who wrote those most amusing books about Peter the Great and Catherine. He lives in Paris, and is infinitely witty and amusing. His wife is a Hungarian beauty, fascinating, *bon enfant*, and perhaps slightly *poudrée*. Then there is that amazing woman who calls herself the Princesse Bonaparte, once wife of Ratazzi, the Italian Prime Minister who succeeded Cavour, and now Madame de Rute. And in her train are a lot of *crevés*, with "Ah! Madame la Princesse!" etc. etc. Also we have several Americans. Opposite me at breakfast are Mr. and Mrs. Henry, he being a grandson of Patrick Henry, the colleague of Washington and orator of the first Congress, and his daughter, Mrs. Harrison. There is some confusion as she and I—Mr. and Mrs. Harrison—sit together at table, she having no husband here, and I having no wife! At dinner there turned up the first Secretary of the U.S. Embassy at Berlin, who knew Austin and had left him only two days ago. The excursion yesterday was very pleasant. We were taken by a special train to Rotterdam, and then on one of the great Rhine steamers to Dort, seeing the Museum, churches, and collections. Restaurant, military band, etc. on board, and Greeks, Americans, Japanese, Germans, Hungarians, Russians, French, and Italians, all mixed up together, and very happy—about a dozen women, specially selected from various nations, so as to give a good impression to the Dutch women.

The Installation

HAGUE, *September* 7, 1898.

Had a magnificent day—no fatigue, no trouble—saw everything—glorious ceremony—people wild with enthusiasm, young Queen royal. Will write at length—but state

facts. Left at 7.30 A.M. with a pass for the special train, filled with officers and chamberlains and ladies, all ablaze. Comfortable and cool journey along with the French President of the History Congress. We walked the five hundred yards to church—no great crowd. I was passed in to top of the great church and told to seat myself in the Diplomatic Tribune, close to the Royal Dais and Chair. I took a corner seat next to passage—church filled up slowly with blazing personages, and at last the Tribune was a mass of gorgeous beings of every country, costume, and uniform—all the Ministers of Europe. Chinese Embassy, Japan, Siam, Turks, etc. I was alarmed to find myself the one black spot, as I said, "looking like a blackbeetle that had crawled on to a dinner-table." I sat next to Frederick Verney, representing Siam, and behind the Secretary of U.S. Embassy at Berlin. He and the U.S. Minister and I were the only *blackbeetles* amongst about eighty blazing creatures covered with gold lace, diamonds, crosses, and stars. Of course we were without any sign. I wore my Orange badge, but the U.S. men are not allowed to do that. Then came heralds in mediaeval costume, the costume that William's soldiers wore in battle in 1568—blue and orange. Then a procession of chamberlains, etc., and at last the Queen. She passed close to me—I could have touched her robe, as I was at the end of the row. She looked radiant and every inch the Queen, quite apart from her mother, coming by a different gate and passage. Then she sat on the throne, and without a word except from the Heralds, spoke a long and most spirited address in a splendid voice and perfect intonation. The two thousand in the church must have heard every word, and no actress could have done it better. Then all the officials and deputies called by name separately rose and took the oath of allegiance. But no one had such a voice as the Queen, or spoke up in so hearty and commanding a manner. She is really of the race of Nassau—a truly fine and remarkable young woman.

Having had so good an opportunity of seeing and hearing every incident of the ceremony—which certainly had many characteristics quite unlike the celebrations of European monarchies, I began *more meo* to record my general impressions. This finally became a letter, which I sent home and which

appeared in the *Times* (September 13, 1898). It was as follows:—

The New Queen

From the point of view of history and constitutional law, the Dutch people present to-day a most interesting study and an almost unique instance of monarchic sentiment with republican institutions. Holland is still—what it has been practically for three hundred years—a commonwealth with an hereditary Chief. With interruptions and modifications, the United Provinces, since the murder of their great leader, William of Orange, in 1584, have been essentially a Republic, but a Republic having a Sovereign head in the heroic family of the founder of the nation. We know in England how completely popular institutions may be worked along with enthusiastic loyalty to an ancient dynasty. But Holland has carried that combination of ideas, supposed to exclude each other, even farther than England. At this moment the loyalty of the Dutch, not only to the person, but to the House of their young Queen, is quite as vigorous as we ever see it at home. Nothing that we saw at the Jubilee exceeds in unanimity and heartiness the cry of "Oranje Boven" which goes up to-day from man, woman, and child. But this loyalty is wholly free from the feudal and ecclesiastical elements which belong only to the ancient monarchies and to the modern dynasties which have sought to copy them. It is natural with us in England to invest a coronation with antique ceremonials that originated in feudal and Catholic ages. It is part of our history and traditions. But in Holland the installation of a new Sovereign involves neither crowning, nor anointing oil, nor Archbishops and priests, nor baronial processions, nor a grand military display. The devotion to the young girl who represents three hundred years of splendid service to the State by her ancestors is as general and ardent as it can be. But it is the devotion paid to a great tradition by the citizens of a free commonwealth, and to us it may seem rather to be paid in a way such as that in which citizens recognise a deep national debt to a hero.

To an English eye the opening of a new reign without mediaeval symbols, ecclesiastical ritual, without a parade of guards and household cavalry, would savour of republican simplicity. To an American, on the other hand, this en-

thusiastic loyalty to a dynasty which has now furnished its thirteenth ruler in hereditary succession would savour of mere monarchy, contrary to the very idea of a commonwealth altogether. That makes the interest of the situation. Nor could any one visit this country at the present time without being struck by the fact that both feelings are perfectly keen in the spirit of the people and in entire harmony. The Dutch people are just as completely loyal to the House of Orange-Nassau as they are staunch to the spirit which has made and sustained the United Provinces.

From Flushing to Groningen the country is displaying its interest. Every cottage, farm, windmill, boat, or church—almost every dog and horse—certainly every man, woman, and child, mounts the symbols of Nassau and Orange. The general idea is to display the national colours, *i.e.* the French tricolour turned horizontally, with a streamer of orange for the House. But the orange often stands by itself. Girls especially seem fond of being clothed in orange from head to foot, regardless of the truth that not every complexion can bear such a test. The draping of the towns, both great and small, is universal. The scene from the lofty railway bridge at Rotterdam across the Meuse on the Queen's birthday was a brilliant sight, with hundreds of ships of all sizes, from Indiamen to barges, dressed in bunting from stem to stern. Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam—the commercial, royal, and financial capitals of Holland—are as profusely decorated with arches, festoons, banners, trophies, flowers and streamers as ever were the streets of London in the line of the procession last year. But the decorations of the principal towns and villages are quite universal, without any idea of a royal procession or any ceremony whatever. The obscurest streets, the pettiest hamlets, show just the same desire to combine Orange and Netherlands in the popular symbol. Every ragged urchin, every bargeman, and every schoolgirl has managed to mount an orange aster or a bit of cockade or button. Orange of a deep tone is not altogether a manageable colour, from the point of view of a painter or of a lady's-maid. And I notice girls who, if they have any vanity at all, must be suffering tortures to exhibit their complexions in a frame of hot orange. But it must be allowed that orange is an effective colour. Few tones are more apt *sauter aux yeux*—and that is to-day the sole question with *Mevrouw*.

The canals, shaded with trees and intersected with bridges,

the long avenues and lines of boats and barges in every street, offer ample opportunities for floral and banner decoration. It is quaint to notice in the meadows the Rembrandtesque windmills at work with their tailpieces flowing with the national tricolour and a vast orange streamer above it waving to the ground. Neither we English nor our Dutch cousins are equal to Frenchmen and Italians in the art of gala and public decorations. But goodwill is one thing and instinctive sense of colour is another thing. And for a week past since the birthday the whole Dutch population seems to have given itself up to the occasion—the men to raising triumphal arches, the balconies, stands, and awnings, the women in arranging flowers in festoons and making orange sashes, feathers, rosettes, and favours, and the children in gaping at the sights, toys, pictures, medals, and photographs. Chocolate, cigars, glove-boxes, and everything vendible bears the new portrait of Wilhelmina. One sees vehicles drawn by horses whose manes and tails are draped in orange scarves, and a large cartload of geese going to market had been dyed in saffron, to the huge delight of the boys and girls.

This outburst of loyalty is obviously spontaneous. Nothing whatever is done to stimulate it by Court, Government officials, or committees. The attitude of the Court is one of studied simplicity and homeliness. Everything official has been done to mark the occasion as a family settlement—the renewing of the ancient contract between the House of Orange and the people of the United Provinces. The Kings and Emperors are not asked in person or by representatives of the dynasty. There is no imposing military spectacle. There is no mystical coronation and anointing. There is, technically speaking, no capital city. The Palace at the Hague is a moderate edifice, far less sumptuous than a modern hotel; its front has no wall or railing to separate it from the street, where cabs and tramcars run, and crowds of women and children gather all day long round its open façade on the bare chance of the Queen being seen at the window. I saw her drive from the old church here after the birthday service, and again on her way to Amsterdam the day before the Installation. It was as simple as an ordinary drive of our own Queen in Windsor or Hyde Park. Though on Monday the 5th the Installation ceremonies had fairly begun, the Queen and her mother drove quietly enough along the crowded streets without a guard of honour or even an outrider. The entire ceremony of installation was arranged

to have a severe character of patriotism, popular affection, and historic reality. The alliance between the Prince of Orange and the United Provinces was the one dominant note of the ceremony. The young head bore a tiara of diamonds, but had no crown placed on it even as a symbol. She used no state coach or royal steeds. But she walked alone, and without any household proper, the whole way on foot from the Palace to the church in sight of the crowded square, attended by the officers of State, the heads of the Army and Navy, the sword of the nation, and the banners of Orange-Nassau and the Netherlands Empire. And when she took her seat facing the Ministers of the Government and the two States-General there was no mediaeval act of homage, but the exchange of a solemn oath between the Hereditary Prince and the representatives of the nation. It was a singular and historic act, perfectly unique in Europe, reminding one of the imperial times of old Rome and Constantinople, when two elements were indispensable to make a legitimate sovereign—descent from a ruling family *plus* formal installation by a Senate and national authority.

The young Queen bore her part in this most trying ceremony not only with dignity and decision, but with a keen intellectual conception of the peculiar task which the history of her glorious race had devolved upon her. Long and thoughtful training had matured her own evident intellect and character. It was a scene to remember when the young girl of just eighteen, who had been studiously held in extreme reserve and domestic privacy, was called upon to leave her Palace on foot in the sight of the masses, without her mother or a single relation, and with but one lady as her attendant, and so to pass along in procession of State officials to her throne in the great church. No gold or silver sticks walked backwards, and no ladies-in-waiting were needed. But the heiress of Nassau walked on firmly and proudly, as if she had been ten years a king, with the swords and banners of her house and nation borne before her. Nor could the great Maurice himself, when at seventeen he assumed his murdered father's task, have borne himself with a mien of greater self-command and resolute purpose.

The Queen took her seat and, in a firm and penetrating voice, uttered her declaration on assuming the Throne. It is a fine, hearty, and honest piece, worthy of the occasion, and does honour to the young Queen's intellect, for I am authorised to state that the entire composition of the piece

was Her Majesty's personal work, and was not composed by any official or Minister. It is free from the conventional verbiage and pompous platitudes which too often weary us in royal utterances. And the declaration gained everything by the way in which it was spoken. Wilhelmina has a voice at once melodious and commanding. Nor could any training in elocution have improved the delivery of the words which was at the same time sonorous and sympathetic. Of all the thousands in the church who stood listening breathless few could have lost any single sentence. Not a note faltered, not a note was hurried or blurred. And there was more than perfect intonation. There was at times in her voice a ring of earnestness and passion which showed how deeply the woman felt the words she was uttering as Queen. And when she raised her right hand ungloved, and swore that "by the help of Almighty God she would act for the good of Netherlands in all things, as a good *King* should act," the scene had a dramatic character which seldom enters into royal ceremonials.

The heralds, in the very garb of blue and orange in which William's troopers had charged, proclaimed her installation, and the whole assembly shouted, "Long live the Queen!" Then the States-General, in one assembly of Upper and Lower House, were called over separately by name; and each man rose in his place and, lifting his right hand, swore to be faithful to the Queen; those who objected to taking an oath simply uttering the words, "This I promise." It will be noticed that the oath of the representatives, like that of the Queen, used the word King, not Queen. It seemed natural. Wilhelmina could not have borne herself more every inch a Queen had she been Maria Theresa herself; and we should have been in no way surprised if the States-General had burst out with *moriamur pro rege nostro.*

Then came the National Anthem—the Wilhelmus-Lied, said to be by Ste. Aldegonde, William the Silent's friend and envoy. And the Queen passed back to the Palace on foot as she came, amidst the cheers of her people and the sound of salvos and marches by the band.

Nor can any one mistake the significance of the ceremony arranged for the Queen-mother, the late Queen Regent. Queen Emma came in a state coach of eight horses, attended by ladies-in-waiting, and she passed up the church from a different portal. It was remarked that, in the very act of surrendering royal authority to her daughter, but yesterday

a child, Queen Emma looked more radiantly happy than any other soul in the church. It was no longer her task to guide and tutor her daughter. That work was done. And she rejoiced, as mother and Queen, to see her girl march in alone with officers of State around her, like the chief of a nation, and saluted as their "King." The scene had a deep significance. And when, after the departure of the Queen, the late Regent rose and quitted the church she had such an outburst of homage from the brilliant assembly and such ringing cheers from the people outside that she knew how deeply they recognised all she has done in those long and hard eight years since 1890.

I learned on the highest authority that the Queen and the Queen-mother made *all* the arrangements and ordered the *whole* ceremony. They resolutely declined to invite any royal personage whatever, and restricted all invitations to members of the family. Even the next heir to the throne had no precedence, and cousins who were foreign persons of reigning houses were quite in the background. The Queen not only composed her noble address herself, without assistance from Cabinet or Secretaries, but she got it by heart and spoke, but did not read, it, nor even had a copy beside her. Yet she did not drop a word. This was a remarkable feat of intellectual energy and self-confidence in a girl of eighteen under such trying conditions.

At Amsterdam I studied the Rembrandt Exhibition, where they had some 400 of his works collected from various parts of Holland and of Europe. And I was specially interested in the Nassau Exhibition, containing portraits, relics, and autographs of every kind relating to the House of Nassau during four centuries. Then I went on to see the glorious Franz Hals series at Haarlem, and to hear the hardly less famous organ, and to stroll in the secular avenues of the great Park.

Berlin, 1855-1898

From Holland I went on to see my son, then living in Berlin. I had not visited the Prussian capital since 1855. What a marvellous transformation, amplification, and reconstruction in these forty-three years! What a profound New Birth of the once bourgeois, sentimental, eighteenth-century city on the placid Spree! What ambition fired it to enter into rivalry with the palaces and avenues of Napoleonic Paris, and with the parks, bridges, and embankments of London? An enthusiastic Professor took my breath away by asking me when first presented to his Omniscience, "if Berlin were not now a far grander city than our Metropolis?" Words failed me, for even the Guard-house at the Brandenburgh Gate does not impress me as does the Tower of London; and I prefer Wren's St. Paul's to the Kaiser's new Dom, though I greatly admire the bold idea of constructing a great Christian domed church on the base of a Greek rather than a Latin cross. But it yet remains for some architectural genius or some despotic ruler to raise a great dome on an equilateral cross, and thus to carry out the original design both of Michael Angelo and of Wren.

But what inexhaustible treasures have now been collected in all these museums of Berlin, old and new, in the National Gallery of Art, in the scientific and special museums, in the libraries, palaces, and antiquarian collections! What learning, what industry, what organisation, what art, what public discipline, what scientific regimenting in every corner of the State—what *Schreiberei*, what *Regierungs-Ordnung* in every detail of life! Truly no educated and thoughtful mind can see the Kaisertum at home without wonder and admiration. And yet all these gifts and achievements

hardly justify this parvenu people in claiming the hegemony of the human race. And why, if they claim it, do they not try to make themselves less unpopular with their civilised neighbours who belong to more ancient nations?

All that I saw and heard during my visits to Holland deeply impressed me with the remarkable constitutional and international problems which that historic people present to political thought. I doubted if at home we quite understood the peculiar nature of Dutch loyalty to their sovereign or the critical position of the small and abnormal fringe in Northern Europe that is well named Holland. I worked this out in an essay which I published in the *Positivist Review* (No. 70, October 1898). I had become anxious over the consequences that were menaced by the infamous Raid, and we were soon to enter on the wanton war against the Dutch Republics. The independence, and the neutrality, if not the alliance, of Holland, is a prime necessity for England. And the blindness which made Dutchmen our enemies during the war of 1900-1902 was an amazing act of wickedness and folly.

Netherland and Orange

The opening of a new reign in Holland has called the attention of Europe to the peculiar conditions of that most interesting country, and of its constitution and government. It has had to fight for its very existence—first, against the tremendous forces of nature, which nowhere else in Europe are so full of danger; and then in turn against four great powers, each many times over its superior in numbers and wealth. This small corner of Northern Europe, wrung from the sea and rivers by centuries of labour, occupies a spot which France, Germany, Spain, and England would each fain have made their dependency, and which would have added to any master of it a preponderating force on the Northern continent. It has triumphed over every attack of nature and man. Its intense patriotism, its power to assert its own

independence, to assert Holland for Hollanders, was never more conspicuous than to-day. And now the idea of Holland ever being swallowed up in any great power is a perfectly idle dream. It is quite as likely to be swallowed up by the sea.

Nor is its government less singular than its physical form. In spite of all the enthusiastic loyalty to the young Queen, a loyalty displayed in ways more universal and boisterous than anything which ever Englishmen saw in the two Jubilees, it is evident that the country is not a monarchy in the English, Prussian, or Spanish sense. It is not a consolidated, centralised kingdom, as are England, Prussia, and Spain. Holland still maintains, in effect, its old union of the United Provinces, as a Federal Commonwealth, with an hereditary Stadtholder. As a kingdom it is not a century old—the dynasty of Orange-Nassau is more than three centuries old. The intense loyalty to that house which the Dutch of all Provinces and all classes have been displaying to their hearts' content—singing, shouting, parading, banqueting, drinking, covering with bunting and favours, rosettes and flowers, their houses, buildings, ships, canals, windmills, women, children, carts, horses, and dogs — all this, picturesque at times, grotesque at times, but always hearty and spontaneous, is offered up not to the anointed person of a sovereign by mere descent, but to the last descendant of a heroic race.

This combination of republican and monarchic sentiment is unique in modern Europe. Love of their ancient Netherlands and love of the House of Orange mean to Dutchmen one and the same thing. The history of the United Provinces and the history of the Orange family have been bound together for three centuries, so that the loyal cry of *Oranje Boven* practically means in English—"Holland for ever!" The stirring story of Dutch patriotism has been fought out under the flag of Orange. In her truly fine address from the throne at the Installation, the girl Queen recalled how her own father had said, "Orange can never, no! never, do enough for Netherland." It was striking to hear such words from the lips of a Queen addressing her Parliament and people for the first time face to face. And it was even more striking that such a speech should be composed wholly by a girl of eighteen, as it really was. But she might have said with equal truth, perhaps, that Netherlands can never do too much for Orange, for modern history presents no instance of a nation owing such incalculable debts to any

single house as Holland owes to the men and women of the Nassau race.

There was open at Amsterdam an Orange-Nassau Exhibition containing portraits, documents, views, and contemporary drawings and medals of all the men and women of the family from the fifteenth century down to 6th September 1898. It may well be doubted if any other family in Europe could show such an array of men and women of genius, courage, and energy in the service of their country over so long and continuous a period and under circumstances of such extraordinary difficulty. The remarkable fact is that several women of the race have been as eminent as the men. As one passes along the galleries crowded with contemporary portraits of some hundred members of the clan, it is striking to notice how many of the countenances are stamped with power and intelligence. It is true that Prussians are wont to feel for the Brandenburg House of Hohenzollern the same sense of having created a nation that the Dutch feel for the house of Orange. But the Brandenburg family has not yet been a great European force for three centuries, and for the whole of its great period it has been allied with Orange-Nassau.

This spirit of staunch patriotism in Holland is an element of great importance in Northern Europe. It forms a kind of moral dyke to resist the encroaching waves of the huge empires and states by which it is surrounded. Just as the independence and neutrality of Switzerland is of vast moment in the centre of Europe, so the independence and neutrality of Holland is of even greater moment in North-Western Europe. It shares this character with Belgium, with which its permanent union is more than ever impossible, but to which, of necessity, it serves as an inner support and defence. Holland has a small army, and Belgium has no navy. But together, the two small States, full as they are of intense antagonisms and contrasts, serve as a permanent buffer of a solid kind between France, Germany, and England.

It should be a prime landmark of English policy to assist and maintain this balance of power. It is equally the interest of our own country, as it is of Europe, and of civilisation. Not only must this be the task of politicians, but everything urges us to cultivate the most friendly relations between the people of the United Kingdom and the people of the Netherlands. Close as we are in kindred, in religion, in habits, and in industry, this might long ago have brought us into complete sympathy. We have been kept

apart mainly by two great causes. First, the feudal, aristocratic, and semi-Catholic traditions, which so deeply colour British history and society. Secondly, by the fierce rivalry of commercial and imperial interests. In the long struggle for command of the seas and the commerce of the world, which was waged between us for some two centuries, the United Kingdom, with its enormous superiority in population, physical advantages, national wealth, and centralised monarchy, with military and administrative traditions of the first order—the United Kingdom was bound to win in the end; and the marvel is that Holland maintained the unequal contest so long and so well, and at last came out of the long battle with honour but not annihilation. England owes the Netherlands a huge arrear of reparation for the savage jealousy with which for centuries it has used its superior strength to crush, dwarf, and humiliate its gallant and puny rival. It is all over now; and for a century there has been nothing of real moment to revive the hateful spirit of national jealousies. It is the more to be regretted that petty annoyances from time to time are fomented to separate us from one of the best and most valuable members of the European family.

Holland, of course, like other countries to-day, has its own dark problems, internal and external. The battle of Capital and Labour is as hot there as in most parts of Europe. And the remnants of an old empire in two oceans, an empire once of the worst sort, has left ominous tasks to solve, as it has left to all nations which crave distant empires over coloured races. There, alas! we all stand together, and few of us can honestly accuse the rest of oppression and misrule. But in Europe, Holland is essentially a peaceful, industrial, non-military, tolerant, progressive Commonwealth, with a great past, and indomitable aspirations after a greater future. Its marvellous energy, its sound social organisation, its historic toleration, its zeal for popular education, public advancement, and general culture, are able to teach many lessons to conventional British self-complacency.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE PROBLEM OF EGYPT

In the winter of 1895 I visited Egypt with no special object except that of getting an impression of its general condition, and of having at least a passing glimpse of its wonderful antiquities and natural charm. I had some special opportunities for seeing various sides of the country, and I had no purpose except to listen and to observe. I had invitations to stay in their houses from my old school and college friend Sir Charles Cookson, who was acting then as Judge of the Consular Court at Alexandria, and also an invitation from Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who was living in his villa outside Cairo. And I had an introduction from a Cabinet Minister to Lord Cromer, then the British Minister in Egypt. My brother Lawrence was spending the winter as usual on the Nile with his nieces, whom I joined at Mena House at the Pyramids. Without any intention to do anything but listen to what I might hear of the political questions, and without time at my disposal to enter into any serious antiquarian study, I hoped to use my opportunities to acquire an *aperçu* of the general situation, as well as of the marvels and sights of Egypt.

My friend Sir Charles met me on board the ship on arrival at Alexandria, and, to the envy of my fellow-travellers, who were destined to struggle

through the Customs examination, passed me and my baggage through the officials under the guidance of two gigantic and gorgeous Albanian Dragomans. He entertained me with lavish hospitality in his beautiful new house both on my arrival and on my departure, gave me the benefit of his knowledge in visiting the Museum and public buildings, sites, and antiquities of Alexandria, and thoroughly expounded his views on the native, political, and international problems with which he had had so much to do. At his house I met travellers and residents, including the late Sir John Scott, then a Judge of the International Courts.

From the house of Sir Charles Cookson, where I was in the heart of British officialdom, I went on to stay with Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, with whom I had been associated during the troubles of 1882-1884. He was living in a fine native villa about twelve miles from Cairo, on the edge of the desert, and had entirely adopted Arab (not Egyptian) dress, habits, and mode of life. He was in relation with some of the most eminent of the native reformers, but, so far as I knew, was not taking any part in any public movement at all. In fact his complete abstention from any intervention in political agitation might be inferred from the fact that he was at the same time the host of a well-known county magnate, former Conservative M.P., and also of Lord and Lady E—— and their family, representing eminent Unionist and loyal houses. Mr. Blunt was an admirably pleasant host; he entertained me with the utmost friendliness and hospitality. And I cannot cease to be grateful for the pleasure and instruction which I received whilst under his roof and his tent.

Whilst on my visit to Mr. Blunt I called on the British Minister, and was most courteously received by Lord Cromer, who was at that time planning

the great Assouan barrage, and was being keenly importuned by savants and artists to avoid the vandalism of ruining Philae. I quite agreed that an interesting ruin could not be suffered to block a marvellous feat of engineering, which offered a new era of prosperity and wealth to millions. And Lord Cromer's expectations on a balance of alternatives have been amply justified by the result.

After my return from Egypt I continued to follow the history of the occupation with increased interest.

I have missed none of the debates in Parliament, nor the Blue-books and the numerous Memoirs and essays on this problem. I have read Mr. Blunt's *Secret History* in its original and in its revised form, Lord Cromer's two volumes, and the unpublished *Memoir* of Sir Edward Malet (1909), as edited by Lord Sanderson. I received weekly and read the Egyptian Nationalist Organ, and lastly, I remonstrated with the publisher against the blazing indiscretions of the *White Prophet*.

On the appearance of Lord Cromer's book on Egypt, I wrote in the *Positivist Review* (No. 119, May 1908) the essay which I now reproduce. It resumes what, after thirty years of continuous study of the Egyptian dilemma, remains my mature conviction.

The Occupation of Egypt

The very important work of Lord Cromer reopens the burning and ever-deepening problem of the occupation, giving us authoritative materials to judge its history, and the mature views of a great Proconsul at the close of a memorable career.

It would be impossible to give any adequate account of a book so full of new and complicated information, extending over more than thirty years, crowded with international questions, dynastic and national struggles, insurrections, riots, and wars. And it would be even more impossible for

me, without special knowledge of Egypt or of the East, to pretend to pass any opinion whatever on the immense tangle of political and diplomatic problems unravelled in a monumental work by the principal actor in these events.

My own visit to Egypt, though I had the advantage of interviews with prominent representatives of each race, party, and religion, with some leading British officials, including the Consul-General at Alexandria and Lord Cromer himself at Cairo, with the Ulema and Grand Mufti at El-Azhar, and especially with that fine scholar and true patriot, Sheikh Mohammed Abdu—I do not pretend that it afforded me more than a glimpse of the energy, honesty, and success of the British administration so far as it went, and a mournful sense of the inextricable antagonism of race, creed, and life between Europeans and Moslems; at last with doubts if the situation were not destined to grow worse rather than better by time.

All that I now propose to do is to treat the general question of the British military and administrative occupation of Egypt, viewed as a matter of English politics in the light of the new material offered us in Lord Cromer's authoritative book. That book has been hailed as the conclusive justification of British policy in Egypt down from the first Financial Commission, and even as proving a permanent occupation to be both just and inevitable. For my part, I can see no such evidence, no such advice in Lord Cromer's measured judgments and impartial summing up of the failures, dilemmas, and antagonisms, national, religious, and social, which deepen round the British officials and soldiers. I find rather the sordid tale of our country's honour and force exploited by successive rings of financiers and traders, and a national entanglement which grows constantly charged with future disaster and worse dishonour.

Lord Cromer opens his last chapter with these words: "It is probable that few Englishmen ever ask themselves seriously the question of *Quo vadis* in connection with either Indian or Egyptian affairs. Even fewer are tempted to hazard any confident answer to this crucial question." That is no doubt a necessary limitation imposed on all subordinate agents of government, whether military or civil, who have "to deal with whatever affairs," as Lord Cromer says, "we have in hand for the moment"; but it is ruinous blindness for those who govern, or for those to whom officials and Ministers are responsible. A people which acts upon this

haphazard plan must end in disaster, as Tsars, Emperors, and Ministers have so often found. And serious politicians can only justify their claim to statesmanship by being ever able to give matured answers to the crucial question *Quo vadis?*

And now one of our greatest administrators, after one of the most brilliant careers of Imperial dominion, closes the book of his life with the frank avowal that he has no answer at all to the question *Quo vadis Britanne in terra Niliaca?* But it is a question which Englishmen at home who have to face all the responsibilities, burdens, and risks of a vast scattered Empire must face on pain of being ruined by it. It is a question which concerns the welfare, peace, and good name of our country.

"Egypt," says Lord Cromer, "must eventually either become autonomous or it must be incorporated in the British Empire." Personally, he adds, he is decidedly in favour of moving towards autonomy. In theory, he has never been, and is not now, in favour of the British occupation. He still believes Lord Palmerston's view in 1857, "we do not want to have Egypt"—"we want to trade with Egypt, and to travel through Egypt, but we do not want the burden of governing Egypt." Lord Cromer sees clearly that "neither by sympathy, nor by good government can we forge bonds that will be other than brittle." And he quotes a remark of Sir Herbert Edwards to Lord Lawrence after the annexation of the Punjab: "There is no getting over the fact that we are not Mahommedans, that we neither eat, drink, nor intermarry with them."

Knowing all this, face to face with this apparently hopeless dilemma, Lord Cromer for twenty-five years strove to do his duty in the fine spirit of many an Imperial chief. He was not responsible for the occupation, nor for its continuance; and he performed marvels of reform in spite of ceaseless opposition within and without. But this is not enough for the nation at home. And some of us will still continue to ask—*Quo vadis?*

Why are we in Egypt? Why do we stay there? What do we want with it? The conventional answers—the Canal, India, native misrule, international obligations, "civilisation," and so forth—we know to be the stock sophisms of "Imperial destiny." All nations are interested in the Canal, and it could not be trusted in a European war. India is at present quite as much as we can manage without encircling it with

hostile Indias on the route. There is horrible misrule in Poland, in Macedonia, in Armenia, in Persia, on the Congo, in South America, in West Africa. Why do we not infuse civilisation into other parts of the Sultan's dominions, or those of the Tsar, the Kaiser, the King of the Belgians, and the Spanish Republics? We all know the dangers and evils of meddling in these. But the same dangers and evils may burst forth at any moment in Egypt.

What is the true reason of our being in Egypt? Lord Cromer's book, from the first page to the last, honestly tells us. Part I. opens with these words: "The origin of the Egyptian Question in its present phase is financial." All through the two volumes it is always "financial interests," "bankruptcy," "economic chaos," "British capital," "foreign funds," "fiscal reform," and "vast business concerns." That is to say, we occupied Egypt to secure bondholders in their usurious interest, wrung from an unscrupulous tyrant under a monstrous system of fraud. We retain an indefinite (*i.e.* a permanent) occupation to protect the money interests of a number of foreign traders and Christian officials who have thrust themselves into the administration of the country. It is quite true that bankruptcy and misrule have been converted into surplus and efficiency; and the native has gained immensely in all material concerns. But the long and the short of it is, that the Occupation began, and is maintained, to fill the pockets of foreigners who are regarded as masters and infidels.

Nothing can ever cure that ineradicable antagonism, as Lord Cromer sees as clearly as any one. It is in some ways a religious, far more than a national, antagonism. It is most unfortunate that Lord Cromer should have criticised severely Islam as a system of life. For practical purposes, Islam is not so much a creed as it is race, nationality, patriotism to all Moslems, whatever be their birth or their station. The vast majority of Egyptians are devout, and almost fanatical, Mussulmans. The Christians of the West are little more than a small percentage, nominally divided into three or four sects. Now, a solid Moslem population is a very different force, from the governmental point of view, from a Hindoo, Buddhist, or Fetichist population. These rites do not form states, nations, law, and government. The Koran does.

We still govern India because it is divided into two divergent creeds — whereof Mussulmans are only one-fifth. But if all India were solid for the Prophet we could not hold

India for a year. Now, Egypt is solid for the Prophet. It is permeated with foreign influences from four or five different nations. It is far more close to the adventurers and financiers of Europe, and far more familiar with the ideas and civilisation of the West than is India. For practical purposes, India is a distant island in the Eastern Ocean, accessible only by a long voyage, and isolated under the British Raj. Cairo and Alexandria are practically as much cosmopolitan as Constantinople or Athens. And Egypt for centuries has been the dream of European ambition to thinker, trader, soldier, and statesman. That makes the complicated problem of its occupation. We are face to face with a Mussulman population incurably hostile to us as usurers and infidels, whilst various Asiatic and European Powers are tempting them with bribes and exciting counsels.

Lord Cromer can see no alternative between autonomy and incorporation in the British Empire. Incorporation would invite international jealousies which could have but one issue. And why does he see no practical term for autonomy? There again, he falls back on "fiscal disorder," "important interests," "security for the debt," as likely to be endangered. As is natural enough, along with the chanceries and bourses of the West, he assumes the maintenance of the financial system and economic order as absolute conditions precedent to any change in the government of Egypt. We went there to get our investments paid, and we shall stay there till their payment is absolutely secured. That is the *sine qua non* of the bureaucracies, ministries, and exchanges of the West.

This will not long satisfy the people of England in crushing down a national movement by force of arms. That there is a deep national movement can no longer be doubted by those who know the thrill which shook Egypt at the recent death of the young national leader. When the coffin of Mustapha Kamel Pasha was carried through three miles of the streets of Cairo, crowded with a vast gathering of mourners, and his burial was attended by the Grand Cadi, the Grand Mufti, Pashas and members of the Legislative Council and the Municipal Council, representatives of the Khedive and of the Sultan, it is useless to repeat the official sneer that he was a hollow incendiary without credit or influence.

Lord Cromer's book bears ample testimony to the existence of a national movement from the origin of foreign

intervention, the impulse of which was French rather than English. When Gambetta, in 1882, with fatal ambition, was pressing the British Government to intervene, Sir Auckland Colvin warned Lord Granville that it "is in itself an Egyptian national movement." The liberal movement, he wrote, "*is essentially the growth of the popular spirit and is directed to the good of the country.*"

Lord Cromer shows how completely Mr. Gladstone misunderstood the situation, and tells us to-day that there "existed in Egypt a national party who were working more or less in co-operation with the military party." Sir Edward Malet also deprecated any step of hostility to the national movement. And now in 1908 Lord Cromer writes (Part I., 249): "There can be no doubt that the Arabi movement was in some respects a *bona fide* national movement."

It was crushed out in 1882, and Lord Cromer seems to think it an absolute necessity to crush it because it became largely "a military movement." No doubt it became a military movement when France was pressing England to enforce their joint schemes, and ships of war were menacing the ports. The Arabi movement was plainly defensive when a foreign fleet was threatening the country. When retrograde or foreign Powers seek to crush a national movement it inevitably becomes a military movement, as was shown by England in 1642, by France in 1793, by Italy in 1849. As we read these pages we see that the first reason of "the necessity for crushing the military movement" was the risk that the Egyptian army would stop the taxes of the Egyptian people being paid away to foreign usurers. We conquered Egypt in order to save their interest.

And is the national movement really crushed and extinct? Does the history of twenty-six years look like it? After a great defeat it takes a nation a whole generation to regain its courage and its self-respect. Do these 1200 pages of Lord Cromer's record read like a tale of Egypt settling down under the foreign occupation—these reports of international jealousies, commissions, missions, abortive schemes of control, bombardment, wars, courts-martial, prisons, Soudan expeditions, Hicks's massacre, rebellion, Gordon follies, evacuation, reconquest, and all the dreary round of disastrous wars, trials, riots, and *coups d'état*, ending in the recent Denshawai horror? Does this read like peace and progress?

But for this last atrocity—still unatoned and unforgotten—the English people might perhaps hope that time, good

government, and reduced burdens might bring the Egyptian people to endure an alien and infidel dominion. But all the signs point the other way. The increase of the army of occupation by a Liberal Minister, the panic and excited appeals of British officials, the incessant growth of a cultivated, ambitious, and daring movement towards emancipation, make us fear that things will become worse rather than better. Are we to go on increasing the army—throwing away a petty outpost which, in the case of a serious war, could be nothing but a weakness and a trap? Are we to resort to Russian expedients for repressing free opinion? Are we to soak the Union Jack again in blood? And all this is to be done because syndicates of Western speculators have thrust themselves into a nest of jobbery and coercion, wherein "they have important interests at stake." It is possible that to allow the national movement in Egypt to gain fresh life might make these syndicates uneasy, and ultimately affect their dividends. But the honour and welfare of a great nation is not to be set against their swollen pockets. And as I close this record of Lord Cromer's great administration and the marvellous relief it brought to the suffering fellah, I feel that he proves to us how impossible it is for regenerated Egypt to be permanently governed by any Christian Power, by successive shiploads of alien officials and troops.

APPENDIX F

Egypt, the Nile, the Desert, and the Pyramids are so familiar to modern readers that I make no attempt to describe my experiences there. But my visit to an English family living practically in Arab fashion in a native villa bordering on the desert, our expedition with camels, horses, and asses, drivers and tents in real native equipment—without the assistance of Thomas Cook and Son, and my interview with the Grand Mufti under the leading of a famous Mussulman Sheikh—these were so far outside ordinary tourist ways that I here append a few extracts from familiar letters written to my wife and my young daughter (aged nine).

Sheikh Obeid—Cairo

February 17, 1895.

Here I am in the desert between the Nile and the Red Sea. We can see the Pyramids and the Minarets of Cairo in the far

south-west, and the Obelisk of On a few miles to the north-west. This is the land of Goshen, where the Israelites dwelt. This exact spot, my host declares, is on the ruins of the house of Potiphar, who was a priest of On (Annu). I ask him if he is Joseph. At Materi-eh close by is the well of the Virgin Mary, where she washed the napkins of the blessed infant Jesus—the first wash they had after crossing the desert of Suez, and also the tree under which Mary sat and had a good cry when she first saw water and green things. The house is named from Sheikh Obeid (Obadiah), a holy man, a saint, and companion of the Prophet, whose tomb, oasis, and ruined well stand in the garden. The villa is on the extreme edge of the great Desert—indeed half the garden has been reclaimed from the Desert and the garden wall marks the verge of the Desert, which stretches away east, north, and south for hundreds of miles. Although it is on the verge of the Desert it is intensely green and watery, owing to the irrigation system. There is a large oasis of many square miles, watered by canals and wells. Here is a vast grove of date palms, thousands of trees, taller than any at San Remo, and the house stands in them and in a very large grove of sycamores and lebbekh—a lovely form of acacia (now covered with thousands of golden pods), cypresses, and orange trees, full of ripe fruit. All round the house and throughout the garden are wells and water-wheels, in which slow oxen blindfolded toil round and round raising water, which flows in infinite rivulets all over the place, so that house and yard and garden are filled with the burbling of the water rivulets and the rustling of the lebbekh pods in the breeze.

The garden, which covers about forty acres, is full of oranges, olives, apricots in blossom and roses in bloom—so that, though it is in the Desert, it is a wilderness of water and greenery. The fruit trees are now in blossom and the crops are intensely green—the early corn is two feet high and the tall grasses are as fresh as cowslips in May. The house is a genuine, roomy, and airy Egyptian villa in two storeys, with a large flat roof on which we spend early morning and evening, take afternoon tea and coffee, and lounge, and would sleep if it grew hot enough. I got out of bed to-day about six, and finding it about to dawn shortly, I put on fur coat and cap and slippers, and went up on to the flat roof to watch the sun rise out of golden and orange cloudlets, and at last he came up from behind Mount Sinai. It was a glorious sight, and I am hesitating whether to turn Mussulman or Sun-worshipper, or to end my days as a priest of On. Under the palm grove, in front of the gate and outer court, the Arabian brood mares and their foals are tethered and are feeding down the clover. There are about twenty-five of them—lovely Arabs of grey or black or bay, and they are tended by a small tribe of Bedoween lads in

burnouses, who live in tents under the palms. The sight is like a bit from Genesis in real life. The camel encampment is some distance off, in the actual Desert, where there is another tribe of Bedoween who never come under a roof. In the back yard, in more tents, live the Arabs who do the house and kitchen, and round the garden more tribes who are gardeners and water-carriers, and five hundred yards off is a Bedoween village, where a little girl about Olive's age has just been performing a Loie Fuller serpentine dance with nothing on but a long blue loose dress. Altogether there must be at least a hundred Arabs under the paternal rule of our Sheikh, a dozen or twenty each to horses, or to camels, or waterworks, or garden, or household and kitchen.

I found our Sheikh's name a passport everywhere. When I got to the station out of Cairo and asked for a ticket for Ezbet-el-Nakle, their black faces shone and their white teeth came out and they said, "Blunt?" and when I nodded they seemed ready to carry me there. Some stations before I arrived, Fellah lads in blue or white frocks jumped into the train to carry my bags, and at Nakle I found a Nubian, in fez and blue pants, with a white (royal) donkey, richly caparisoned with tassels and embroideries. I solemnly mounted the donkey, the Nubian in front, and a tribe of Arab boys running behind with my bags. We passed through the grove of palms, under which a score of Arab mares were tethered, and at the rude stone outer gate the Nubian janissary said to me, "El Sheikh!" And there, sure enough, was Wilfrid, in an immense white burnous, white baggy trousers, and an Arab — not Turkish — white head-dress and lapels—like the Sultan of Morocco. I said, "Allah! Bismallah! Sheikh!" and rode in. I was taken up a stone staircase without banister or handrail on to the roof, shaded with lebbekh trees and sycamores, and there, lounging on a collection of cane divans, *chaises longues*, and settees, we had hot fresh milk, and tea and dates.

The ladies adopt the Arab dress, and go about in long flowing white burnouses and Oriental head-dresses worn over embroidered satin, looking like Roxana and Fatima. Everything is carried on in Arab style—no European servants except Lady A——'s maid. Nothing but Arabic is spoken. An Arab cook goes into Cairo and brings out food. And very pleasant it is—fruits, ragouts, curries, chicken, wild duck and pigeons *en salmi*—the sole drinks being water, sherbet, and barley-water. There is ample water—hot and cold—endless cane lounges and divans, but the house from top to bottom is local Egyptian in form, ornament, and furniture. This morning we mounted Arabs—Wilfrid looking very grand in his burnous and turban on a fine bay. I had a dapple grey with a cocked-up tail and Oriental saddle and tassels for trappings; Lord E—— on a white and very quick donkey—

with bare-leg seyces or runners on foot behind. We rode across desert, water-courses, meadows, and queer tracks to Heliopolis, the Egyptian *On*. Joseph married a daughter of the priest of *On*. It was the University of Egypt, and there still stands the obelisk of Usertesen I. (12th dynasty), 4700 years old, with the inscription as fresh as yesterday. It is sixty-six feet high, of pink granite. The ruins of Heliopolis or Annu (On) cover twenty square miles.

This was in the track of Moses' Exodus from Memphis to the Red Sea. If you want to know what riding is, you must try a gallop on an Arab from a sire of Nedj on his native sand. I went for a walk in the Desert later, and watched the sun set behind the Minarets of Cairo from the sandhills whence Moses certainly led the people of Israel. This afternoon they invited to luncheon Sheikh Mohammed Abdu, one of the leaders of the Arab movement in 1882, who was exiled, but is now a Judge of the Supreme Native Court. He came in the dress of an Ulema ; and, talking French, I had a long and very interesting conversation with him on many things, and described to him our position as to Mahomet and also as to the Egyptian question. He will send a young Professor with me to visit the Mosque and University of El Azhar and explain the whole organisation. To-morrow I go into Cairo to see the mosques, tombs, bazaars, etc. On Tuesday our Sheikh has summoned his Bedoween and camels, and we are all to go in a caravan into the Desert towards the Red Sea, with tents and provisions and camels and donkeys. Of course I am to assume the dress of an Ulema or Judge, and we are to have a genuine Desert encampment. But I am sorry to say we are not to take with us more than two wives apiece. The weather is perfect, cool at night and early morning, and rising to sixty-eight degrees in a shaded room. It is a dream—too fascinating and lovely to tell.

Camping in the Desert

To Olive Harrison

The Desert of Egypt between the Nile and the Red Sea.

My dear little Girl—I must tell you all about our caravan into the Desert. We spent the morning in packing up—tents, bedding, rugs, food, water, and kitchen and cooking utensils, and a few things to change; and after great shouting and running about and calling of Ali! Suleyman! Abou Gosh! and many others, we all assembled in the courtyard to muster for a start. I wish you could have seen it. The camels lying down to be loaded and whining and crying with impatience. Three of the camels were dromedaries for riding—that is, racing camels of

fine breed. Two of the camels had little baby camels with them, who ran beside but did not carry loads, one baby camel not taller than you are. The tents and the poles and the beds and the food and the water in skins, were corded on to the camels, and the Sheikh or Chief mounted on the hump of one very tall camel, in his Arab dress, white burnous, white Kaffeyeh head-dress, fastened on with a gold band, and red boots, and a gun behind. Then Lady E——, also in Arab robes, got on another camel. The other ladies were on splendid Arab horses, grand white mares with long mane and a sweeping tail, who curveted and bounded and neighed to be off to the Desert. Lord E—— and I were mounted on white Egyptian asses, who can go all day without food, and can gallop as fast as a camel can trot. There were about ten men who followed, all on foot. Eight Bedoween with bare legs and no shoes, white capotes, and sheepskins, and long white shawls tied round their heads and necks. All the men were very dark, most of them from Arabia, but two natives as tent servants as black as your boots in white skirts.

At last we sallied forth into the Desert in a long file, ten camels, two Arab horses, two donkeys, and about ten drivers, runners, and servants on foot. Sometimes we walked, then we gàlloped and trotted, the camels going swinging along at a strange jog-trot, and the Arab horses now and then taking a gallop far ahead or circling round us in a great ring. J——, in her Bedoween robes on her white Arab, looked magnificent, like the Queen of Sheba. So we went on across the sandy Desert, up and down without a blade of grass or a drop of water, sometimes stopping for a little halt when we started a herd of gazelles, but we could not catch them. We saw nothing but some broken fragments of earthenware and iron, and at last we came up to a range of sand-hills, at the foot of which we made our camp. The camels were made to lie down, and then the Arabs tied their legs up together so that they could not move, and unloaded them.

They set up two tents—one for Lord E—— and me, and one for the ladies. The Sheikh insisted on sleeping under a sand-bank in the open air covered with fur rugs. The camels and horses were all unsaddled and hobbled, and then made fast to roots of bushes or tent pegs driven into the sand. All the men slept in the open, round a great camp fire, which they made with dry roots and a few withered brambles that they gathered. The Sheikh and I left the ladies making tea, and went up the sand-hills. The sand was quite soft, and lay exactly like snow on the Alps in arêtes. It took us more than an hour to get up, but at the top we had a grand view, and could see the Desert for fifty miles all round, just where Pharaoh came after Moses and the

Israelites on their way to the Red Sea. Going up, what do you think we found? Why! it was the bones of a man, all white and cracked. Whether it was a traveller overwhelmed by a simoom, or a pilgrim killed by robbers, who can say? We threw sand on the bones and left them. When we came down we found tea and supper ready, and we had a good meal. The Arabs milked two of the camels and brought us great bowls of camels' milk, hot and frothed up, so that you dipped your nose into the froth, and dates from Mount Sinai, all crammed together into a skin to carry. The little camels cried a great deal, like lambs with very bad sore throats! Then the sun went down, and I put on my fur coat and cap, for it turned very cold, and walked about and saw the stars come out.

The air was very bright and keen, like the top of the Alps. We listened for wolves, which sometimes prowl about and howl. At last we went to bed in our tent, leaving the Bedoween round their camp fire; and a very black fierce man, who had brought his guitar, sang a wild battle song, how the tribe set upon a caravan of pilgrims to Mecca.

> Hah! ho! they are as timid as sheep,
> And very rich with silver and gold!
> And we beat them and made them pay.
> Every tribesman got four or five purses.

In the monotonous howl of his song I fell asleep on my rug. I never slept better in my life. The rugs on the soft sand made a capital bed. The sand is absolutely dry and clean. Not a thing stirs, there are no flies or fleas or flying or creeping things, and not a sound. I can't think how Moses found a swarm of flies to plague Pharaoh. Now and then we saw a few lizards and heard a peculiar kind of desert lark sing; but generally there is perfect stillness and a pure air and clean dry ground; you can almost wash your hands in the sand, and can lie down anywhere without getting dirty. I slept from nine till six, when a very bright but thin moon like a scimitar shone in through a cranny in the tent door, and I got up to see the sun rise. The Arabs brought us more hot fresh camels' milk, and we saw the sun rise out of Mount Sinai in the far distance. We had a capital breakfast, with tea, coffee, fruit, dates, chicken, lamb and tongue, and then we went up the sand-hills again, ladies and all. Most of them took off their shoes to walk in the soft sand and to slide in glissades down the steep slopes, and one lady dropped one of her shoes and came down to the camp in her stockings. She asked Suleyman, the head camel driver, to see if he could find it, and though she dropped it a mile off, he actually went back and discovered it by following her tracks in the sand.

As we were boiling tea in the early morning light some one saw some very large animals moving on the edge of the hill above us, and some one said it was wolves. The Sheikh got out his rifle and sent an Arab forward to look out, but it turned out to be two of our own camels that had strayed. At last we all got off. After much shouting and running about, everything was packed up and all mounted. We set off in a southerly direction towards an ancient tower on a high hill. We saw more gazelles, and one of us dismounted and tried to stalk them with a rifle, but he could not get near them. We saw the white bones of camels and other creatures that had died in the Desert, and some pieces of strange old pottery, a few lizards but no living thing. The sun began to be very hot, and we covered up our faces, heads, and necks in thick white shawls. At last we reached the high ruined tower, and there we halted, and in the valley below we could see a Bedoween camp with tents and camels, but you will be sorry to hear that they did not attack us. Also we saw a beautiful bird, a white ibis, like a small heron. It does not belong to the Desert, and could not live there. But it had been blown by a strong wind on to the Desert and would die there. It seemed very unhappy and wanted to come to us, but we could not help it. From the tower the green plain of the Nile could be seen, and one lady said she was tired of the camel and would mount her horse. So she mounted her magnificent grey Arab unaided, and after curveting and bounding round she started off by herself alone right across the Desert, and in a few minutes we had quite lost sight of her. Then we found the remains of the ancient way across the Desert, and some more whitening bones, and pieces of pottery and metal, and at last we could see in the distance the Pyramids, looking like mountains, and the minarets and domes of Cairo. This is an exact account of what we saw in the Desert—the route we took has been traversed for ten thousand years, for it is the sole approach to Africa or Egypt from Arabia or Southern Asia. The camel is a most wonderful beast, and it is astonishing what it will carry and how quietly it will lie. The little camels frisk about with their long spider legs, just like your kitten, and are very funny. The Arabs, too, are wonderful. They run for twenty miles with bare legs and no shoes over horrible sharp stones; and, with only white linen drawers and tunics, they lie out in a cold night, covered only with a few sheepskins and some camel's-hair rugs. I shall have a thousand things to tell you when I get home, and a thousand things to hear of. I hope you have been enjoying the cold of England as much as I have been enjoying the heat of Africa.

Sheikh Obeid—Cairo

Native Egyptians

February 21.

It is inconceivable to me this cold continuing in England. Here at 8 A.M. one can hardly bear the sun, though the air is very fresh. I had a most interesting afternoon with Sheikh Mohammed Abdu, and next day I spent eight hours in Cairo on donkey and on foot. It is a wonderful experience. The narrow streets, the strange costumes, the lovely colours and oriental bits of life, the crowd, the noise, the bazaars, the mosques, it is beyond all idea, and the most gorgeous of oriental effects still to be seen. I was four hours on a white donkey, with a boy in turban and white tunic and bare legs running behind and shouting and pushing, "Make way for the bey!" etc., and thrusting me and jackass through a seething mob of fellaheen. Talk of Cairo being Europeanised—one corner is. But for three hours I never saw a single white face. I went all through four bazaars, Turkish, Tunisian, Syrian, and Greek, and had everything conceivable offered to me. Then came along a native funeral, with howling men in front and weeping women behind, and the Prophet's flag over the bier. Next came a band of singing and dancing girls (Christian and unveiled), with gold and amber ornaments, tambourines and guitars, who sang in front of cafés. I went into the Mosque of El Azhar, and also that of Mohammed Ali, a new gorgeous mosque of marble, covered all over with magnificent choice rugs. Then up to the Citadel and the British barracks. At Joseph's well I met a party of pilgrims, Polish Jews, who had come from Warsaw to see Joseph's well. But it is Saladin's well for his fortress, his Arab name being Yousoof. Cairo (Old Cairo) exceeds in oriental colour everything I had imagined. It is far larger, and utterly Eastern—the dress of men and women is most picturesque, and the women's *eyes*—all you see of them—are lovely. Their bare feet and legs are often very pretty, especially with the children, and to see a baby perched on his mother's shoulder is as beautiful a sight as an Italian Madonna. I have sent off to Olive a full account of our Desert Expedition. It was an immense success, and a wonderful experience. The weather was perfect, cold at night, not too hot in the day, and a delicious fresh breeze. J—— rode off at a gallop on her white Arab right across the Desert alone, and went straight home by herself, about twenty-five miles from Cairo. Her father asked her what she would do if she met a robber. She said no robber could be so well mounted as she was on Mashallah, and she should soon leave him behind. The Bedoween Arabs are wonderful. They never go into a house. The Sheikh has one in his back-yard called Mancourah.

He comes from Medina, but having killed a man in a quarrel he has been obliged to fly. He lives in the yard under a blanket and does nothing but make coffee and sing ballads. He is very black, but with very fine features, like Abraham in the pictures. He wears nothing but white drawers and tunic and a huge burnous. After dinner of a day he appears in bare legs and arms, and bows solemnly and comes forward and fills the coffee cups. Then he gets his guitar and sits on the floor and sings a battle song of robbers and pilgrims.

Ghezireh

I have now left Blunt and have come here, where I have a room. It is two miles from Cairo, and on the other (left) bank of the Nile. I have now seen Cairo, and this hotel is near the Museum and the Pyramids. It is the most sumptuous hotel I ever tried to live in. It was a palace built on the Nile by old Ismail Pasha for himself in a large garden of twenty acres full of palms, lebbekh trees, and *banyans,* which I never saw before. Altogether it is as big as Buckingham Palace and much more elegant. The Palace is in the Alhambra style, and extremely well decorated. I am lodged in a sumptuous apartment in the old Harem—a separate house or *dependance.*

Mosque of El Azhar

I have just come in from a most interesting visit. The Sheikh Mohammed Abdu, a professor of the El Azhar Mosque, and once a Minister of Education in Arabi's government, exiled for four years, who is now a judge in the Egyptian Court, came to see me, and I had a long and most exhaustive conversation with him in French on the situation, the Moslem system, and the University. He had never seen this Ghezireh Palace since it was occupied by old Ismail, and I took him all over it. He tells me that old Ismail spent from first to last on it three millions sterling! and I do not wonder, for some of the mantelpieces, pier-glasses, and chiffoniers cost £2000 apiece, and were exhibited in the Paris and Vienna Exhibitions. The Sheikh then took me over the El Azhar Mosque, which is the great University of the Mussulman world. It was a most wonderful experience. A vast court with cloister was full of students learning or musing. There are a series of Colonnades divided into nations. The nations extend from the Equator and Morocco to Arabia, Syria, Asia Minor, India, Afghanistan, and even Java and Jerusalem. They live in cells or dormitories, like people in barracks. I was then taken into the Praying Mosque, where thousands of

students were repeating the Koran, and then I was invited to the house of the Sheikh-ul-Djama, a sort of Chancellor of the University, and almost an Archbishop of Canterbury. I found him seated in Divan surrounded by Ulemas. Coffee was served, and I was presented in form, Sheikh Mohammed Abdu acting as interpreter. Various compliments passed, and I was received with the greatest courtesy and goodwill. Sheikh Abdu explained to me the whole system, and I think I really now do understand it. The mixture of races, colours, physiognomies, and costumes, all so widely different, is wonderful. Some of the Syrians and Circassians are quite as white as I am, and the Syrians you would take for Whitechapel Jews. The Kordofan and Soudanese are often as black and woolly as any negro from the Gold Coast, and the Javanese is like a Chinaman. Then I went to the Arab Museum, a sort of South Kensington collection from ancient or decayed Mosques—exquisite lamps in bronze and glass, carving, painted tiles, wood and steel and bronze work.

The Arab quarter is greatly excited to-day, being the eve of Ramadan, and there are processions, fairs, etc., men on horses in fancy costumes, drums, and banners. I also met an Arab funeral —men in front shouting and carrying banners, the bier covered with a bright pall and the turban of deceased, and a long file of women behind, howling, groaning, and throwing up their arms, but remaining veiled. The stuff about the fanaticism and anti-English spirit of the people is greatly exaggerated. [1895.] I have been wandering for hours alone through the native lanes and have never seen or heard an uncivil word or ill-tempered look. The young ones are very lively, fat, and frolicsome, and the boys very impudent. In the evening I went to the Opera, and saw a very good comic opera, *Le Petit Duc*, well played by a good French company, and an Italian ballet as good as any in London or Paris. The house, which is largely subventioned *out of Egyptian taxes* (!), is exclusively used by Europeans, or Europeanised residents—not by Mussulmans. Some of the Egyptian princesses and ladies of rank go in boxes behind curtains. The ordinary population has no interest in it at all. I have done nearly all the mosques and museums, but I must give some days yet to the Ghizeh Museum, which would take a week to know thoroughly. I told the Sheikh Abdu to-day that an American lady at dinner asked me if it were true that the Moslems did not allow women *to have souls*? He almost tore his robes in the mosque with indignation. "Why," he said, "the Mussulman law and religion constitute absolute equality of the sexes. Women have the same creed, the same education, the same rights, and go to the same Heaven." This is, I suspect, a dose of Neo-Islamism.

The Pyramids of Ghizeh

MENA HOUSE.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—Here I am under the great Pyramid, which the picture on the paper makes too small, as it is ten times as high as Mena House. I had ordered a horse to ride in the Desert round. But a hurricane of fiery blasts and sand has come on, and you cannot even see the Pyramid for the dusty air. It is what the old travellers called a Simoom in the Desert. The thermometer is at eighty, the doors and windows are all shut, and yet the fierce wind drives the sand into one's mouth and eyes, and riding in the face of it is what nothing but Bedoween on a camel can manage to do. The wind comes all across Africa, and is as hot as a furnace and dries up the skin. I must tell you all about Egypt and the people and animals. There are tens of thousands of camels, going to and from market; there are more camels than there are horses in Oxford Street. It is beautiful to see them in a long string under the palm groves. They are loaded with grass and all sorts of produce, and a driver in bare legs, and immense white hood, and a black cloak sits on the top of the load, and they carry as much as a cart. They are very patient, laborious, and strange beasts. They look very sulky—Kipling's "hairy, scary oont"—but I never saw them do any harm, and they do not seem to eat or drink. I believe they eat long grass before they start, and then they go, "chewing the cud," like cows, all day long. Some of the horses are fine, of course all Arabs with long tails. The carriages are all victorias, with two horses, whom the men keep lashing all the while. They eat nothing but grass, of which the driver has his box full, and each carriage has a boy who sticks on between the wheels behind. His business is to feed the horse when the carriage stops anywhere, sometimes to pull the horses' heads, or mend a trace, for they are always breaking.

They also have four-horse brakes. They keep two at the Ghezireh, with very good grey teams, a coachman in livery and cockade, and a groom who blows a horn to make the camels and donkeys get out of the way. The Ghezireh Palace, where I lived, is in a lovely garden on the other side of the Nile, about two miles from Cairo. And when you want to go into the town, there is the coach every half hour, and you go down with the horn blowing, just as if you were going to the Epsom Races. Or else you can have a carriage with pair, of which dozens stand ready in the grounds. There is a sort of Master of the Horse, who arranges the carriages and calls them up in turn. Or if you like, you can cross the river in a steam-launch, which goes back and forwards every five minutes. There are also riding horses by the hundreds for men and girls, dog-carts, tandems, four-

horse coaches and hansom cabs. Imagine being driven to the Pyramids in a hansom cab by a coal-black driver in a fez. It is very funny to see the fat Turkish beys, or turbaned mollahs, or sergeants of the British infantry on donkeys. The Egyptian ladies ride donkeys cross-legged; they are covered up in black cloaks and veiled, so that you can only see their eyes, but they have bright stockings and red slippers, which they show off, as they have short stirrups and have their knees almost up to their chins. The fellah or peasant women do not mind showing their faces, especially when they are quite young or quite old. They all have bare feet and arms, on which they wear gilt or silver anklets or bracelets, and they have blue tattoo marks on their foreheads, chins, and chest; they wear long blue gowns from the neck to the foot, open in front, and often have very pretty necklaces. I have bought in the bazaars two necklaces for you. In the streets are thousands of donkeys with red saddles and brass ornaments and red trappings. The donkey-boys all rush up at once when they see a tourist. If they think he is a German, they say, "Dies Esel ist Fürst Bismarck!"—ask Austin what that means. If French, they say, "Mussu—mon baudet, l'Empereur Napoleon!"—you need not ask Mademoiselle what that means. To a Yankee they say, "The donkey's name is 'Yankee Doodle' or 'Brother Sam.' To a Jew they say, "My donkey, Queen of Sheba"! To an Englishman they say, "*Flying Dutchman* or *Ladas*"!

The donkey-boys can talk quite enough English to go shopping in the bazaars, and they do the bargaining, getting much less commission than a dragoman. But in the bazaars they talk English, French, and German, enough. You ride your donkey into the bazaar, which is a covered court with lanes and hundreds of shops, and they all say, "Good morning, Sar—look at my jewels, my embroideries, my carpets—what you want?—I have everytink." I bought so many things that I was obliged to have a saddle-bag to put them in. This will be very useful for picnics and will go on "Kitty." It is now Ramadan, the Moslem fast, and no true Mussulman may eat or drink from sunrise to sunset. My donkey-boy told me no boy ever would eat a morsel, but they get up and eat in the night. At 6 P.M. a gun fires from the citadel, and then they all fall to. There is such a howling and shouting and jollification, we hear it across the Nile in our Ghezireh garden. There are now very few scavenger dogs left in Cairo. But all over Egypt there are carrion crows who do the scavengering. They are grey or white and black, and like jackdaws. They go sailing round and round all day long, and late into night, coming down and picking up anything thrown away. They make a loud, keen cry. But the camels squeal like a diseased sheep with bad influenza.

It is a fearful sound. There are no pigs in Egypt, as a Mussulman thinks it wicked to eat pork. There are some very nice birds. But all sorts of things are sold in the streets. The negroes from the Soudan sell skins of animals and crocodiles (how would you like me to bring you home a young crocodile?), aseghais, swords, and ostrich eggs and feathers. Imagine what the Orient at Olympia would be if it were as big as London, and with real Turks and Arabs, and you were pushing about on donkeys, with donkey-boys yelling behind, as if it were Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. There are performing monkeys and baboons, and conjurers, and acrobats, snake-charmers, and processions, and blind beggars all day long in the streets. You have only to call out "Homár!" even at night, and twenty donkeys will come galloping up till you can't move for the crowd. The gardens at Ghezireh Palace look lovely in the dark, with the electric light—bats, crows, and all sorts of things flying about. I am sorry to say the pelicans have gone wrong. Something disagreed with them and they all died—at least Mrs. Pelican and her family. I believe some one gave them a bun instead of a fish. And the old Father Pelican went crazy, at least he rushed madly about the grounds looking for his family, and I heard him shrieking under my window worse than a camel. The other day a young lady was riding out to the races, when a kite swooped upon her and seized her habit and frightened her till she fell off. But I must now stop. My eyes, nose, and mouth are full of sand. And if you find sand in this paper, remember it comes from the Pyramids six thousand years old, and that I am looking on them and wondering when my little daughter will ever get to the top.

I have just come down from the Pyramid and out of the inside of the Pyramid, and I must tell you all about it. I started about 6.30 A.M. to get ready, and Dolly and I got off soon after sunrise. At the foot of the Pyramids we had a crowd of jabbering Arabs, who fought like fury for backshish and to take us up. We chose four of them, but stipulated that they should not have one penny if they touched either of us going up. Fat Frenchmen and Germans, and even thin Frenchmen and Germans, have two Arabs to haul in front each arm, and two to push behind. The Great Pyramid is higher than St. Peter's at Rome, as high as the top of Blackdown from Lurgashall and far more steep. It is a pile of broken stone blocks about three feet high and six feet long, and you have to scramble up like monkeys on hands and knees. We would not let the Arabs touch us, and Dolly got up quite as well as I did without the least help, and down also, for it is more difficult to come down than to go up. From the top you see the Desert for forty miles, and the Nile winding along, and nearly one hundred Pyramids

great and small. When we got down, which we did in twenty minutes, I went alone with one Arab into the tomb chambers inside. I thought it was too beastly for Dolly. To get there is like crawling up a factory chimney when the furnace is alight. It is stifling hot, the passage is not bigger than a chimney, in places pitch dark, and horribly stinking, for bats fly about and squeal, and lizards and beetles. The Arab takes a candle, and burns flashes of magnesium wire, which light up the vault in a strange way.

Soon after about a hundred Americans in Gaze's party arrived, and such a howling and yelling began as you ever heard. When I came down I was as hot as fire; I took a plunge into the swimming-bath. It was lovely. You would not imagine there could be a swimming-bath under the Pyramids in the Desert. But there is. There is a steam-engine here which pumps up water from the Nile. The bath is of marble, and deep enough for a header ten feet high. The water is fresh, clear, pure, but not icy. It is lovely to swim in this, and then sit on the marble in the sun till you are baked, and then plunge in again, like a sea-lion at the Zoo. There is every known convenience here—electric lights and bells in all the rooms, lovely Arabic screens for writing cabinets, paper and envelopes, guides, camels, horses, donkeys, sand-carts with wheels a foot wide, and swarms of Arabs all screaming Backshish! "Good morning, Sar—you go up Pyramid to-day?" There is a telephone from this to Cairo. And you go into the Cairo office and say you want a room to-morrow. The clerk calls out, "Hey there! Pyramids, are you there?" Pyramids sing out, "All right! right! what you want?" You say, "Keep me room, Harrison." Pyramids say, "All right, Mr. Harrison!" It is fearfully hot—the thermometer yesterday was ninety-nine in the shade. In my room at 8 A.M. it was eighty-two. I kept the windows open all night and only a sheet over me. I heard a mosquito buzzing. But I said better be stung to death than stifled—so I let him bite. I went out on a horse yesterday alone in the Desert. It was very strange to wander round the tombs of the Pharaohs all alone at sunset, and I began to think what I should do if ten Bedoween robbers started out of a tomb in the rock.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE UNITED STATES

When in the year 1900 I was the guest of the hospitable Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and delivered the Rede Lecture, I made the acquaintance of the American Ambassador, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who on that occasion received the honorary degree of LL.D. He did me the honour to ask me if I would accept an invitation from the Union League Club of Chicago to go out to the United States and give the Annual Address on the birthday of Washington (February 22, 1901). He told me that this was the first time that an Englishman had been invited to undertake this task. I could not refuse so very flattering a proposal. In due course a formal invitation reached me from the Club at Chicago, together with other invitations from various universities and public men, including one from Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Accordingly, immediately after witnessing the funeral of Queen Victoria, I sailed from Liverpool in the White Star ss. *Majestic* (February 6, 1901).

My general impressions were issued in the *Nineteenth Century* (vol. xlix.), and are now in my *Memories and Thoughts*, p. 185. The voyage was without incidents other than the curious medley of different people inevitable in an

Atlantic liner, where noblemen, music-hall artists, millionaires, prize-ring men, and fugitives from their creditors or the law, jostle each other, and wonder daily—"who the deuce can that be?" I doubt if anything short of the voyage can bring home to the mind of the cultivated and wealthy classes what a gulf the Atlantic really creates to the masses in Europe or in America. To rich, professional, and cultured people the five or six days which separate London from Washington, Boston, or Chicago are a mere holiday. They forget that for the masses, 99 out of every 100 Americans, the ocean creates a separate world. To the farmer of Illinois and the miner of Pittsburg what is said, thought, or done in Europe touches him as little as what was once done, said, or thought in Rome or in Athens. People in Massachusetts did not seem to me to differ from people in Lancashire. Yet they are almost denizens of a different planet by environment. The men and women are the same. The atmosphere is utterly different. Every hour that passes on a first visit to the vast American continent presses on one the sense that it is really a New World.

I have embodied my general impressions of American life in the essay just cited, and now, after ten years' further experience and reflection, I shrink from the attempt to complete and justify these impressions. No man can understand the United States who has spent but seventy days there, when seven years would be too short a time. And I well know that the North American Continent holds within her mighty womb many of the greatest problems which humanity has to solve in ages to come. The tremendous questions of race — of colour of the skin — of democratic government — of social economy — of literature, of education—of art—of sex—of family—await

the young American people, with an intensity, with a volume and mass nowhere else so great in the whole world.

I am not so presumptuous as to offer any kind of forecast as to how these vast dilemmas of social organisation are likely to be ultimately conquered. I will only venture on this general conclusion, which has slowly grown up in my own mind with advancing years. It is this.

For at least two generations—say for the half-century since the great Civil War, America has given more to Europe of new impulse in social life than Europe has given to America. Now the United States have a population which will soon enormously exceed any single European people. That population has far more universal energy and ambition than any Europeans. In material resources they match those of all Europe put together. In the general sense of democratic equality — that is, in freedom from all social and caste prejudices—they far exceed any people of Europe, even that of France. In republican simplicity, in the instinct of devotion to the commonweal, and, throughout the rural masses, in sexual purity, they far surpass Europeans. But these things—mastery in material resources, devotion to the public weal, republican equality, reverence for woman—are the crucial pivots on which the future of humanity will turn. It follows, then, that the van of human progress will ultimately point towards the West.

I assert this, well knowing how far off is such an issue. The twentieth century will hardly do more than show its germs. And I am quite alive to the crude, unlovely, prosaic, materialist aspect of so much in that huge, democratic, monotonous world that we see to-day. Neither literature nor art can develop in a society rabid after material

success. And democratic self-assertion of the citizen stifles good government, and it is a "lethal chamber" for your possible great man. Democracy too often means Ostracism to the truly great patriot, and ephemeral influence to the blatant demagogue. No man can be more chafed than I am by the up-to-date vulgarities which quacks and rogues import from across the Atlantic. But in spite of all, notwithstanding the low level of American manners, taste, literature, and art, I do hold that our feudal and Catholic traditions of birth, caste, ritual, privilege, and war will ultimately be superseded by republican patriotism. Autocracy, Aristocracy, Democracy, will eventually grow into Sociocracy — *i.e.* rule in the interest of the social whole. And a true Sociocracy is most likely to grow up in a people where the anti-social prejudices are most completely extinct.

I shall not attempt the impossible task of reducing to order the vivid and intricate impressions left on the mind by a first journey to the United States. I was almost wholly engrossed whilst there in the world of Universities, Literary, Economic, and Ethical Societies, and I had little opportunity of getting in touch with the local politicians or the Labour representatives. I was received everywhere with a frank and lavish hospitality which amazed and confused me. I was not at all prepared for the inexhaustible friendliness with which I was welcomed. I went out under the highest auspices from such eminent men as Mr. Choate, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. C. Elliot Norton, and I had met in England Mr. Abram Hewitt, and Mr. Carnegie, President Laurence Lowell, and Chief-Justice Holmes. But I only proposed to give some lectures by invitation at certain Universities, and I had no reason to suppose

myself as known to the general public—much less as having any claim to be received as anything but a contributor to various periodicals, and teacher in a small and rather obscure London Hall. I was without any familiarity with the American lecture system, without any agent or secretary to help me, and with no idea of making any pecuniary profit. I confess that I was at times bewildered by the generous hospitality that was poured on me so unexpectedly, and I often had no small difficulty in arranging my various engagements.

Wherever I went, my expenses out of pocket were met by the Clubs on the lavish scale which marks things out there, and I had no scruple in accepting any *honorarium* which wealthy Universities or Clubs insisted on sending me. As I almost lived on the railroads for two months and in various expensive lodgings and journeys, I could not have made the tour entirely at my own cost. And in the end I think I reached home with a small balance in my favour—but one, of course, far less than any profession, legal or literary, would produce in that time with one-tenth of the exertion. My visit was in no sense the ordinary "lecturing tour." I had no agreements or contracts with any one at home or there, and I made no terms with anybody. It was in truth a visit of friendship to a people with whom I had deep sympathy and from whom I received unbounded hospitality.

I am quite aware that such hospitality is extended to well-known English visitors who have adequate introductions. And it was only my own ignorance of American habits which made it seem so bewildering and unaccountable. I have learned to know that all foreign visitors of mark and all men of letters and of learning who cross the Atlantic to learn or to teach may count on a most generous reception. As my own claims,

whether in the way of letters, learning, science, or philosophy, were modest enough, I had looked only for a pleasant trip amongst friends old and new. Perhaps it was that I had busied myself more or less with literature, scholarship, and social philosophy, as well as politics and economics, that gave me a kind welcome in many diverse quarters. Of the "smart" world, of the world of sport and extravagance, and of political factions, of Tammany, "Bosses," and "gold-bugs," I saw and heard nothing. Had I known Americans better, I should not have been so bewildered by the warmth of my reception.

I was forced to make my American trip alone, as indeed all my longer expeditions had been for some years. By advice of her physicians, my wife was forbidden to undertake any fatiguing journey, and none at all by sea. It was my invariable practice to send home to her my experiences almost day by day, and as she preserved these letters I have been enabled to find what amounts to a diary of my journeys. It may serve to explain my difficulties and may record my snapshot impressions if I add in an Appendix some parts of this correspondence. It must be understood that these are strictly confidential letters, written by a man separated by the Atlantic from a wife from whom, in forty years of marriage, he has never kept back a thought nor an incident of his life. The letters contain nothing that is not familiar to all Americans and to most Englishmen who have appeared in America on platforms and Lecture Halls. But they may serve to warn men of letters who are novices of the torrential hospitality they may expect in the United States.

I am afraid that, even after revision, the letters retain too many traces of the tendency to caricature and exaggeration which I am conscious disfigures

my familiar correspondence. A man who is never easy until he has a pen in his hand—to me a pen is what a cigarette is to your incorrigible smoker—gets the habit of seeing a little fun in everything. And a man in his eightieth year need not blush if he suffer his young friends to peep at his love-letters to the wife with whom he has passed long years of perfect happiness and unhesitating confidence. A biography without a ray of love gives a sorry impression of the Life described. These jottings from my memory, for reasons which I explained in former pages, have been almost denuded of any touch of sentiment, inasmuch as my entire heart has been absorbed in one constant and undiminished passion—a passion of the sort which cannot be made manifest in any words or explained to those to whom it is unknown. At any rate, my book need not close without a word or two here and there to prove that, however devoid of sentiment his story may be, the writer is not insensible to tender affections, but rather is absorbed in an affection too strong and too deep to be either concealed or expressed.

APPENDIX G

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

Queenstown Bay

February 6.

Here we are—lovely morning looking on the Emerald Isle—my maternal ancestors' native land—which I at last behold but shall never touch. Well! it looks a bare, green, melancholy wilderness, but very pathetic to me—on historical as well as on hereditary grounds. Here I feel a pure Celt. All round the ship are gulls fishing for our refuse, and boats full of Irish girls and crones bargaining over the sides of the ship with emigrants for shawls, ulsters, and wraps, and with the saloon passengers for lace. The gulls look the brighter and the happier and the most at home in this dreary bay. How strange that men can love such a sad

place! And yet I love it myself. And I feel as if at last I had come home!

Farewell to British Isles

Off Bantry Bay, *February* 7.

Taken our last look of the British Isles—weather clear and bright, light N.W. breeze, and the big ship steady, as can be seen by my handwriting. This West coast of Ireland is fine—though perhaps hardly equal to Argyllshire—but quite what I had always expected. The air is peculiarly clear, and the distant Killarney mountains covered with snow look like the Jura. It seems an uninhabited and desolate land, and the "melancholy ocean" round it is cold and inhospitable. But we have got to the blue Atlantic at last and are now just losing sight of all land. I know nothing of our fellow-travellers, who are most on business. The Irish emigrants look uncomfortable and out at elbows. They seem to have the most unsuitable garments and belongings, as if they had all been picked up at a country fair. There is one queer urchin—a negro about eight or ten who is in a sky-blue livery laced with gold—on his collar in gold letters is "Shaftesbury." He seems to be a first-class passenger, and to enjoy his position hugely, and he romps and plays hide-and-seek with other passengers. I think there is a Vanderbilt or something on board, and he is their page! No! the young nigger is a member of the Casino Girl Company of the "Shaftesbury" Avenue Theatre, some of whom are on board, the Casino Girl very much so in picturesque clothes. There is also an ex-pugilist—one X. Y. Z.—a huge and comical ruffian in a rough "sweater" shirt, and his fingers—known in the profession as the *Ten Commandments*—covered with diamond and ruby rings, as if he were a duchess. He tells queer stories of Barney Barnato and his other patrons, and keeps his table lively by chaffing an ass of a Doctor, who is a sort of suburban betting man. Next to me are two British officers going out to buy up mules and horses, and pleasant enough, and far off is (I think) young R. H. going out to California, I imagine stone-broke, but I have not forgathered with him, as he looks shy. The ship is a marvel. She carries 1801 persons—900 emigrants, 227 crew, 26 life-boats, and 2040 life-belts, and sails twenty miles an hour.

Mid Atlantic.

February 11.

On Sunday night it began to roll badly and all Monday was a horrid day. I could not write on board, but I lay low and read all day, and came down to meals—ladies not visible.

February 12.

Head-wind increased to a gale from north-west, and very cold. We lay in the library and read. Deck too wet and cold to walk and ship too unsteady. Then "pitching" began, and the enormous ship, 580 feet of her, plunged her bows out of water and came down with a bump that shivered her from stem to stern. Then the stern hove out of water, and the screws rattled round in the air, shaking the ship as a dog shakes a rat. I turned in at 8 P.M. and lay dozing and waking with the thuds and kicks till noon. However, I did not feel sick, and ate my luncheon and dinner without harm.

February 13.

Tuesday night abated a bit, but about 3 A.M. a fearful blizzard set in and blew a strong gale all day. It was fearfully cold—thermometer 20 and a north-west hurricane. I used my fur and lay in bed till noon, only turning up for luncheon and dinner. The ship was a sight—a mass of ice, the spray freezing on deck, masts, and rigging. It was a horrid time for the officers and crew on deck who had to be watching for lights, for we were approaching the American coast. Passengers lay low in the warm saloons and state-rooms. Betting on the "run" ran very high. It was said to be a very bad squall—but the ship behaved magnificently, and the captain hardly left the bridge day or night.

Sandy Hook

February 14.

I dressed and put on all my furs, and went up on deck. It was a wonderful sight as we pushed slowly up the bay. The whole port was a mass of ice, not frozen solid, but in loose blocks, through which the huge ship jammed its way. A glorious sunrise on a scene more like the North Pole than anything I ever saw. The bay is like the Thames at the Nore, but it looked like Baffin's Bay. The ship looked like one of the Polar Expedition ships, all ice from top to bow. You could skate on the deck, and it was difficult to force the ship to the dock. Altogether the voyage was most interesting and not disagreeable, in spite of gale and blizzard.

New York

NEW YORK, *February* 15.

It is impossible! "inimaginable!" "incroyable!" I can only write like Jingle in monosyllables. A torrent of callers, interviewers, letters, invitations, and zealous friends wherever I went. Telegrams, telephones, telesemes (you never saw these) rain day and

night. Every five minutes a boy rushes in with cards, three or four visitors in the hall and seven reporters. I tell them to bring up the friends and send off the reporters! and they bring in the pressmen and rudely dismiss the friends! Everybody I run against asks me to dine. I have been five days in this hotel and never dined in it once. Now I am in the run of the millionaires. The three last I have dined with have fortunes in the aggregate of Sixty Millions Sterling! and they are very modest, unassuming, and quiet men, who can't do enough for me and have some rare and lovely works of art to show. All the morning telephones poured in—"Hullo! are you here? What's your number?" One lives at the end of a telephone wire, and it is one whirl of "elevators," "telesemes," telephones, and automatic devices—you are always pressing some button and something happens, and I press the wrong button, and curse these d—d "notions." The Irish girls and chambermaids are horrible sluts, careless, ignorant, and brutish; waiters excellent, the office "boys," and the young ladies who work the telesemes, telephones, and other inventions are miraculously clever, and the nigger boys are clever and docile. Holls, our friend, you remember, has been most kind and useful—has secured me the same cabin (entire) in the *Teutonic* for April 3rd. I shall be home on April 10th—this is certain—if I live through this infernal whirl of electric and steam engines. The General has his office in a house *twenty-six storeys* high—double Queen Anne's Mansions! He is at the top, from which is a lovely wonderful view of the whole bay, river, port, and city. Judge Cary engaged me a reserve car to Chicago. But the General, who goes on royally like the king in a pantomime, is going to take me, with Margery, in his own car all the way to Chicago. So instead of being whirled along twenty-four hours in a public train, I am to go with luxury in a private train with friends. I have written ten letters to-day, telegrams by the dozen, secured my berth in the *Teutonic* for April 3rd, been to the Stock Exchange, to the Lawyers' Club, lunched with a literary lady and a knot of bookmen, "rested" at the Century Club, talked with A. Carnegie, who has just made the big deal for £110,000,000, and am to dine with Abram Hewitt, a great ironmaster, formerly Mayor of New York, and a splendid old gentleman, whom I knew on the old Trade Unions Committee in 1867.

Chicago

CHICAGO, *The Auditorium Hotel, February* 20.

Well, here I am at last, one thousand miles far west from the Atlantic—a city of 2,000,000 (which was a village of one hundred when I was born!) installed in much magnificence by the Club.

My "*suite*" consists of a corner and front set looking out over the Lake; it has eight large windows—a drawing-room thirty feet long, with sofas, easy-chairs, a *piano*, an escritoire—two separate toilette rooms (hot and cold), a bath-room, all under one door. I am on the seventeenth floor and not near the top—the journey from New York with the General, Dr. Bell, and the Provost of Colorado University, was most agreeable, a rolling hotel—tremendous snow and cold outside—the President and eight of the Committee met me at the station, drove me up and installed me here. The frost is extreme, twenty-two degrees of frost—thermometer 10 degrees Fahr.—lake partly frozen. Breakfast at Club to meet Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President of the United States, just back from hunting in the Rockies—hand-shakes with a hundred prominent citizens—most hospitable people, treated as if I were a prince, and taken round all the shows—feel all right for to-morrow, the great day, and have just seen all my entertainers and friends. The difficulty is to get a quiet hour. I began at 7 A.M., and have been talking, eating, speechifying, hand-shaking ever since.

Washington's Birthday

CHICAGO, *February* 23.

I hope my telegram was understood and assured you all was right. Everything went well on the great day, and it was a wonderful affair. Judge Cary, President of the Club and my "boss," came for me after breakfast and took me to the "Auditorium,"a grand Hall like Queen's Hall, but larger and brighter, filled with six thousand school children. We had a reserved box. They sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," etc. very well indeed, and ended with "God save America"—our "God save the King," with new words. The effect was magnificent, the thousand singers in the choir each waving little flags. Then to the Club, where I was presented to two hundred and fifty "prominent citizens," who were all "glad to see you, Sir!" a splendid luncheon of two hundred, seating me on the right of the President. I had to respond, etc., and say "a few words," fifteen minutes, fine reception and warm cheers. At three the *Oration* in the Hall. When all were seated, some five thousand, I was led in and cheered. Organ, prayer by Dr. Crome, introduction by President, and F. H. fired off. It was curious. I felt no more nervousness, or hesitation, or excitement than if I was going off at Newton Hall. It seemed quite natural and an everyday occurrence. About one hundred "prominent citizens" on the platform around me—the British Consul in a box with his party, draped with the Union Jack, and off I went. I spoke slowly and distinctly, and was told I was heard in the top

galleries. The audience was profoundly attentive and sympathetic, it was all just like January 1st at Newton Hall, multiplied by twenty. At the end there was vigorous cheering, and one hundred and fifty "prominent citizens" shook me by the hand. Most of the newspapers had *verbatim* reports from my *typed copies*. After the "oration," I had friends and reporters, and at last got to dress for the dinner—a splendid banquet of three hundred and fifty—I was on the President's right. Speeches, my health, and of course I had to speak again (twenty minutes), Hungarian band and menu, autographs, and star-spangled banners. More hand-shaking and so "to bed" at twelve. *La journée a été rude, mais elle a fini.* Nothing can exceed the friendliness of my welcome. If I were Charles Dickens, Herbert Spencer, and the Prince of Wales all in one person, it could not be exceeded. The Club telegraphed to Mr. Choate on my behalf. Thursday was an "off" day. But Vice-President Roosevelt arrived from lion-hunting in the Rockies, a luncheon at the Club, he and I had to make speeches, a visit with him to the Art Galleries, where the girls cheered him, and I thought would hug him. He is very like a grisly bear, a great character. After, I went to a "little dinner" at the Club, and finished the night at the theatre—"The Pride of Jennico"—very well played, and "so to bed" at twelve. Saturday 23rd, interviewers, "prominent citizens," including George de Mare, and James Geddes's brother, Alexander, then at the Club, a luncheon with five Judges, thence to the newspaper office, new linotype machine, printing by mechanism, a girl set up *in one minute* my name, yours, and Olive's, and stereotyped in blocks, which I bring home. She is a Member of the Union, and her wages are £6 per week (of five days. What does Dot. P. think of that? Perhaps Dot. ought to come out here and start fresh. Then a grand banquet at the Commercial Club, a society of the business magnates, bankers, merchants, and *gold-bugs*! These gold-bugs are very excellent fellows, modest and simple. I feel as if I were just fallen from Mars, and had to give them tidings of another world. The Club discussed the Salvation Army plan of Land Colonies, Colonel Brewer in uniform; and I had to close the debate in a speech—my seventeenth since Tuesday.

A Round of Functions

SUNDAY, *February* 24.

I was hardly dressed when in came my boss from the Club, then Dr. Sahud, begging me to perform sacrament of *Presentation* for his child! Thence I went off to Steinway Hall, just like ours, and found it crammed—five hundred—with ethicists—singing, etc., just like Dr. Washington Sullivan's. I gave them one

of the Newton Hall addresses on *Principles of Positivism*, very fine reception. Amongst them, a pretty, eager little woman rushed up and said I *must* christen her baby. It was Mrs. Sahud. Nothing I could do would stop her. And so I am to have a *Presentation* here in an hour! From the Hall I went to luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Salter, the President of the ethicists, and thence to Hull House, a female Toynbee Hall, most interesting. There I found a concert, and a tea-party, and had to talk for two hours about famous men and women in England. At the hotel the usual interviewers. Up to now I have made seventeen speeches and addresses, talked to thirty-seven interviewers, eaten seven banquets, consumed three barrels of *Blue Points, i.e.* oysters, eaten twelve terrapins, swallowed seventeen bottles of champagne, and have shaken hands with two thousand six hundred and seventy-three "prominent citizens."

To-day I have the *Presentation* of Master Sahud, visit to the Bank, to see their gold reserve of £70,000,000, etc., and to give an address on "Alfred" at the Twentieth Century Club, "the aristocrats" of Chicago. To-morrow luncheon at the University founded by Rockefeller for £500,000, a reception of "prominent professors," my lecture at three, and more receptions till five. At 5.30 I am to be sent off in a "drawing-room car" express to Boston. How I stand it I don't know, but I am all right. The thermometer is zero, and seldom rises above ten degrees, with a cutting wind from the North Pole. The hotels, Clubs, and all rooms are kept by steam stoves at the temperature of a Turkish bath, about eighty and even ninety degrees. The entrances have double and treble swinging-doors, or that turnstile that they have at the Carlton Hotel. The change from eighty degrees when one passes out to zero is the most dangerous thing I can imagine. I take great care, wrap up, swallow jujubes, and refuse to speak in the air. I nurse my throat as if I were a *prima donna.*

For Washington I wrote to Dayrell. He tells me that he has just got a son, all well, and could do nothing for me. Hotel room for a single night is £15. However, I have an invitation from Senator Elkins, to stay with him, and have accepted, to dine with Senator Kean and Chauncey Depew, a great railroad "chief." Roosevelt is to see me through. My difficulty is how to answer invitations. All day long telegrams, telephones, reporters, visitors, cards pour in, and I cannot *read* my letters, much less answer them. I have had twenty invitations to Universities and Clubs, and am free of all the Clubs, etc. etc. I assure you Choate was quite right as to "doing me brown"! It is like a pantomime or a fairy tale. My royal "suite," with bath-room, cupboards, dressing cabinets, etc. etc., piano, sofas, and two stoves is a hundred feet up, but of course no one ever sets foot

on stairs up or down, I have never seen *stairs* in any American hotel or office. What I want are a few things, viz. :—a valet, a doctor to watch my throat and to help me through turtle, oysters, terrapin, and champagne ; a large ante-room, for visitors to wait ; a groom of the chambers ; and two secretaries—with these I could get round. I must end. Here comes the baby ! Was ever man so tried ?

The Presentation of Leo Sahud

CHICAGO, *February* 26.

The newspaper story about our voyage was all nonsense. The voyage was only "trying and *terrific*" to the captain, officers, and crew, who suffered terribly. I ate all meals, and read at least a thousand pages of print. I have had the baby, a very fine child, Mrs. Sahud, an extremely pretty, interesting, and eager Russian fanatic—I trust she *is* married, I did not ask—the child a splendid chubby boy of two. Sahud brought a copy of my *Presentation Service.* I read your hymn and Vernon's and gave the blessing, and have the register to insert at Newton Hall. They came with sponsors and witnesses, men and women, some twenty-five Russians and Germans, and filled my rooms. I happened to have a vase of white lilies three feet high that had been sent me over from the Hall on Friday, and I set them in front of the parents and child. It was an interesting and rather pretty ceremony. The Russians stood open-mouthed. I feared they would all come up and kiss me as they do at home. I gave autographs and my signed and dated *Photo* to Mrs. Sahud. I was quite overcome by the rapture and eagerness of this young woman. What strange mediaeval creatures these Russians are. They help us to understand the First Crusade of Peter the Hermit, and the Dancing Dervishes, and the Miracle-workers of the Twelfth Century.

Cambridge, Mass.

SHADY HILL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *February* 28.

Here I am safe and sound in Mr. Norton's house—a delightful sort of English country-house standing in a small English park—Cambridge itself curiously like our Cambridge. The host and his family are everything that is hospitable, friendly, and interesting—the house full of works of art, Tintorettos, Veroneses, Turners, and Ruskins—books, curios, and the life-long collections of a man of letters and of art. Nothing can be more reposeful and more delightful. To-night a dinner-party to meet the eminent notables of this University. To-morrow I harangue them on "Alfred," and on Saturday I go off to Washington. I am to be the guest of Senator Elkins, to dine on Sunday with

Senator Chauncey Depew, a great railway magnate, on Monday the Inauguration, and then dinner at Elkins', on Tuesday breakfast with Roosevelt's married sister, luncheon with Senator Lodge, and dinner with Senator Kean, etc., and on Wednesday and Thursday I go to lecture at Johns Hopkins University. My visit to Chicago from February 20th to 26th was one round of "functions"—all pleasant enough. I gave five lectures and made five speeches in five days. I did *not* go to the Stockyards and Pig-killing, though the papers said I did, and wrote articles on my doing so. I declined to go, and my Chicago hosts dissuaded me from going on moral grounds. On Monday I lectured on "Alfred" at the Twentieth Century Club, at the house of a wealthy merchant, and was very pleasantly welcomed. On Tuesday I went to the University of Chicago, and addressed six or seven hundred in the theatre. They did not wish to have the Mill Lecture, so much as a general talk. It was rather bold in me to stand up in a great theatre and give "personal reminiscences and anecdotes" off-hand and without any preparation. But I am become quite audacious, and the sense that I am sure of a hearty welcome, and am only encouraged to talk about what I have seen makes me quite at ease. I was received with kind cheers, and then introduced to some seventy-nine Professors and Professorinnen. They are very good fellows, and most open-hearted. Chicago is a wonderful University with a thousand students, half girls, built by Chicago citizens at a cost of £1,500,000. So little is Chicago a city of corn "deals" and pig-curing, that I heard nothing there but philanthropy, education, social improvement, and art studies.

Inauguration of President McKinley

WASHINGTON, *March* 4.

I have had a great time here, was on the floor of the Senate, and saw the Inauguration Ceremonies, also close to McK. and heard every word of his speech, and saw the parade of troops in the afternoon. Senator Elkins has a fine house, where I have a princely room. Most hospitable family, charming hostess, and beautiful girls. Yesterday I saw all over the Capitol and Senate House and Library, heard debates in both houses, tea with Vice-President and dinner with Chauncey Depew, a railway magnate. Splendid palace, thirty-four at table, royal banquet, Vice-President, ministers, and railway presidents. I "took out" Mrs. Sheridan, the widow of the famous cavalry general in the Civil War, a charming woman—had a "lively time," Mrs. Roosevelt very pleasant. Certainly they do things well in Washington. My host, Senator Elkins, is indefatigable, took me into the Senate, and I followed out with the Senators, and stood in the

Diplomatic tribune to hear McK., luncheon in Senate, and saw from my window parade of troops. Have been introduced to half the Senate and most of the Cabinet, and am to see McK. to-morrow. I dine and lunch somewhere every day, and am welcomed as if I were one of the royal family, or a famous man. I sometimes fear I am a mere impostor and must be found out. But these people are the soul of kindness and hospitality.

A Busy Time

WASHINGTON, *March* 6.

Letters just received with joy—all right. They had been wandering over the United States. Am off to breakfast with the Vice-President, lunch with some Senators, interview the President, dine with somebody I know not, and to bed at twelve. All this time letters, telegrams, telephones pour in. "Dine here," "fix a day for address at Women's College," "lecture at the New Century," "christen my baby," "write a book on Washington," "send us a set of articles on Positivism," etc. etc.; also, "are you not our English cousin?"—"do you not know my lost brother, Tom?"—"did your great-grandfather emigrate to South Carolina?" It is an awful life. Last night a tremendous Imperial banquet at a grand palace on gold plate, dining-room as big as Sutton Hall, filled with Géromes and other French pictures.

A Diplomatic Party

WASHINGTON, *March* 7.

I sent you two letters yesterday, but I sit down to make sure of another by Saturday's post. I am waiting to be taken to see the President, and then am off to Baltimore to lecture at Johns Hopkins on "Alfred" to-day and to-morrow. Yesterday was a pretty full day for me. Bath in my room—this is a great luxury—off at 9 A.M. to breakfast with the sister of Vice-President Roosevelt, another married sister, the Secretary to the Navy, the Postmaster-General, Senator Lodge, etc. etc. A tremendous talk—gave them anecdotes of Ruskin and Tennyson—wrote six letters and one to you, telegrams, telephones, etc. till two. Great luncheon at Senator Lodge—who entertains the Vice-President, Senators Walcott, Hale, etc. etc. till 3.30; at four a concert at a great house, met Dayrell and was presented to fifteen prominent citizenesses—thence to a Soirée and *thé musicale* at Mrs. Townsend's—the greatest house in Washington, a palace, more prominent citizens and citizenesses, presented to Japanese minister and his wife, French ambassador, and Chinese minister *Wu*, my pupil at Lincoln's Inn—home to dress. Terrific banquet

at Mrs. K.'s—sixty at table, all the Cabinet, and half the Republican Senate, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Roosevelt, between whom I sat, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, to whom I was presented. It was indeed a fearful orgy—the table a mountain of roses, oysters, clams, terrapin, shads, champagne, iced-polly, ice-creams, fruits, and bonbons in heaps. Home by 11 P.M. I have already booked dinner-parties from now to April 2nd. How I stand it I cannot think—oysters, ices and champagne twice every day. But I am all right. Nothing can exceed the profuse hospitality and hearty welcome I get from all here, men and women. I am quite overwhelmed and confused, and feel a dreadful impostor. They all treat me as if I were an "eminent person," and I feel like Don Quixote when he was being fooled at Court as a mighty champion, etc. Ah! when the dream is over—and I wake up to find myself an average magazine writer, if not a crank.

Johns Hopkins University

BALTIMORE, *March* 7.

I have now been away from you exactly a month, and it seems a year! And I have still exactly a month before I return to you —and it seems an eternity. I have had an active day at Johns Hopkins University. I started work at sunrise. My *two* lectures on Alfred have been a real success—a crowded audience most enthusiastic. Cardinal Gibbons, Primate of the United States, came to hear, and thanked me for the eminently Catholic spirit of my lectures—think of that!—and said he was so delighted with my article in the *North American*! Ye gods and little fishes! am I in a dream? What does it mean? I was hardly up when torrents of letters poured in. "Come to St. Louis—only 2575 miles off. Telephone date and terms." "Join the — Club." "Dine with me." "Are you our long-lost cousin?" Then two hours surveying the University and its libraries and museums. Then a crowded meeting at a Women's Club, when I had to address *extempore*, and swallow five cups of tea, and shake hands with thirty-seven charming women—not all young and beautiful. Then at five my second lecture to 700 in a very difficult hall. Cardinal Gibbons and seventeen male and female friends. Club dinner with the President of the University and more talk till nine. From nine till eleven repacking, as my "trunks" have to go off early by *express* and leave me. And now midnight—this letter to you—the only peaceful hour of the twenty-four. I am quite well and going strong, but working like a train mule in the South African war. Yesterday I had my interview with McKinley—very affable and striking man, with a head like an antique bronze—was taken all over the

White House, and saw the historic tables, seats, and pictures of twenty Presidents, etc. Got on to Baltimore and found rooms taken for me with bath and dressing-closet, etc. After lecture dined with the President of the University and his wife, a very cultivated and interesting pair, and five or six of the professors. Oh! this fearful handshaking and "eminent citizens." After the President of the United States I am the most handshaken man in the States. To-morrow I start early and go back to Washington to see Mount Vernon with George Washington's house and tomb. I could not see it during the ceremonies. And I have received a most cordial letter from Lord Pauncefote, who called on me after I had left yesterday, begging me to stay with him at the Embassy for a few days. I have written to say—Yes! I shall dine and sleep at the Embassy, but I go on to Philadelphia on Saturday. What has happened to me? Am I Malvolio or Sancho Panza, or is it all a dream? It is, however, a pleasant and interesting dream.

Mount Vernon

British Embassy, Washington, *March* 8.

I have spent a day at Mount Vernon where is Washington's home, estate, and tomb. It is admirably preserved and is a most fascinating spot. The house like a country form of Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, standing on a range of hills rather like Blackdown if it were placed on Southampton Water near Ryde. It is curiously interesting—simple, untouched, and full of relics. I went by electric tram and came back by steamboat; the day was lovely, almost spring, but the ice still hangs on the fountains and even blocks the tidal rivers. It was a delightful day, and on my return I carefully revisited Capitol and Library alone and at leisure. They are noble buildings. I was most graciously received by our ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, who has a fine mansion, and lives just like a British peer. He is most hospitable and friendly. You see by the black letter paper we are in deep mourning for Victoria. I am off to-morrow to Philadelphia, where I have three lectures on consecutive days. It is one month more before I see you. Ah! Shall I ever live to see that day?

Bryn Mawr

Merion, Pa., *March* 9.

There is no peace or rest for me. It is impossible to escape. They say—Come to dine, Come to luncheon, Stay with us, etc. etc. I go—to find a crowd who form a circle and make me go off hour by hour, then reporters, autographs, etc. etc., and until I lock my door at night I cannot get free. Yet I feel well, and

am not tired. The only thing is—I feel such an awful humbug. The bubble *must* burst—the dream must end. Some kind women said they were "real woke-up" by my Newton Hall discourse yesterday. These ex-Quakers, and Baptists! One old lady told me she had kept my letter nineteen years ago, written to her and prescribing a course of education for her daughter. Her daughter is now twenty-six. "Cast thy bread upon the waters." Is it serious? You cannot imagine these American women till you have seen them at home. Their frankness, their *bonhomie*, their entire absence of shyness, or timidity, or reticence, or *hauteur*, or *morgue*. It is certainly fine. They say what they think and feel—"right out"—and are not a bit ashamed to be *schwärmerisch*. To-day I go to luncheon with a "prominent citizen"—a Doctor of Laws—proprietor of the leading journal, to see the sights of Philadelphia, thence back to Bryn Mawr, a ladies' College like Girton, of 700 girls—Miss Thomas, the president, is a niece of our neighbour Mrs. Pearsall Smith. I am to dine and sleep at the College—oh! the 700 girls! I am advertised to address them on "The famous men and women I have known in the last fifty years"—so they will expect me to be a tottery old man. What I am going to say—God knows! On Tuesday I come in to town, go to a party to discourse on Alfred, and dine with the president and professors of the University, and give a second lecture on Alfred's writings. My course is about two lectures a day, with three receptions, luncheons, teas, dinners, and endless talk, oysters, terrapin, shad, shaddocks (oranges), champagne, etc. *ad infinitum*. Paderewski was not worked so. At least he was not made to sit in a circle and talk in the intervals of his performances in public halls. Wednesday to New York, dine with Cross, and have parties every day till April 3rd.

Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 13.

The lecture at the Girls' College was very successful. Miss Thomas, my hostess, a very able woman—do you remember in the Academy last year Sargent's portrait of her, a quiet lady in *black*, one of his best? She lives in an elegant villa in the College grounds. I went off at once, and talked for an hour and a half about all the people I had known. The women quite full of excitement over stories about George Eliot, Ruskin, Tennyson, etc. etc. In the morning she took me all over the College; it covers sixty acres! and has eight or ten houses or colleges, and a big hall, library, etc. etc. I saw the girls' rooms, studies, and dormitories, each separate, like Girton, but more elegant. They have classes, laboratories, libraries, swimming-bath, gymnastic hall, tennis courts and stables, for they ride and

run "hare and hounds." They wear college gowns, and always go about summer and winter with *bare* heads, no hats, as "Alys" used to do at Blackdown. She was "raised" here. I even attended a lecture on "Psychology" by a German professor, who was teaching Comte and the law of the three stages. There is no discipline except an elected committee of the students. If a girl wants to go for the night to stay in Philadelphia city, she merely writes her name in the book and her address in the town. She can take brothers to her rooms, but other men only by permission. Ordinarily she receives male visitors in "the parlor." It is pretty free and easy.

At noon I came into the city, and was taken to a luncheon party where Mr. W. Jennings Bryan, the late candidate for the presidency, was a guest. I sat opposite to him and had much talk. He is a great orator and a man of extraordinary energy and character. He intends starting a weekly paper, *The Commoner*, and asked to *exchange* the *Positivist Review* with it! He was much interested in the South African Conciliation League and in our anti-Imperialist movement. He gave me his autograph. So in a week I have spoken to McKinley and Bryan, the two candidates for the presidency. The whole city was agog with Bryan's visit, and crowds gathered round the hotel to see him. From this I was taken to the Art Gallery and shown over by the director. They have some good French pictures, and I met Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt at work. At 4 P.M. I was due at a leading citizen's tea-party, fifty or sixty women and "eminent" men. They made me stand up and go off about "Alfred," and I spoke for thirty or forty minutes. At six, dinner with President *Harrison* of the University, with three daughters, one Olive's age, and a small party. At eight my lecture on "Alfred" at the University Hall. I had a fine audience, and most fearful handshaking, and assurances that they had "read every book I ever wrote." I tell them they never read a word of what I really care for, and give myself for—*e.g.* *New Calendar*, *Positivist Review*, and *Newton Hall Addresses*, etc. Some of them seem to have seen these. Indeed there is far more real interest in Comte in America than in England.

I am going now back to New York—to-night I dine with R. Cross, brother of John and Mrs. Otter, and to-morrow I lecture at Yale. It is not the lecturing I mind. But it is the eternal *introductions*, handshaking, fifty at each meeting, men and women, the questions and the incessant publicity from 9 A.M. till midnight. Reporters follow one about, and portraits appear in the papers. I was photographed yesterday along with Bryan. Every meal begins with oysters, and consists of ice, cream, oranges, olives, ice-water, champagne, strawberries, turtle-soup, salads, and cigars. Oh, heavens! everything I hate. They seem to

live on oysters, ices, sweets, mayonnaises, and oranges. I have not seen mutton since I left home. But I am well. And if I could get four or five hours' quiet to myself I would put things straight.

New York

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK, *March* 18.

Here is another of my clubs. I am now free of five of the great New York Clubs, each equal to any of ours, and the *Metropolitan,* the most perfect building and the most exquisite fittings, decorations, and furniture I ever saw. It is fit only to be the palace of a Crown Prince of consummate taste. *This* is the Reform Club of New York. Then there is the Arts Club—strictly "pig-tail," served by waitresses in Dolly Varden costume, and I am asked to take up my quarters there. It is the *Savile* of New York, only much more so. But I prefer the Metropolitan, because it is the most superb palace I ever saw —out of Genoa—and also because it is absolutely empty, and being quite alone in that splendid palace, I fancy myself the Crown Prince of New York in his own royal home! I think I shall dine there to-night, and go to the Opera—this being the first evening since I left home on February 6th that I have had to myself, and even now I rather dread some incursion. Moncure Conway is showing me round, and I am to dine on Monday with the *Authors' Club,* and, I suppose, talk literary shop. I was invited also to the *Colonial Dames*—a sort of Primrose Dames—all ladies who can trace descent to a Pilgrim Father in the seventeenth century. What with Century Clubs, Nineteenth Century Club, Twentieth Century Club, I get rather confused, for they send cards and do not say what city it is in, nor what street, nor what number. One of my correspondents who invited me to a big dinner, saying I had promised to dine with him, sent me a *typed* letter, with a signature I could not read, and no address except "New York." As I had been introduced to fifty people every day, all of whom had invited me to dine, I got puzzled, and was going to throw the letter aside, when some one to whom I showed it told me it was A. B., sort of New York Rothschild, and it never occurred to him that any address except New York was needed—as you might address a letter "Earl of Rosebery, London." However, I am going to dine with him—he is a great friend of the General's. The General is one of the most generous and warmest friends I ever knew. He writes to me almost daily, and urged A. B. to house me at the Metropolitan. The General was deeply hurt that I did not go on to Colorado, and I have promised to bring you and Olive out there next autumn, and I am to give a course at Colorado University, and

Bernard is to paint *scenes in the Wild West.* He must not go always to Normandy. He must expand and try something new.

New York Hosts

UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK, *March* 19.

Another of my clubs. How do you like the monogram? It is in the same style as the Millionaires—only much quieter, and a noble and grand building—far superior to our Reform or Carlton. I am now a member of seven clubs in New York, all the best, except the Yacht Club, and I take luncheon or dinner alternately in each. I have now left the hotel and have gone to Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. I never knew them before, and had no introduction—but I think they are friends of the Webbs, and they wrote to me at Philadelphia to say, "Do come and stay with us," so I went. That's how things are done in New York. In a few days I go to stay with Abram Hewitt, an ironmaster millionaire and former Mayor of New York, an admirable man, who ought to be President of the United States. He is the reform and progressive leader of New York State. He presses me to come into his house, a very fine old place, filled with rare works of art—"to any meal that I have free." I have hardly ordered a meal since I reached the United States. And as they charged me 28s. a day for my rooms and 30s. for food I can't afford it. I wrote to you after my return from Yale on Friday. That day I dined alone at the Metropolitan Club, and went to a comic Opera, rather good and just like the Savoy or Daly's. On Saturday I wrote ten letters, made a round of calls, went to an elegant tea-party—four to six P.M.—talked incessantly to fifty-seven very elegant women, Paris costumes and jewels galore, dressed and dined with Moncure Conway, Mark Twain, etc. etc., at the Century Club, and held a reception at the Club till 10 P.M. Moncure Conway is aged —looks eighty-five, and is younger than I—spoke of my youthful looks. "Yes!" he said, "you have a wife—and such a wife—that is what keeps you young—that lovely woman," he said out loud to all the table. "Yes!" I said, "that's it." And I know it is true.

Easter Sunday. — Start at 7 A.M., always wake at sunrise, wrote letters, and arranged MSS. in drawers, and went off at 9.30 to St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Patrick's Day. Vast church crowded, all on their knees, perfect silence for half an hour, priest muttering over the elements—no music—could not go down on my knees, expected Irish to bonnet me—came away very much disgusted, I imagine, with myself. 11 A.M. to Dr. Felix Adler. Carnegie Hall same size as Queen's Hall, congregation mainly once Germans or Jews, very good

choir of forty men and women, Adler eloquent and even evangelical. Am to preach there myself on Sunday week (31st) on the *Meaning of Positivism*, the first of the old Newton Hall *Principles of Positivism*. Off to luncheon with Abram Hewitt. Then to find Miss H. Curious blunder, met the wrong Miss H., who gently undeceived me after I had talked for half an hour. Hyde and Jekyll. Miss H. (No. 2) lived in 42 Street (not 40) and had a brother and expected a friend, and she calmly wrote to me, and received my visit. Then to Mr. C., a friend of R. H.'s, beautiful house with picture gallery—a glorious Bouguereau, the lost Pleiad. He brought me in *here* and made me free of the Club—back to their Sunday supper, nice family—and at 8.15 a Concert at the Opera House with Nordica and other opera *prime donne*, Verdi's Requiem Mass, etc. very fine, and so to bed at 11 P.M. Pretty well for a quiet Sunday. Now I am off to Mrs. Martin's, dine with the Authors' Club. To-morrow I lecture at the Nineteenth Century Club, and on Wednesday dine with Mrs. Abbe, late Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer. On Thursday to Princeton University to lecture on *Cromwell*, on Friday to Columbia University on *Dutch Republics*. It's a pretty tight fit getting round over a country as big as half Europe.

Authors' Club

NEW YORK, *March* 20.

I had a fierce day all yesterday—a grand repack. I had to buy a new trunk, as the books sent me as presents had burst mine open, made calls and looked in at Clubs, came out here to people I never heard of, then to dine at the Century Club with Mark Twain, Moncure Conway, and Graham Brooks, who attended our Industrial Remuneration Conference, and came to our house in London with his wife in the evening. Then at 9 to the Authors' Club, found sixty or seventy Authors assembled, was installed in the Sacred Chair of Bancroft, and then Moncure Conway began the most fulsome, outrageous laudation of poor me, how we in Newton Hall were the "ten righteous men who might have saved Sodom," etc. etc.; how "I had fought for all good things for forty years," and much more which must have astonished the assembled Authors who had never heard my name. However, they very good-naturedly cheered, and shook hands. Then I had to rise and try to stammer out my confusion and acknowledgments of their courtesies and wholly unwarranted praises. Why, they talked as if I were Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone, and John Burns in one. I said I was hardly counted as an "Author" at home, but as a crank who lectured a small lot of fanatics in a dingy hole. But I would hold up my head when I got home and say that I ought

to be taken seriously now that the Authors of the United States had done me such honour and offered me a seat of distinction in their ranks. And I spoke of the magnificent literary and educational foundations of America, and of Carnegie's gift of £4,000,000 to the Libraries of New York, and £700,000 to the funds of his own employés. I was vociferously cheered, and was told that the evening had been a great success. I had to drink punch and shake hands with seventy Authors and publishers, the Putnams, etc. etc., and Commander Mahan of the U.S. Navy, one of the most distinguished-looking men I ever saw. And so to bed at midnight. Ah! how I slept. To-day is the great function at the Nineteenth Century Club, founded by our poor friend Courtlandt Palmer, whom you remember, and attended by all the *sommités* of New York society, including Knickerbockers. What I am going to say I hardly know, but I must try to think. On Thursday I lecture at Princeton, on Friday at Columbia, and on Saturday at the Political Education League, and a tremendous dinner at the Arts Club on Saturday. Tuesday to Friday (27th to 30th) at Boston. How I shall sleep all the way home—and dream dreams of you on the voyage, however the ship rock or the winds may howl.

Abram Hewitt

New York, *March* 22.

I am now installed with Abram Hewitt in a beautiful old house, full of fine Italian and French old art of all kinds, and a very kind family. He is one of the great iron-kings, and the head of the reforming party, as Carnegie calls him—"the noblest Roman of them all." My dinner at Mrs. Abbe's was interesting. She talked much of Courtlandt, and has a most interesting daughter devoted to Greek poetry, which she reads in the original. The next morning I went off to Princeton, which is more like Oxford than any University in the United States, in a fine country and with Gothic Colleges; stayed with the President. A large dinner-party of twelve. Sat next to Grover Cleveland, former President of the United States, with whom the Venezuela crisis took place. He came to my lecture. Mrs. Cleveland, whom he married when President, as a girl, his ward, a very elegant and charming woman, told me Mrs. Chapin had written to her of me. Lectured on recent Lives of Cromwell. Came into New York, lectured at Columbia College on the Dutch Republic. Splendid audience. President took me all over the buildings, dined with him, dinner of eighteen. Professors, etc. all tremendously kind and courteous—was told for the second time I was "like Charles Dickens"—as like as I to Hercules! how funny! It is one perpetual round of fresh introductions "all verry—glad to see you, Sir!" To-morrow

lecture on Democracy. At 11 A.M., luncheon at some lady's I never saw, and God knows where I dine. Reporters barking round—people pour on me books, pamphlets, and essays, poems and novels; I have a regular library of gift books. Did I tell you of the Nineteenth Century (Courtlandt Palmer's Club)—a very fashionable gathering of four hundred, the smart set, in a grand saloon at *Sherry's*, the New York Carlton supper rooms. Infinite reception. Then I went off *viva voce* in a furious diatribe on the Nineteenth Century, repeating my North American *December* article. House divided. The Editor of a New York journal (violent Jingo) replied with great vehemence—forced to answer him. House divided. Was violently cheered by some, told twenty times I was "the love-li-est man they had ever-ever-seen"—others very much *per contra*. Furiously attacked by a Christian Science woman—nearly mad—they had several "Temples," costing £200,000 each, etc. etc. She says 2,000,000 adherents—all mad. I forgot that at Princeton, after the dinner and lecture, I was to be initiated into *Clio*—a close literary society—forced to speak again about Oxford and the Union. Went to bed tired at 11 P.M. You ask if I am enjoying it. Well! It is interesting, but no South African mule in the Boer War was drove so hard. It is not the lecturing. It is the ceaseless rush of new people, a hundred and fifty "introductions" a day.

Educational and Ethical Societies

NEW YORK, *March* 23.

I am afraid that my letters by last mail failed to arrive. The ships leave, I find, at different times, according to *tide*, and last Saturday happened to be a very early start and perhaps my letter was too late. I had a most successful meeting at the Education League on Saturday in a theatre, crammed to the ceiling, and I gave them a Newton Hall lecture on Democracy, with United States illustrations. I was overwhelmed with introductions. Then followed a great "luncheon" at the house of the Lady President—a banquet of twenty-eight covers, etc. etc. She is the wife of a D.D. and a Baptist Preacher. I was, as usual, taken out first and placed by the D.D., who discoursed on Comte. On the other side was one of the original Positivists under Wakeman. They have a fine picture gallery of some fifty examples of modern French art, R. Bonheur, Jules Breton, Corot, Meissonier, Bonnat, Gérome, etc. I was "introduced" to all, and had to make the usual speeches. After it was over at four, they ordered round their carriage and sent me round the town to make "calls." I confess I was tired. It is not the lecturing—but that every lecture involves a series of "introductions,"

speeches, and "talks" with twenty or thirty men and women both *before* it and *after* it. And it is one perpetual "function" —one cannot escape.

To-day I was taken to the Cooper Institute, where there was a choral class practising hymns and oratorios. I was put on the platform and asked what I should like to hear. I said the Hallelujah Chorus. They sang it very well—and the conductor then led me out on the platform to "say a few words"—*i.e.* I had to make a speech. The Cooper Institute is one of the great institutions of New York. Peter Cooper lived to the age of ninety-three, made a large fortune, and founded an institute which holds four thousand—classes of science, history, art, etc. absolutely free, and a library. Mr. Hewitt married his daughter, and the Hewitt family still carry it on, the Hewitt girls and their mother have given some million of dollars to it. Papa Hewitt is the manager, and his daughters have formed an art museum at their own cost, and labour. It is a sort of South Kensington on a small scale, with very good things in all the decorative arts, and a catalogue in fifty volumes, wholly the work of these women. It is an extraordinary example of a family in *three* generations, devoting their fortunes and their lives to the public service. I am very much at home here with the Hewitt family. Their house is like an old Venetian house, and is full of pictures and things of all kinds, including some Tudor royal arms in glass as fine as those at Sutton. They have an estate in the country of 25,000 acres, where they keep a hundred and fifty horses, and have works, and villages, and libraries, etc. etc. Yet they live here homely lives, and the women work eight hours a day in their museum. I have been out to a private concert at a virtuoso—piano and violin equal to any I ever heard, women quite in the latest fashions, and professionals at the piano. To-morrow I do business all day—dine with a great banker at the Arts Club, and on Tuesday go off to Norton again. By the time you read this I shall be on the Ocean.

General Palmer

NEW YORK, *March* 24.

No letter yet! Ugh! I shall telegraph. I have been to a great dinner by T. and P., General Palmer's friends and colleagues. Thirty-three sat down—representative of literature, art, science, and diplomacy — a royal banquet, etc. They announced the sale of General Palmer's railroad in Rio Grande for £3,500,000, of which the General's share is one-third. So the General is now a millionaire, and I hope will retire from railroads and devote himself to Glen Eyrie and his University of Colorado. We really must go out and see him in his glory some

autumn, and take out Bernard to paint. I am glad for the General's sake. It is high time he gave up railroad management and took to social work, for which he is so keen. I have been working round all day, and have already sent you one letter, and have called on half-a-dozen people. But I cannot understand why I have no letter. Perhaps it has gone to Boston.

Charles Eliot Norton

SHADY HILL, BOSTON, *March* 26.

Here are a few lines from Boston, though I have nothing new to tell you, and the mail does not go till Saturday, in part due to my wish to distract my mind from its state of depression in having no letter. I am kept *on the run*, as if I were fighting under De Wet. I wrote you on Monday night the account of our big dinner at the Arts Club, and of the big "deal" of General Palmer and his friends to the tune of seventeen million dollars. On Tuesday morning I got off from the Hewitts and got to Boston in five hours, reached the Nortons at four for tea; found them all most hospitable and kind. My dear, S. N. is the most distinguished woman in America. One of the puzzles of the United States is the striking differences in speech, manners, tone of voice, accent, etc. etc., in persons of the same place, and even of the same family. You may tell Olive that I *have* caught the ac-*cènt*, but I shall try to lose it on the voyage home. Fancy, the A. Harmsworths were in New York yesterday, and paid a visit to Mrs. Hewitt whilst I was living there, but I did not come home till they had left the house, and it was too late for me to call on them. They sail to-day, and I shall not see them. Mrs. Hewitt gave me her carriage to go round and call on the ladies who have entertained me. Yesterday, after tea at the Nortons', I was sent on to Boston (four miles from Cambridge) to dine and sleep at Mr. Rhodes'. He is writing a big history, in eight volumes. We had a very pleasant dinner of Boston notables, and I am installed in a luxurious room, with bath and dressing-room attached. I have a full day. I am to be shown the sights of Boston, thence to luncheon with the Mayor and Corporation, and to speak on Municipal Reform, and L.C.C. dinner at six here, and my lecture on Alfred at eight, and home at ten to the Nortons' house. To-morrow, a luncheon and a dinner party, and back to New York on Friday. On Saturday the initiation of a Positivist child. On Sunday lecture at Ethical Hall. Monday stay with Holls at his country house on the Hudson River. Tuesday pack, and Wednesday the *Teutonic* and Home—and Wife!

Boston

SHADY HILL, CAMBRIDGE, *March* 29.

Yes! this is the last letter I shall write, as I go home in the ship that carries the next mail. I am quite well, and enjoying the peace of this delightful old colonial house in a small park, and this cultured and gracious family and home. But even here I am pursued. See my diary. *N.B.* These are "off days"! *Tuesday* 26*th*, 10 A.M., rail New York to Boston, arrive at 3 P.M.; 3 to 4, long drive into the country; 5 to 6, tea; 6 to 7, drive back to Boston to Mr. Rhodes, famous historian; 8 to 12, dinner of Boston notables. *Wednesday* 27*th*, 9.30 A.M., F. H. "the guest of the city of Boston"—Town Clerk arrives with carriage and pair to show me the sights; 10 A.M. to 12.30, museums, clubs, libraries, galleries inspected, presentations to notables, study the mechanism of public libraries, buildings, and pictures; 1 to 2, luncheon, intellectual Boston ladies; 3 to 6, Reception at Twentieth Century Society; 4 to 5.30 P.M., F. H. lectures about L.C. Council; 7 to 8, dinner to intellectual Bostonians, presentations, etc. etc.; 8 to 9.30 P.M., F. H. lectures on the Alfred Millenary in theatre (500), more presentations, more "deeply interesting" talks, etc.; 9.30 to 10.30 P.M., F. H. drives back to Shady Hill, still in the city car, and attended by the Town Clerk; 10.30 to 12.30, talks over the day with Norton—bed, 1 A.M. *Thursday* 28*th*, 10 to 12 A.M., letters and proofs; 1 to 2, goes into Boston; 2 to 4, luncheon with intellectual ladies, presentations, etc. etc.; 4 to 5, back to Shady Hill; 5 to 6, tea, more "intellectuals," more presentations; 6 to 7, back to Boston by carriage; 7 to 10.30 P.M., dinner at Dr. Lowell's, whom you remember with his wife in London, the very eminent jurist and constitutional lawyer, Harvard Professor, etc. etc.—Chief-Justice Holmes, etc. at this most interesting dinner party; 10.30 to 11.30, drive back to Shady Hill; 11.30 to 12.30, talk with Norton. *Friday*, back to New York. *Saturday*, dine with Dr. Adler. *Sunday*, preach and luncheon; afternoon, Positivist body and christening. *Monday*, go to country house on Hudson River. *Tuesday*, grand parting banquet at Club. *Wednesday*, sail, and home and rest—for a whole month at least!

The Ethicists

Sunday, March 31.

Since I last wrote I came on to New York. I had lunched again with the Hewitts; excellent people; the ladies go in for social work, like devoted women, as they are. Then I made calls, and went to Macmillan's, afterwards I met the Positivists of New York at a Radical Club, and talked Newton Hall to them for two

hours, from four to six. Then I dined with Dr. Adler, and ten Ethicists, professors, etc. etc., and went through the eternal handshaking, compliments, and inquiries. There I talked myself hoarse. To my dismay I woke up this morning still *hoarse*. I went to Carnegie Hall, as big as Queen's Hall, and found fifteen hundred people to hear me. It was a horrid contretemps. I talked like Charles with his gruff throat, and I strained and worked my voice. They *said* I was heard, and the fifteen hundred sat still, but it must have been very disagreeable to them to listen. It was distressing and annoying to me. They all behaved very well, and said it was "all right"—the American formula. Then I went to luncheon with Dr. Adler, and talked like a sick crow for three hours; amongst others a Mr. Codman, of *Modern Times*, one of the original "Edger Positivists" of Long Island, who knew the Edger girls forty years ago, and whose wife was buried with Positivist rites twenty-five years ago. I have the copy of the service. He is a fine old boy of seventy-five, who is keen as ever, but the other New York Positivists are vague, except King.

When I went to tea at the Hewitts' they insisted on sending me off *vi et armis* to a throat specialist. He poked me about, and rammed wires and chemicals down my throat, up my nose, and into my ear. He said there was nothing wrong, but the larynx was inflamed, the Eustachian tubes choked. I had been deaf for a week, and my nose had been broken! He said it was probably done early in life, perhaps when I had a fall and cut and scarred my forehead as a baby! Anyway, he poked his wires up my nose, into my ear, and down my throat, and seemed to be scooping out some of my brains. He said I was all right; might walk home, eat a good dinner, and sail on Wednesday, but must go to-morrow morning to have more brains scooped out. Hewitt will come to-morrow at ten to see how I am. I think it was quite needless, and it was infernally unpleasant. However, all my work is over, and I am like a boy going home for the holidays, and very jolly. I go to-morrow to Yonkers, an old Knickerbocker town up Hudson River, to stay with Holls and meet Roosevelt again, and on Tuesday there is a grand farewell banquet with ladies at the Millionaires' Club in Central Park, one of the most beautiful buildings I ever saw; banquet given by George Peabody. If I survive that debauch of New York Elagabaluses I shall start on Wednesday. They insist on carrying hospitality to the extent of providing me not only barrels of Blue Points, hampers of fruit and flowers, but even with agreeable companions on the voyage. I have a Dr. and Mrs. R., a famous writer (of whose works I never heard), also her sister, "one of the most cultured and gifted souls in America," the letter of introduction says. Also my companion is to be Pierpont Morgan, banker and "boss," the emperor of finance, who has

just made the great 6,000,000,000 dollar deal. So I hope the ship won't sink if God protects the Dollar, as they say He does. Every one of these 37,000 men and women whose hand I have shaken stops me in the street, crowds me in the hotel, loads me with their books, poems, dramas, and pamphlets. I have had to buy a box to put away all this literature—a library on all topics, and at least 3700 of them will come to 38 Westbourne Terrace. So look out, and prepare to welcome them all with the warmth, grace, and generosity they have shown me. Let them see that English hospitality cannot come second to that of America.

Home

NEW YORK, *April* 3.

Now my boxes are packed and I am off to-morrow morning. This letter will go in my ship, but it may reach you before I do. I have been to Yonkers, a beautiful suburb seventeen miles up the Hudson River, facing the famous "Palisades" or wooded cliffs. It is the home of our friend Holls, where he had a large party, including the Vice-President Roosevelt, who told killing camp stories of the western rough-riders. It was pleasant to visit a villa like one at Weybridge. Holls is spoken of as successor to Choate, and he at times comes over to Berlin and to London with his wife. I made a second visit to Dr. Dench, who did not hurt me with his wires and squirts, and has done me good. He is said to be the greatest ear and throat specialist living, and what he did to me was wonderful. I have recovered my hearing and my voice nearly. To-night I go to a grand wind-up banquet at the great Club—what the General calls "a stirrup-cup." But I shall be really thankful when the *Teutonic* steams out of Sandy Hook. It is impossible to be quiet half an hour. Books, pamphlets, etc. pour in hourly, invitations to lecture, requests for autographs, visit to photographers to sit, eternal rattle of letters, telephones, telegrams, and handshaking. In forty days I have only had three meals alone, and those because I was in a hurry to go somewhere. And you shall have a telegram from Queenstown—as soon as I reach my native isle again alive and in possession of my senses.

CHAPTER XXXIII

PUBLIC SERVICES

Trades-Union Commission, 1867-1869

SLIGHT as have been the offices of a public sort in which I have served from time to time, I may here note down the points which I have observed. Though I had but little enough of experience to give to any public duty, and no desire at all to undertake such work, I have always felt that some practical knowledge of administrative business was quite essential for any proper judgment of political and economic problems. I always maintained that those who dogmatised about Labour problems and industrial conditions as between employers and employees could only pronounce academic and doctrinaire opinions, whilst they knew nothing of how the shoe pinched the workman at home and what his working life meant. This held good of even just and generous spirits, such as those of John Stuart Mill[1] and Henry Fawcett.

[1] Many instances of this may be seen in Mill's new volume of *Letters* (1910); for instance, when I appealed to him on the Builders' Strike of 1861, he thought that payment by the hour instead of by the day would improve the quality of the work, by making pay proportional to the work done (Letter to John Chapman, I. 247). This was an entire illusion, as if the work were tested and examined hour by hour. Nothing of the kind was ever practised nor was possible. Payments under the "hour system" were as before payments by the week. The question involved was really about the length of the day's work—not its quality.

For this reason, before making any public utterance on Labour questions, I took pains to know the leading and the typical working men as friends, and to see them at home as well as in meetings. I have already described how I became familiar with the chief officials as well as with some of the best men of the Trades-Unions, Co-operative and Friendly Societies, Clubs and Mechanics' Institutes in London and in the provinces. I attended meetings, committees, congresses in London, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Bradford, Rochdale, and Halifax. I was myself enrolled as a member of two large Amalgamated Trades-Unions of the Builders, and also of the Trade Society of the Cooks of Paris, though I am not an expert either in joinery or the *Cuisine*.

As already shown, I was thrust into the Trades-Union Commission of 1867 without my knowledge or consent; and I was the only member of it who had practical experience of the workmen's homes in many different centres and trades. I did not think I ought to refuse to act, although it was, in every professional sense, an unqualified injury to my own credit and success. Those who forced it on me considered that the honour and an almost certain seat in the House of Commons would be adequate compensation for personal loss. But I wanted neither the honour nor the seat. I formally declined the proposal to be nominated as Parliamentary Candidate at Leicester, as I did on other occasions, even when it was suggested to me on behalf of Mr. Gladstone's Government. I think after all these years I was quite right. I was not made for party politics, which mean incessant compromise, the acceptance of the least of several evils, and continual surrender of one's own deliberate judgment. My own temperament

rather impels me to insist on that judgment which entirely satisfies me, to accept no second-best whilst one can battle for the best, and generally to stand out for real results without specious concessions.

Parliamentary Candidate at Election of 1886

I fear that some may charge me with inconsistency in that, in spite of frequent refusals to stand for a seat in Parliament, I accepted an invitation to become a candidate for the University of London against Sir John Lubbock in the great General Election of July 1886. That was the moment of the struggle over Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. I had long been an Irish Nationalist, and had taken part in the Petition in 1867 in favour of the Fenian prisoners which Mr. Bright presented. Home Rule was the dominant question of that appeal to the country. And as an influential body of graduates invited me to assert the principle, I felt bound to stand. The whole of the Conservative and Unionist voters and most of the scientific and professional men were pledged to Lubbock, and the chances of defeating them were small indeed. I understood that in University contests the candidates did not act or even appear in person, and their addresses were only given in the form of a letter to a supporter. I followed this rule: and took no other part in the election, nor did I canvass any one. My intense repugnance to canvassing or soliciting anything would always make me impossible as a candidate. I always thought Coriolanus was a good model for electioneering purposes. I need not say that I was neither surprised nor disappointed that Sir John had a great majority of more than two to one.

But I was proud to know that 516 graduates had been found to vote for me and the principle of Irish Home Rule on a candidature that had only begun three days before the nomination. The whole contest passed off in the most courteous and friendly way, for Sir John and I had been associated in many things, and were on quite intimate terms.

As it is a formal expression of my life-long convictions about the government of Ireland, I append the Letter which was published (June 29, 1886), addressed to J. Allanson Picton, M.P., Master of Arts of the University.

As a representative Committee of the Graduates of the University decide in this great crisis to appeal for support of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy, and are pleased to think that I could fairly bring that question before the constituency, I am willing to place myself at the disposal of the Committee.

The one great question of the hour, perhaps the most critical ever submitted to the nation in this century, is the Ministerial proposal for Home Rule in Ireland; and to that question alone I address myself.

I have never been a blind follower of Mr. Gladstone; but Mr. Gladstone, and he alone of all the statesmen of our generation, has now the power to close this long struggle by a practicable measure of national government for Ireland. He alone of living men can combine the popular party, carry a measure of extraordinary difficulty, and secure the sympathy of Ireland and her representatives.

No other Liberal statesman even propounds to us a consistent and considered plan; and the divided sections of the Liberal Unionists are plainly unequal to the task of effecting any Irish settlement, and even of forming any stable Administration at home.

There is, therefore, but one alternative to Mr. Gladstone —and that is a long period of Coercion. Honourable men choose to call it "a policy of firmness." But firmness in governing a nation against its own consent and in defiance of deep-seated aspirations lately aroused to white heat, must inevitably result in arbitrary force, arrest on suspicion,

imprisonment without trial, suppression of opinion in speech or in print. That is to say, "firmness in administering the law" will quickly drift into haste to suspend the law.

This alternative to the Ministerial proposals is so horrible in itself, and is so certain to be repudiated by our own people with indignation, that all moderate men may accept the reasonable prospect of a settlement, even if the supposed dangers of an Irish Parliament were far more serious and real than they are.

Reasonable politicians must recognise in Ireland the steady growth of a National feeling, which has now become paramount to all others and intense in its passion. Even were it ill-founded and unreasonable, practical men might admit that it has grown to be the condition precedent of any progress or content in Ireland. But it is not either ill-founded or unreasonable. The feeling of Irishmen for their country is one no less instinctive and noble than the feeling of Englishmen for theirs. History, and especially the history of the last century, has turned that feeling of Irish nationality into a burning aspiration for a Local Irish Government. Not only is that feeling profoundly honourable to the Irish people, but it is the only solid basis for a wise and successful government of Ireland.

Experience has convinced some of our foremost statesmen and our wisest permanent officials, and at their head stands the greatest Parliamentary chief of this century, that a Parliament at Westminster cannot successfully administer Ireland or satisfy the Irish nation. It is a system costly, irritating, impracticable, and now odious. To transfer that burden to a local Irish body, responsible directly to the Irish people, is now possible with the sympathy and co-operation of their legal representatives. Without that sympathy and co-operation, a scheme of Local Government imposed by force would have poor chances of success.

The Irish nation is not so different from all others that it is to be for ever debarred from carrying on a government of its own, in the way in which so many millions of English-speaking peoples, on this and on the other side of the ocean, succeed. For my part, I have an unhesitating conviction that they are capable of a National Government, and will work it as regularly and as successfully as their neighbours. It is prophecy against prophecy; and we think our convictions at least as well considered as those of the alarmists.

I have not touched upon questions other than that of

Ireland. I have for many years worked heartily in the great cause of freeing religion from the fetters of an Establishment, in the Reform of the Laws relating to Land, in the cause of the Education of the People, and the social elevation of the Working Classes.

At the declaration of the poll I spoke of Sir John Lubbock as an ideal member for the University of London (which he had so long represented), saving and except on the Irish question. I added "that the present election was no ordinary question, but one which went to the roots of our social and political life, bisecting parties, overriding old personal, old political ties, dividing families, as we all know, and setting friends, colleagues, and allies contending against each other. Now the representation of the University is not a dignity, a sinecure, granted *honoris causa*, but a public trust of a momentous kind. And never more so than in the great national crisis on which the nation is now pronouncing its verdict. And that verdict we shall unfeignedly accept as conclusive for the present time."

These opinions I have consistently maintained for twenty-five years, and have expressed them in public from time to time.

It could not be said, as was fairly alleged against many so-called "Home-Rulers" of that time, that I had not made up my own mind as to what I meant by the name, nor that those who voted for me in the election did not know what I meant. Six months previously (February 16, 1886) I had published in the *Times* a long letter entitled, "An Irish Parliament," which filled two whole columns of close print. This appeared just as Mr. Gladstone formed his Cabinet of 1886—which then included Mr. Chamberlain as well as John Morley—and nearly two months before Mr. Gladstone introduced to the House of Commons his Irish

measures (8th April). As I believe the scheme sketched in this letter was one more practicable than the Home Rule Bill which had so disastrous an effect on all subsequent Liberal policy, and as I still hold it to be a possible and rational compromise on the problem which has divided a whole generation of statesmen, I here reissue it entire.

An Irish Parliament [1886]

Since scanty reports of what I have been saying among my own friends have been made public, I am often challenged to show how it is possible to establish a separate Legislature for Ireland without separation of the kingdoms and with full guarantees for just and stable government. I have no intention of arguing the cause of Home Rule or of presenting any cut-and-dried scheme to secure it. But I venture to maintain that an Irish Parliament may be conceived of as possible by reasonable men; of a kind that is neither impracticable nor a source of endless confusion, as so many assure us will be the inevitable result.

The problem before us is this. The Irish people have expressed, by constitutional methods, their desire for a national government. Be that desire final or reasonable, practical men, not on one side only, and not in Parliament only, have been forced to admit that until that desire is either satisfied or coerced, civil government is at a standstill in Ireland, and also legislation in England. The present Ministry, it is believed, are about to seek rather how to satisfy than to coerce that desire. On the other hand, it is widely feared that, if a national government for Ireland implies the committing the entire destinies of that country to a Parliament in Dublin, the result will be confiscation, ruin, civil

war, and the ultimate establishment of a separate and hostile State.

That the difficulties seem to so many persons insurmountable is due, I believe, to this—that we treat constitutional problems solely from the point of view of our present Parliamentary system. That system is really most singular and anomalous ; it is a recent and almost accidental growth within the Constitution, and it involves many acknowledged evils. The essence of it lies in the confusion of executive and legislative authorities, and in the undefined and almost unrecognised conditions under which the real powers are exercised. Those who have studied Sir Henry Maine's searching analysis of our own and foreign systems are aware how entirely the English House of Commons differs from all other representative Chambers outside our Empire. It is a peculiar outgrowth of English society, and there are grave objections to the attempt to transplant it in Ireland, where none of the conditions as yet exist which have made the House of Commons what we know it.

Any serious attempt to establish Home Rule in Ireland would seek to effect the following ends :—

(*a*) Maintain the Imperial union of the two kingdoms.

(*b*) Satisfy the national sentiment by a real Irish Government.

(*c*) Guarantee the minority against spoliation and oppression.

(*d*) Free the Irish Government from control by the British Parliament.

(*e*) Free the British Parliament from the organised obstruction of Irish representatives.

The difficulty of reconciling all these conditions is very great, but it is by no means insurmountable. The conditions of the problem are peculiar in the highest degree, and the proper treatment of

it may probably have to be unlike any existing type. We are apt to forget that the ways in which local self-government and Imperial union may be harmonised are almost infinite, and each case of it may require different methods. It is too often assumed that Home Rule is only conceivable on one of the two or three modes already at work in our Empire, and that every Legislature must be a mere copy of the House of Commons.

It is true that very grave objections have been urged against anything like Grattan's Parliament or like the Parliaments of our colonies, against the dual system of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, against provincial councils, and any mere debating club in Dublin. It is highly probable that no one of these would be tolerated by English or Irish opinion. It is obviously impossible to go back to Ireland as it existed before the Union. Anything remotely like a Crown colony would fail to satisfy the Irish. Anything really like the system of Victoria or Canada would be utterly repugnant to the English. And various plans for so-called federation are not sufficiently definite to be intelligible. But the resources of constructive civilisation are not yet exhausted.

I venture to submit, not a scheme of Home Rule, but the lines of one of the ways in which an Irish Parliament may be conceived so as to be neither impracticable nor formidable.

The lines on which such a scheme is conceivable may be thus stated :—

1. Retain intact the Imperial military and maritime organisation.

2. Establish an Irish national Government, carried on in Ireland by Irishmen under Irish national forms.

3. Distinguish in that Government the executive, the legislative, and the judicial authorities.

4. Define the functions of each and their relations to each other.

5. Constitute a real and efficient executive authority, not nominated by or dependent on the Legislature.

6. Constitute a Legislature with defined functions—(*a*) to legislate, (*b*) to vote supplies, (*c*) to formulate demands in stated matters of purely Irish concern.

7. Define the duties of the judicial authorities, founding a court of ultimate appeal on constitutional questions.

8. Provide, for purposes of Imperial taxation, an Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament.

1. Separation of the two kingdoms being out of the question, and all considerations of sovereignty and allegiance being undisturbed, the control of army, fleet, arsenals, camps, and ports must obviously remain one and Imperial; with the control of fleets and ports must belong the entire organisation for protection of the coast, whether for defence, commerce, or public security, which includes harbours, lights, coast service, and the like, so far as these are now Imperial. And few will contend that coinage and the Post Office should be disturbed. As the whole system of coast defence must remain Imperial, it is hardly possible to detach from that the Customs. The bugbear of hostile tariffs is thus disposed of. The Customs revenue of Ireland is not very far off one-half of the net sum which (after all set-off is deducted) Ireland now practically contributes to the Imperial Exchequer. If the collection of the Customs revenue remained undisturbed a large part of the Irish contribution to the Imperial taxation is disposed of, and it is a revenue which does not, like the Excise, imply a network of police machinery throughout the entire country.

2. Home Rule does not necessarily mean the autocracy of a Chamber sitting in Dublin. That may be the dream of some cosmopolitan democrats. But the national feeling of native Irishmen would be contented with a native Government in Ireland, carried on by Irishmen, in presence of Irish public opinion, with the symbols and forms of national existence. It is, no doubt, an essential condition that the Government should not be ultimately dependent on an English official, sitting in and daily answerable to the House of Commons.

3. There can be no good reason to perpetuate in Ireland the anomalous and undefined fusion of executive and legislative functions in the present House of Commons. This strange system is no part of the theory of the Constitution, and is hardly more than a century old. In the two great Republics, and perhaps in every civilised community outside our own dominions, there exists a real executive authority independent of any legislative Chamber.

4. In every civilised community outside our Empire the functions of a legislative Chamber and its relations to the executive are defined in some way by some fundamental law.

5. The powers of any new executive authority in Ireland would have to be limited by Act; whatever be his title or office, the holder of it might be named in the same Act for a definite period. Suppose him an Irishman, appointed for a term of five or seven years, removable only by the Crown on the advice of the Imperial Government. In this indirect way he would be ultimately responsible to the Imperial Parliament, as undoubtedly every official within the borders of the Empire must be. But if neither he nor his secretary, nor any deputy of either, sat at Westminster, the machinery of Irish administration would cease to be a matter of

daily debate in the House of Commons. If such an executive official had constitutional powers analogous to those of the President of the United States, subject, of course, to the reservation of the Imperial unity of the three kingdoms, a delegated control over the Imperial organisation, civil and military, within the island, powers to appoint his Ministers, to sit as head of his own council, to appoint the superior judicial authorities and the heads of the local provincial authorities, and power to withhold assent to all Bills of the Legislature, to adjourn and dissolve it, he would have a very real and solid authority.

He would be in a very different position from the Governor of Victoria, who is an English official, sent out to the colony, at a vast distance from England, without any Imperial forces and organisation, where the bulk of Englishmen have neither knowledge nor interest, and where there is no large and powerful minority with English sympathies. On the other hand, he would be in a very different position from the Viceroy in India. He could neither legislate nor raise supplies, except in and by the consent of the national Legislature; and even if his Ministers (as in the United States) were not members of the Legislature they would be bound to confer with it and answer its demands.

Of course, in every free Government there is always the possibility of conflict between the executive and the legislative and financial authorities. Every ruler, from Bismarck downwards, has to meet it; it is the *crux* of all government that is not despotic. It does not follow but what worse consequences may follow from the British expedient whereby all these authorities are, in practice, confused in one single Chamber. We have yet to see the consequences of this system

under a serious strain. If the British distrust of Home Rule is to be removed, it must be by showing to Englishmen the possibility of a stable executive in Ireland, able to protect the minority, competent to secure efficient and orderly administration, to prevent anarchy and civil war, and liable to summary recall by the Crown, on the responsibility of the Imperial Government. Nothing need be said as to future appointments. On any recall or vacancy within the term limited in the Act, English opinion would probably insist on direct nomination of a successor by the Crown. In a normal state of things an executive authority might be named by Act of the national Legislature, that is, practically by agreement between the Chamber and the Crown.

6. To constitute an Irish Legislature it would be necessary, over and above the electoral law, to define the sphere within which it was competent to legislate and act. Such matters would need to be specified, as taxation, education, endowments, land, trade, traffic, public works, law, and national finance, relating to the island.

The functions of such a House would be normally divisible into three—(*a*) legislation, (*b*) taxation and expenditure, (*c*) inquiry and remonstrance—all as to specified Irish matters. In handing over these stated functions to an Irish Legislature the Imperial Parliament would *pro tanto* part with its own claim to legislate therein for Ireland. So far as the right was not specifically transferred it would remain. But any genuine scheme of Home Rule implies that the House of Commons does cede to the new national authorities the right to determine matters of purely Irish concern. An Irish representative body would then raise and appropriate all taxation in Ireland for purely Irish purposes. Now, assuming that

the Imperial Government retained the Customs revenue, together with a charge on the land effected by any expropriation scheme through the agency of a land bank, it would obtain the proper quota payable by Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer, without periodical demands on the Irish Parliament, and without any army of collectors throughout every part of the country.

Inquiries and remonstrances would be addressed by an Irish House to Irish Ministers, and dealt with, in Ireland, in the presence of Irish opinion; not, as heretofore, in the House of Commons and in a country where all are alike ignorant of Irish concerns and (except for party reasons) alike without interest in the matter. If Irish Ministers were not of necessity limited to the national Parliament, according to the singular British rule, they would have an immense advantage in efficiency and authority over those who in this country administer the State. In all Acts of the Irish Legislature the Irish executive would possess, not a nominal, but a real veto. Of course, too, the ultimate veto of the Crown must also remain, and thus indirectly that of the Imperial Parliament. And the experience of our Empire may teach us that in the case of a local and derivative Legislature that veto is by no means an empty form.

7. If there be constituted in Ireland new executive and legislative authorities, with specified functions in relation to each other and to the Crown and Imperial Parliament, there must be some judicial authority to declare and maintain the limits of these functions. Such an authority exists in the United States in the Supreme Court, a real tribunal of appeal on constitutional questions. It might not be practicable now to create such a Court in England. But some judicial authority of appeal there must be. It might be possible to find

it in a Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to consist (this is simply by way of illustration) of actual or former Judges of a superior Court of Law, taken from English, Scottish, and Irish Judges (being Privy Councillors) in equal or otherwise defined proportions.

8. Lastly, there must be some provision for the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. If the kingdoms are to remain united, with one army, navy, coast organisation, coinage, and Post Office, Ireland must continue to bear some share of the Imperial taxation, so far as this defrays Imperial expenditure. If Imperial taxation be raised in Ireland the consent of Irish representatives in some form is indispensable. The difficulties in the way of obtaining that consent from a Chamber in Dublin have been abundantly explained to the public, and they are perhaps insuperable. The only alternative is that Irish representatives should continue to have a place in the Imperial Parliament. But if Ireland elect to have a national Legislature of her own she cannot maintain a claim to a concurrent share in the British Legislature. Nor would Great Britain profit by the change, unless her Parliament is to be relieved of the organised obstruction within it. Again, if Ireland has a right to representation for purposes of taxation, she can have none to any larger share than is her own quota of the burden; and she has none whatever for the general purposes of British legislation and government. If the Irish representation were reduced to some fair proportion to the quota required from her for purely Imperial purposes, and if it were limited in function to that object, the Parliament at Westminster would find a wonderful relief. The Irish members at Westminster would then be selected delegates sent by the national Parliament during

certain portions of the session, summoned exclusively on Supply and Appropriation, and having no rights as members, except in the business and during the periods for which they were summoned. Irish Nationalists may object to all such limitations. The answer is that Ireland cannot have a claim to two Parliaments; that if anything can induce Englishmen to set up a new Parliament in Dublin, it is the hope that they may recover the freedom of their own at Westminster. Englishmen may object that, even if the Irish delegates did not number more than thirty or forty, they might still seriously embarrass an English Government. Certainly they might, if absolutely united; and it would be a further obligation imposed on the statesmen of both countries to secure a *modus vivendi*. But this grave difficulty is inseparable from the fundamental rule of "No taxation without consent." And things will have to be even worse than they are before the people of these islands deliberately surrender this.

But why assume that the members of an Irish Parliament will be absolutely united and will all resemble Mr. Parnell's drilled followers? His followers have been selected for a definite purpose—to follow him, to organise the national opposition, and to obstruct Parliament. They are a representation of combat, and nothing constructive or legislative is required of them by their constituents. Once suppose the Home Rule demand satisfied, the land struggle ended, and foreign intervention exhausted for lack of material, and there is no reason to assume that the representatives of Ireland would differ much from the representatives chosen by Scotland or England. It is unreasonable to take for granted that all the conditions of civil war, lawlessness, and veiled rebellion are still to be permanently prolonged, even after the causes as

well as the objects of the struggle shall have been removed.

In any such scheme as this two things have to be assumed as indispensable conditions :—

First, any scheme of Home Rule will have to be preceded or accompanied by a scheme for the compensation and protection of those interested in Irish lands under guarantees of the Imperial Government. The more the famous scheme of "Economist" is considered for the expropriation of landlords and the settlement of the cultivators under a rent charge, the more it sinks into the public mind. But no expropriation of the kind is possible without the Imperial credit; nor would English opinion be willing to create a Parliament in Dublin until compensation had been guaranteed and the source of the long civil war had practically ceased to exist.

Secondly, any reconstruction of an Irish Legislature would need as its accompaniment a scheme of local government securing a separate local administration in the four provinces. Herein the protection of the Protestants in Ulster could be amply secured. The control of the police belongs to such provincial and county authorities, and not to any Legislature whatever.

To sum up the features of this arrangement. Securities for order, good government, and justice are found in the person of an efficient authority, named by Act of Parliament, irremovable except by the Crown, not directly accountable to the national Legislature, having a veto over their measures, and supported by the existing military and maritime forces. The old cause of civil war in the relations between landlord and tenant would be removed by an expropriation scheme; and Ulster, like each of the other provinces, would control its own police and manage its own

provincial affairs. After all, the Imperial Government would not have practically renounced its ultimate power to intervene, and to resort (if need were) to the enormous superiority of British strength. Ireland, on her side, would have a really national Government, entirely directed by Irishmen, in Ireland, under Irish forms, in sight of the Irish nation, withdrawn from the Parliament and Government in London. Ireland would have her own Legislature, with the powers possessed by the Legislature of the United States. She would raise her own taxes, appropriate her own expenditure, and generally pass laws of purely Irish concern. She would thus have an independent Government and real Home Rule. But all this is very far short of separation. Nor does it mean the spoliation of landlords or the handing over of Ireland to Mr. Parnell and his friends in and out of the House of Commons.

To this, as to any other sketch, countless objections may be made and insuperable difficulties imagined. What proposal with reference to Ireland is not open to objections and fraught with difficulties? Of one thing we may be certain, that whatever *modus vivendi* be ultimately concluded, it will involve mutual concessions from those who now talk only of "No surrender." The Nationalists may insist on an Irish Parliament, but they cannot dream of obtaining it till England can see her way to efficient guarantees against confiscation and civil war. Unionists may swear to maintain the Empire intact; but the problem now is in what way is the Empire to be governed at all? Of criticisms and invective we have had enough. It is time for the critics to say by what means they propose to continue civil government in Ireland and to restore its freedom to the Imperial Parliament [1886].

It will be seen that the two essential features of this scheme of Home Rule were these :—

1. A written Constitution for Ireland on the American type, where the Executive authority is not confused with the Legislature.

2. Representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament by a very moderate number of members, limited to the Budget and to Imperial Finance Measures.

The stumbling-block of Home Rule to British electors has always been the fear of creating a Parliament with the omnipotent scope possessed (or rather claimed) by our own House of Commons. My scheme proposed an Irish Parliament more akin to the Congress of the United States and the French Chamber of Deputies, neither of which has direct executive powers. And the scheme further provided a Constitutional Court of Appeal, similar to that of the United States, which can pronounce Acts of the Legislature to be invalid. Again, the scheme provided against the two bugbears of Irish representation in the House of Commons—the alternative of exclusion, which means taxation without representation, or else the intrusion of 100 Irish delegates into British affairs. The Home Rule Bill of 1886 had the first fatal defect, the Bill of 1893 had the second fatal defect.

My scheme was brought to Mr. Gladstone's notice both in 1886 and in 1893, and I had some correspondence with him on these occasions. With his invariable and inexhaustible courtesy, he promised to "read and to ponder the pages sent him," and he graciously thanked me for my attempt "to sift, and probe, and work out into the public eye the whole interior of the retention of Irish members at Westminster." As Mr. Morley wrote (*Life*, vol. iii. p. 497): "The crucial difficulty was the

Irish representation at Westminster." The total exclusion of Irish members is impossible. Their admission for all purposes of legislation is impossible. The admission of even eighty members for Imperial finance is impossible. The only possible solution is the admission of Irish members proportionate to the Irish share of Imperial finance—say, thirty to forty members—to be summoned exclusively to vote on questions of Imperial finance, by which Irishmen would be taxed [1910].

Charles Stewart Parnell

In June of 1886, just before the election, I issued a pamphlet to urge support of Mr. Gladstone, on the ground that he alone could settle the Irish problem, and that his Bills were the best solution offered to the nation. The one point essential was to recognise that Ireland was a nation. I said: "We may still check, hurt, maim the life of the Irish nation, but we could not suppress it."

I took an active part in condemning the attempt of the Conservatives to use the Pigott forgeries in order to destroy the Home Rule policy. After the Parnell divorce affair, and his furious attack on Mr. Gladstone and all his own former colleagues and friends, I wrote an article on the "Irish Leadership" in the *Fortnightly Review* (January 1891, No. 289), in which I sought to justify and explain Mr. Gladstone's conduct in declining the alliance. I showed that Mr. Gladstone had no alternative when he found that a considerable body of his own English and Scottish supporters would refuse to act with Parnell on account of the public scandal and ridicule to which he had been exposed in Court. Quite apart from any question of morality, it happens to be a notorious fact that the average British elector will not trust a political

leader who has become ridiculous in a scandalous *cause célèbre*. If Mr. Gladstone himself had been co-respondent, he could not have remained Prime Minister in the heat of the scandal. He neither censured, nor challenged, nor advised Mr. Parnell. He said that his own party would not continue to accept Mr. Parnell as an ally and an equal. That was a mere matter of fact. It is absurd to vociferate that Irishmen must be free to choose their own leader. Are not Englishmen and Scots to be free to say whom they can trust as partners of their own leader?

The truth is, that Irishmen themselves gave up Parnell. The Irish Churchmen formally did so. Two years before the divorce trial, I had been told by a well-known politician that the Church would disown Parnell if he were ever condemned in a public court. They did so at once—before Mr. Gladstone said a word; and the Irish Catholics submitted to their decision. When Mr. Parnell suddenly turned round on Mr. Gladstone and the whole body of Home Rulers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, insulting them with foul calumnies, and behaving like a detected conspirator at bay, he finally forfeited all claim to be regarded as a statesman or a patriot. He proved that his whole career had been inspired by personal ambition, insolence, and arrogance. And if the cause of Irish nationality has had to be thrust back for a whole generation, the reason is that it was ruined by one who, in spite of all his extraordinary strength of character and his tactical genius, was at heart an unscrupulous and selfish partisan. I wrote (January 1891):—

> He has exhausted every trick of the detected impostor, and has torn to shreds every work of his political career. His best friends suppose that his brain is disturbed, and it is certain that his whole nature and mind seem violently

transformed. Thoughtful Home Rulers have carefully abstained from joining in the legend of the personal grandeur of Mr. Parnell. For ten years he has certainly shown himself a consummate tactician, of great sagacity and marvellous self-command. He now chooses the part of a half-crazy firebrand, the conspirator wildly fighting for his own hand. Which is the true Parnell may be a matter for ultimate judgment. But for all questions of practical politics, the actual Parnell has completely effaced the historic and legendary Parnell. He may still live to ruin Ireland. But whilst he lives as the leader of Ireland, British friends of Ireland can do nothing. It is impossible that his vile slanders on Englishmen who have sacrificed their careers in the forlorn hope of doing justice to Ireland can ever be forgiven. If they were mere hypocrites and time-servers, what was he? Even if the Divorce Court story were as utterly forgotten as a *feuilleton* in the *Figaro*, Englishmen and Scotchmen can have no more to say to the frantic partisan who, solely to help himself, flings to the winds truth, decency, his colleagues, and his country, and re-opens in both islands the fountains of hatred which it has cost long years of labour and sacrifice to close. If Irishmen choose to stand by the desperado who is seeking to revive the scenes of '98, they must bear their sufferings as they best can. Englishmen and Scotchmen can do nothing until Irishmen have another policy than that of revenge, and a leader whose hand a decent man can touch.

Twenty years have passed since I wrote this, and the great problem is yet to solve. As I write now, in April 1910, I cherish hopes, but I shall hardly live to see peace restored between the two islands. Half Irish by blood as I am, two-thirds Irish by temperament, and yielding to no Englishman in profound contrition for the manifold wrongs inflicted by English and Scots on the Irish people over seven cruel centuries, I still feel doubtful of the issue, and that because I find deep-seated in the Irish mind two perversities which distort every opinion and bring canker into every attempt at conciliation between our races. They are these :—

First, the Irish thirst for revenge and retaliation outweighs and paralyses efforts for improvement.

Secondly, the Irish mind attributes every form of suffering, famine, poverty, improvidence, to external oppression—never to nature, circumstances, or themselves.

London County Council

One evening in February 1889, I received a telegram a little before midnight, to inform me that it was proposed to nominate me next morning as one of the Aldermen of the first County Council of London. I had never heard that any such proposal was contemplated by any one; I had no time to make any inquiries, nor even to consider what I should do. My silence, or possibly a telegram of acceptance — I do not precisely remember which it was—seemed to have settled the matter, and in the course of the following day my nomination was made public. I felt it to be a duty to do my best to serve the great city in which I had lived for fifty years, and in which I had been born. My brother Charles, a very learned lawyer and ardent municipal reformer, and afterwards, until his death in 1897, Vice-Chairman, was a member of the first Council. The Aldermen, Lords Farrer, Hobhouse, Lingen, Meath, Mr. Quintin Hogg, and many other Aldermen and Councillors, were well-known leaders of social and urban reform. Lord Rosebery was Chairman, and Lord Avebury Vice-Chairman, and the Council was a public body with which it was an honour to work. I had previously written various Essays on London and on Civics, some of which are collected in my *Choice of Books* and the *Meaning of History*. And after working on the Council, I published several articles describing its action and its aims in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary Review*, and the *New Review* (1891, 1892).

In my review of the year's work in the *Nineteenth Century* (June 1890, No. 160, vol. xxvii.) I wrote :—

> The London County Council has in it a number of men with as much public spirit and practical knowledge as London can produce, or the task of administering this vast city can need. Exactly one in ten are members of the Legislature, and amongst them sit some of the most able and experienced administrators whom the public service of this country ever trained. At least a score of non-official members are responsible for the conduct of great concerns in this city: bankers, manufacturers, merchants, or traders. It is not a little thing that for once a great Capital has a Municipality in which fraud and jobbery are as completely extinct as vigilance can make them. The members of the County Council of London represent a new force in English politics, and embody a popular power of which we have yet no experience. Lord Rosebery, in his noble peroration, said no more than literal truth when he told his colleagues: "What has sustained you in this work has been neither fee, nor fame, nor praise; it has been the pure impulse of a clear duty, and a high hope, and a generous ideal."
>
> The counsel of its Chairman has not been given to his colleagues in vain; nor will his example of the model organisation of a difficult task be forgotten by the people.

After more than twenty years' experience we may be proud to assert, in spite of party recriminations, that London has a Government as high-minded and as capable as any great city has ever enjoyed.

It is curious that the chief public services which I could pretend to have filled were all unexpectedly thrust upon me without opportunity for consideration and almost without my consent. I had known nothing of my appointment to the Trades-Union Commission until it had been announced by the Minister in Parliament and accepted by the Opposition. The Parliamentary candidature was only offered to me three days before the formal

nomination. My nomination to the County Council was only proposed to me a few hours before it was completed. The Professorship of Jurisprudence and the Secretaryship to the Digest Commission were also offered me without any expectation of mine by those with whom I had long been working.

Each of these duties I accepted without much satisfaction and with no sort of ultimate aim, because I felt that I could do the work required and that it should be undertaken by some one who felt a keen interest in getting it done.

I served for five years on the Council (1889-1893), and resigned at last with great regret when I began to live for six or seven months each year with my family at Blackdown and found attendance at Committees in London very trying. My tenure of the seat was quite without any feature of mark, for I was too often unable to agree with the drastic schemes of the reforming majority, and they resented my warm opposition to a proposal to hand over the control of the London Police Force to the Council and deprive the Imperial Government of the power even to secure the safety of Parliament and the public offices.

This impossible idea was eagerly claimed by the young democrats, and they would not believe that a Liberal Alderman could oppose them.

There was only one act of my aldermanic career which was in any way noteworthy; but of that I am in some degree proud. I had for some years thought, and studied, and written about London and its buildings and improvements—which for forty years I had watched with keen interest. My grandfather, my father, my uncles, as architects and builders, had much to do with London and its new quarters, and I had been interested in streets and houses from my boyhood. The name of "Civics" had not been invented by Professor

Geddes; but I had long been occupied with the subject. I joined the Improvements Committee of the Council, and in 1892 I was made its Chairman. Amongst other new avenues which in that year we planned and carried through the Council were, first, the new avenue connecting the City Tower Bridge with the Old Kent Road; and, secondly, the great avenue from Holborn to the Strand—now known as Kingsway and Aldwych.

With the latter great London improvement I had personally a direct part. To connect Holborn and the Strand and to open the decaying and insanitary area between them had been a scheme considered and proposed ever since 1836, and during the whole existence of the Metropolitan Board of Works (1855-1889). Another scheme constantly suggested was to widen the Strand between the Churches of St. Mary and St. Clement's, and to get rid of Holywell Street. In April 1892, I proposed to the Improvements Committee a joint scheme to drive a broad avenue 100 feet wide from Holborn at Queen Street to the Strand above St. Mary's Church—and to combine with this the clearance of Holywell Street. This was effected by running in crescent shape two roads at the south end of the avenue into the Strand, debouching on the west opposite the gateway of Somerset House, and on the east opposite to the north top of Surrey Street. There was to be a terrace with parapet along the north side of St. Mary's Church. The cost of this improvement was to be two millions and a quarter. The crescent at the bottom of the avenue would be open to the south, and show St. Mary's Church from Holborn as the new avenue descended. This scheme in its general design was entirely my own. It was adopted by the Council and ultimately presented to Parliament, but owing to the opposition of

ground landlords to the "Betterment" principle it was withdrawn.

After various efforts to revive and modify this scheme, at last the Committee, of which the Chairman was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre (Lord Eversley), carried through Parliament (1898-1899) a vastly enlarged scheme, which is the present Kingsway and Aldwych. This incorporated my scheme of 1892, for an avenue 100 feet broad from Holborn, whilst enormously enlarging the crescent at the south end; carrying it west until it opened on Wellington Street, and east as far as St. Clement's Church. The area between the crescent Aldwych and the Strand was to become building land. The vast increase of the sites to be demolished raised the estimated cost to more than six millions, much of which it was hoped to recover by recoupment. The change was introduced by the Council on the advice of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

The new street was opened by King Edward on 18th October 1905, which by chance was my own seventy-fourth birthday. The five years have not quite answered the expectations of recoupment, and it may be years before this vast undertaking —"the largest and most important improvement which has been carried out in London since the construction of Regent Street in 1820"—will be completed and can be judged. I hold that the cost, nearly three times as great as that of the 1892 scheme, made it a dangerous speculation. The simpler scheme of 1892 would have been quite as useful, less speculative, and much more beautiful. The smaller open crescent would have been lighter and more graceful than the huge piles now mounting up on the north side of the Strand and wantonly blocking the view to the east. London, I fear, has been saddled with a costly incubus by the ambition of the architect,

the adventurous spirit of the Council, and the commercial hopes of the speculative builder.

State Trials Committee

A Public Committee on which I served from 1885 to 1898, was appointed by Lord Chancellor Halsbury to continue the Reports of State Trials from 1820, when the collection of Howell's Reports ended. This Committee in fact owed its origin to myself. When lecturing on Constitutional Law for the Council of Legal Education, I had been struck with the want of a collective series of Reports of recent State Trials subsequent to the reign of George III. I urged Lord Thring in 1885, then the Parliamentary Counsel, to lay a scheme which I submitted to him before the Lord Chancellor, recommending a public body to undertake the task of editing and publishing these Reports. A Committee was then appointed, including the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, Lords Acton, Bramwell, Lingen, Thring, Bowen, Welby, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, and others, including myself. (Sir) John Macdonell was appointed editor. I served during thirteen years on the small working sub-committee, and read most of the Reports in proof.

We brought out eight volumes, continuing the Reports down to the year 1858. The last volume of this very useful series was brought out in 1898. The value of the later volumes was enhanced by the labour and the learning of the late Mr. Justice Wright, too early lost to the profession and the Bench he adorned.

County Magistracy

After taking up my permanent residence in Elm Hill, Hawkhurst, I decided to devote the

remainder of my life to country occupations, by which I meant gardening, strolling in the old Wealden Forest, walking or driving in its lovely scenery, exploring old buildings, basking in the scents, breezes, sounds and sunlight of Southern England, and entertaining old friends—but certainly not chasing vermin or mangling birds. Being appointed Justice of the Peace for Kent, I attended the Petty Sessions at Cranbrook and Quarter Sessions at Maidstone. There is no better initiation into the intricacies of English country life and rural administration than attendance at these local courts; and in many ways I hold the county magistrates to be doing invaluable service to their country and performing a duty which it would be very difficult to get filled in any other way.

My Radical friends may laugh, but they should remember that I had experience of civil and criminal Courts of Justice, of Judges and advocates, before they were born; and all through my life I have worked in the interests of labourers against all forms of class legislation and judicial prejudices. I am perfectly familiar with the stock charges of the party Press against the "Great Unpaid," but so far as my personal experience goes, these charges are both unjust and ignorant. If there is an amusement I detest it is the killing of animals for "Sport"; and I am the last man to abet the petty forms of oppression to which, I grieve to admit, our antique land law gives too many facilities. As an old conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, I was pretty well familiar with all the incidents of tenancy of both land and tenements; and, as a member of the Trades-Union Commission, I well knew the prejudices with which the order of proprietors claimed to defend their legal rights. I certainly took my seat on the Bench with a truly open mind.

The petty matters of local administration which usually come before the Bench only need for their decision common sense, good nature, and knowledge of the world—*i.e.* of the rural world, the needs, opportunities, and faults of the labourers, farmers, and small tradesmen of a village. The stipendiary magistrate of a large town has to deal with squalid domestic troubles and the professional roguery of a city, with which he is able to cope by reason of his immense experience and his legal training. But, as we know, he is too often pressed for time by a crowd of cases, and is generally in the hands of a strong police bureaucracy. The cost of a stipendiary official in every village would be prohibitive, and he would seldom acquire that personal familiarity with cottage life which to the country gentleman, the retired official, civil or military, or the parson, comes as part of their daily experience. When six or eight magistrates from different parishes meet in petty sessions, they have ample time at their disposal; the applicants are often known to one or other; and the story they have to tell is perfectly familiar to the experience of every one sitting on the case. Petty administrative orders are thus made quite as well as by an urban stipendiary, and are of a kind with which it would be ridiculous to trouble a superior Judge. Things of this sort are best left to the practical sense of men who have similar troubles to settle in their own estates or households.

Passing from matters of administration to offences under Summary Jurisdiction Acts, there can be little doubt that the present state of the law on these matters is reasonable and just. And so far as I have been able to observe, its working also is reasonable and just. Cases of injustice and partiality, such as are served up to us week by

week, may exist in some counties, but they have not come to my notice. I live in a countryside of staunch Conservatism and game-preserving; but I have never yet heard any charge of poaching, nor have I attended any case in which the interests of game were concerned. I am of course just as ready to maintain the existing law of the land as any of my neighbours; but I have never seen any ground to suspect the most ardent sportsman of a desire to use the law in the way of oppression or even of bias.

Often I come away from Petty Sessions quite impressed by the patience, sympathy, and local knowledge that the Bench bring to bear on some obscure quarrel, or some unmerited hardship, that has to be unravelled or mitigated. And I doubt if a Judge of a superior Court could give the time, or has the requisite familiarity with the local conditions, to decide the case equally well. Most of these cases are such as are not susceptible of elaborate legal apparatus, and have to be settled like everyday questions that arise on every estate with tenants, labourers, and tradesmen.

These petty but continual points of friction, inevitable in any form of rural economy, are often important enough to poor men concerned in them. And it is hard to see how they could be disposed of so well as they are by the present county system.

We cannot be blind to the complaints that in very many counties the Bench has an overwhelming preponderance of one political party, and the extreme wing of the Liberal Party is seldom represented at all. This no doubt is a serious evil, which has been greatly intensified, if not caused, by the political upheaval of the present generation. It is certainly a crying injustice which ought to be redressed, for it is notorious that strong party

feelings must tend to give a more or less unconscious bias in deciding a certain class of questions. Charges relating to game, to tenancy, or licenses, have to be decided by a Bench usually consisting exclusively of sportsmen, landlords, and brewery shareholders. It is human nature, men say, to suspect them of thinking of their own interests and occupations.

It is a serious evil; but it is one very difficult to redress. The routine work of a county magistrate can hardly be performed at all except by men having leisure, and some extent of freedom and means. A magistrate may be summoned to hear a charge at an hour's notice, to spend a day away from home and to travel ten or twenty miles by road. As it is, the number of magistrates is often found insufficient. Now, the residents in a countryside who can answer all these conditions are at the present time almost entirely of one political colour. The *Justice of the Peace Act* of 1906, carried by the present Lord Chancellor (Loreburn), has done something to enlarge the area from which Justices can be appointed. But it is still difficult in many counties to find men of different political parties who can give up their time and find means to attend to urgent calls on them. It is not a simple question of occasional attendance at Sessions on a fixed day. By Habeas Corpus—a prisoner must be committed within a given time; and there are many other pressing duties to be performed, and often distant visits are to be made to prisons, schools, homes, and reformatories. Whatever desire there might be to appoint Labour men to the magistracy, it is a public duty on which very few of them would be able to serve efficiently.

Another complaint is often made that the Bench is entirely under the control of their clerk.

This is perhaps too often the case, and it is a prime duty of the magistrate to be independent and keep an open mind. The remedy for this is the nomination of more Justices having practical legal experience. We know that Metropolitan magistrates are said to be too much under the thumb of the police; and even Judges of the High Court are sometimes thought to be led astray by eminent counsel. The County Bench have a far less bureaucratic police to deal with, and their clerk is usually a man of responsibility and character. It ought, however, to be a rule that the magistrates' clerk should not hold other incompatible offices of any kind. Perhaps this is a more subtle danger than that the clerk should dictate to the Bench their decisions.

With Quarter Sessions things are different. There very important and intricate cases, both civil and criminal, come to be tried. A body of learned counsel, as many as twenty or thirty, are brought down from London; and many cases are heard which are as prolonged and difficult as those decided at Assizes or at the High Court itself. Such cases, with a crowd of witnesses, and counsel of experience on both sides, should be tried before a Chairman of full legal training. There are Chairmen of Quarter Sessions we know who have spent their lives in first-class practice at the Bar, and who are at least equal in judicial capacity to H.M.'s Judges of the High Court. But this is not at all invariably the case. Many Chairmen of Quarter Sessions are laymen, with no legal experience beyond that of their fellow Justices of the Peace. It is impossible that they can inspire the requisite confidence in their power to deal with subtle points of evidence and to charge a jury on an intricate case. The Chairman of Quarter Sessions should be a man of legal experience, or at

least have trained lawyers as his assessors on the Bench.

When Governments take up and act upon the recommendations and the evidence presented by the Commission on the Appointment of Justices of the Peace, we shall no doubt see many improvements in the Bench of County Magistrates. The age of Squire Westerns and Justices like Miss Edgeworth's "Old Poz" belongs to bygone centuries. The age of local magnates and their henchmen on the rural Bench is past. The rigid exclusion of Labour men and of men having no fixed property is past. What is wanted is to get rid of the predominance of one political colour, and still more the predominance on the Bench of laymen without a tincture of law or legal practice. The whole problem is now brought under the watchful eye of public opinion. And we must look to the "fierce light that beats upon thrones," Governments, and Petty Sessions alike, to bring about reforms, to secure impartial justice and the holding the balance with an even and unshaken hand in all things that belong to political and social equity.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE POSITIVIST SOCIETY, 1867-1910

INASMUCH as, for the last fifty years, the Positivist movement has been the constant occupation of my mind and the real business of my life, I will here note the very gradual process by which it finally absorbed me and the various works to which it led me to devote myself. I shall try to show how very slowly and by what long-pondered steps I came to assimilate so vast a scheme of thought and of conduct, and also how very tentative and experimental were all the acts by which I sought to give it public reality and form. With myself, as I believe with nearly all those who have taken lead in the propaganda, the acceptance of Humanity as a religious ideal has been the result of long years of gradual development, and has profoundly modified our whole system of thinking and doing.

It was in the year 1851, when I was an undergraduate at Wadham, that I was first introduced to the study of Comte by Charles Cookson, my oldest school friend, then a Scholar of Oriel. He brought me Littré's volume on the *Positive Philosophy* (1845), and urged me to follow it up by working out Mill's account of Comte in his *Logic* (vol. ii.). I then got hold of Sir D. Brewster's article on Comte in the *Edinburgh Review*, No.

136 (July 1838). I now became aware of a new creative idea in Philosophy which slowly began to permeate my mind and threw light on various problems. In a college essay to my tutor, Richard Congreve, I somewhat abruptly declared my belief "that the future of philosophy is destined to be the Positive synthesis." I meant no more than what I gathered from Mill and G. H. Lewes, that the inductive conclusions from experience would ultimately supersede all intuitional and *a priori* beliefs. At that time Comte's later religious doctrine was unknown and not even published. And, though I was convinced that Congreve himself was saturated with Comte, he never mentioned his name, nor did he allude to his system.

When I read Miss Martineau's translation of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* in 1853, I gradually assimilated his entire scheme of history, as the basis of a philosophical elucidation of the past evolution of man. It then coincided with my own historical studies, and it gave new life to all I read about ancient and modern times. In 1855 I went to Paris, and had my memorable interview of a long morning with Comte. I had just left Oxford, a vague theist in religious opinion, but deeply estranged from the orthodox creeds and from any faith in supernatural events, books, or inspiration. In philosophy I was a convinced disciple of Mill, and in the history of mankind I was rooted in my hold on the Positive interpretation. Without making the least attempt to shake what theological and Christian sympathies I retained, Comte treated me exactly as Socrates might have treated a questioner who had asked him to clear up the ethical and metaphysical perplexities that beset him. He did not seek to test my own belief or embarrass me with problems, but he begged me to state the points in his own system which seemed to me

obscure or doubtful. I am now, I am sure, the only Englishman living who had long and intimate personal intercourse with Auguste Comte—indeed I am probably the only survivor at all who has talked with him (for he died in 1857). And it is with a humble sense of pride, and of touching veneration of a mighty spirit, whom it is my chief honour to have been suffered to know in the flesh, that I now seek to bear testimony in my old age to the courteous dignity with which the philosopher welcomed me, the impressive simplicity of his life, the profound force of his convictions, and to the lucid ease with which he made me feel the beauty of the new faith which he lived and died to teach mankind.

But deeply as I had been impressed by the philosopher's bearing and words, very many years had to pass before I could range myself as his disciple, and still more before I could pretend to offer his system to others. I felt the truth of his remark that without due training in the physical sciences it was idle to attempt to solve the ultimate problems of cosmical origins and of human duty. Our academic curriculum in literature and language naturally left us in the theological stage of thought. My education in science had not gone beyond geometry, trigonometry, the calculus, and the elements of astronomy and physics. Both at King's College and at Wadham we had most excellent teaching in mathematics; and at King's College I had attended the Lectures of Professor Daniell, F.R.S., in elementary physics.

When I came to reside in London, first in the study and then in the practice of the Law, I seriously endeavoured to acquire the rudiments and general conceptions of physics, geology, biology, and anatomy. I attended the Physiological Lectures of Richard Owen and of Thomas

Huxley at the College of Surgeons and also at the School of Mines. I heard many of Dr. Tyndall's Lectures on physics; I was present at Huxley's famous challenge to Owen about the hippocampus minor in the cerebral convolutions of the simian brain. I worked through such text-books as those of Herschel and of Sir C. Lyell, of Dr. Carpenter, Professor Owen and Professor Huxley, Todd and Bowman, T. Rymer Jones on the *Animal Kingdom*, the *Anatomy* of Dr. J. Marshall, Dr. Béclard, the works of Bichat and of Broussais. Human anatomy I read chiefly in the admirable French illustrated manuals current in the Paris schools about 1850-1860. I have always had at hand the beautiful coloured plates of Dr. J. N. Masse's handbook, the French *Atlas of Human Anatomy*, and also Dr. J. Marshall's *Anatomy for Artists*.

I had private lessons on the anatomy of the brain, the eyes, ear, and voice from Dr. Edward Liveing, lately Registrar of the Royal College of Physicians, who brought for the purpose dissected preparations, human and animal.

As several of my most intimate friends and colleagues were themselves doctors of medicine and surgeons, or were engaged in the study or practice of Physics, I had every facility for learning the best books and places for acquiring knowledge of the physical sciences. Besides this, I studied in the Natural History Museum and the Hunterian Museum of the College of Surgeons, or in the Museum of the School of Mines. For many years I have always had by me the *Encyclopædia of Surgery* edited by T. Holmes, and the *System of Medicine* edited by Dr. Russell Reynolds, and in any case of accident or malady brought to my notice I have tried to follow up the treatment, of course only by way of getting some notion

of the human organism. In late years I have frequently followed up some case in the *System of Medicine* edited by Professor T. C. Allbutt.

I was, of course, well aware that this could not give me what would amount to a training in science; but it enabled me to study the philosophic syntheses, whether of Auguste Comte or of Herbert Spencer, or the theories of Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, Helmholtz, G. H. Lewes, Michael Foster, Huxley, Bastian, Bain, Maudsley, or Romanes, with an open mind and a more serious understanding.

When Dr. Congreve settled in London and began his studies at the hospitals and then his Positivist propaganda, I devoted myself to Comte's *Politique Positive*, his *Catéchisme*, and the very difficult last work, the *Synthèse Subjective*; for I had already read in the original his six volumes of the *Philosophie Positive*, his *Calendrier*, and his *Astronomie Populaire*. With the entire scheme of historical evolution, as described in the last three volumes of the *Philosophie* and in the third volume of his *Politique*, I was now in complete sympathy. And it seemed to me that every page I read in Gibbon, Hallam, Carlyle, Dean Milman, Michelet, Henri Martin, Guizot, Michaud, Ranke, Heeren, or Dr. Arnold, gained new significance when seen in the light of the Positivist elucidation of progressive civilisation. I now agreed to join with Dr. Congreve, Dr. Bridges, and Professor Beesly in translating the four volumes of the *Politique Positive*; and as my share of the work I had allotted to me the second volume,—*Statique Sociale*,—which I began to study in 1860, but which was not ultimately published until 1875. *Tantae molis erat*—to get a group of very busy men to complete a most abstract task in philosophy, and then to find the material means of bringing such a work before the public.

In 1867 Dr. Congreve decided to found a Positivist Society in correspondence with that which had been established by Comte in Paris in 1850. This was not a religious or devotional body, but was occupied with social and political questions to be treated wholly from the point of view of international morality, national independence, peace, order, and progress. There was nothing in the least degree either secret or revolutionary in the Society. It repudiated any kind of violent attacks on constituted authorities; it intended to work solely by appealing to public opinion, and the terms of admission to its circle were very simple and very reasonable. The preliminary meetings, as with those of the Irish Petition of 1867, were held in my chambers in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. Dr. Congreve was President until 1868, then Professor Beesly until 1901, and after him Mr. S. H. Swinny. The Society has now held uninterrupted meetings and has worked with continuous activity for more than forty-three years. It was the nucleus out of which were formed the Chapel Street group in 1870, the Newton Hall body in 1881, and the *Positivist Review* in 1893—all of which are still in regular action.

I must make it clear that the foundation of these two centres of Positivist propaganda, in Chapel Street and in Newton Hall, was not made on my advice—but rather against it—and so far from being on any initiative of mine, both were started with only passive and reluctant adhesion from me. I used every effort to postpone the taking any permanent place of meeting or lectures until our body was far stronger both in numbers and instructed adherents. Albert Crompton and Alfred Cock, both young students at the bar and devoted to Dr. Congreve, vehemently insisted on

taking on themselves the lease of a building, whether I or the older men of our party joined them or not. I knew that we had neither material nor intellectual resources adequate for so weighty a task. I thought it an act utterly premature and destined to end in petty differences about trifles and possibly some kind of sectarian cliques. But I could not bring myself to abandon Dr. Congreve, from whom in 1850-1870 I had learned so much, and for whom I still had so deep a regard. Still less could I allow the young enthusiasts who were devoted to him to bear the whole burden alone, for which their resources and attainments were quite inadequate. I gave way, and allowed much of the burden to fall to my share. And the experience now of forty years is evidence that my doubts and apprehensions were perfectly just.

When in 1881 the scheme of settling our group in Newton Hall was proposed, almost exactly the same thing took place. Some younger men insisted on entering into a twenty-one years' lease with the Scottish Corporation, whether myself or others joined them or not. I was then President of the Positivist Committee formed in 1879 by Pierre Laffitte; and again I undertook a task which I felt to be premature and uncertain rather than separate from young and eager men and women whose aspirations I heartily shared. Again I gave way, and did my best to carry out the scheme for which during twenty-five years I was chiefly responsible. I feel bound to make this public explanation of movements in which for some thirty or forty years I have been deeply involved.

It is the Positivist movement which has thrust me forward, not I that have either originated or engineered it. Whatever I have done in trying to give voice to a new type of religious and social

faith, has been done in a spirit of loyalty to others whose convictions and hopes I both honoured and shared; I have never disguised from myself how much popular misconstruction, how much inevitable condemnation, those have to expect who propound to the world new ways of life and belief. But wholly removed as I am now from all responsibility for others, I make bold to assert that my entire action as a leader of the Positivist cause has been taken at the urgent call I could not refuse from those whom in my heart I could not consent to abandon.

When in 1870 Dr. Congreve and his young and more impatient friends founded the Positivist School in Chapel Street, I took regular part in its work and lectures, and gave several courses of historical and political addresses, and I presented a collection of portraits of the chief heroes in our Calendar. I bore a fair share of the cost of the rent and expenses (all meetings and lectures at Positivist halls have always been strictly gratuitous); and until the repudiation of Pierre Laffitte in 1878, I had an active part in all the teaching and religious work of the place. All my sons were duly "presented" there as infants by Dr. Congreve. Nor can I recall any difference of opinion between us on any public question, unless it were that I urged him after some years of Positivist teaching to introduce a tentative form of Congregational worship. This he was not very keen to begin, and whilst I frequented Chapel Street hardly anything of the kind was attempted.

The part that I took in 1878-1879, when Dr. Congreve suddenly announced his secession from Pierre Laffitte and formed an independent group with himself as director, has to be stated elsewhere. I have never since doubted that the action of myself and my friends in holding by M. Laffitte,

and in repudiating Dr. Congreve's assumption, was right in principle and most temperate and conciliatory in form. The gradual abandonment of Dr. Congreve by almost all the best spirits and certainly by all of competent philosophic training in the movement has been the proof that Dr. Congreve's action was ruinous to the Positivist cause, as it was questionable in method. It was carried out by an actual intrigue behind the backs of his leading supporters; and so far as I could see, with no real object except that of forming a small group over which he could feel himself in absolute control. So far as I could ever learn, there was no single point of opinion, nor any question of practical policy, whereon we were at all divided. It began, and long remained, a purely personal question. The cause of division was that Richard Congreve insisted on making himself the sole head of a religious and philosophical society, without director or colleagues, having none to whom he could even be compared, or to whom he need look for advice.

When nearly all of those who had taken part in founding and working the Positivist School refused to separate themselves from the French body in Paris, Pierre Laffitte appointed for England a Committee of Seven, of which I was one, and of which, on the immediate retirement of Dr. Bridges, I became the President. In that capacity I organised and took part in the courses of public lectures we gave in 1879, 1880, and 1881. And in May of 1881 we took a lease for twenty-one years of the old hall of the Scottish Corporation in Fetter Lane. When I found it impossible to resist the pressure of our younger friends to form a group with a permanent place of meeting, I took the lease in my own name, with that of the late Alfred Cock, Q.C. I arranged the decorations, inscriptions, busts, and

appointments of the hall, to which, in memory of the immortal President of the Royal Society, who had purchased the ground, we gave the name of Newton Hall.

Soon after the opening of Newton Hall the then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* begged me to send him a paper describing its aim and methods of work. This I did in the article he published (29th November 1883) under the title of "Centres of Spiritual Activity—No. II. The Positivist Society —Newton Hall." No. I. had been on "St. Paul's Cathedral," by Dean Church.

I append my paper, which was as follows:—

In one of the dingiest of our city courts, deep in that labyrinth of alleys which lie between the crumbling house of Dryden in Fetter Lane and the home of Samuel Johnson in Gough Square, there is a hall which in the last century belonged to the Royal Society, and wherein was stored the first nucleus of the collection which ultimately grew into the British Museum. There now meets what is one of the smallest and the humblest of the communities of our day. Its business is unlike that of most communities with which we are familiar. Service or ritual there is none; neither priest nor acolyte. And yet it is something more than a lecture hall, or a night school, or a political club. Small and unregarded as it is, and though its activity of any sort is but a faint indication of its aim, the body that assembles in Newton Hall does claim to have in view a real spiritual end, to be animated with a truly religious ideal. As I am asked to say what that ideal is, and on what grounds it claims to have a spiritual end, I will try to give a reason for the faith that is in us—assuredly not boasting of any result achieved, but full of confidence in the spirit in which the result is striven after.

Those who make their way thither will find none of the things which they usually associate with religion or worship: no "service," no prayers, no invocations; no word, or gesture, or image which recalls the ritual of theology. On the Sunday evenings they will hear a series of systematic discourses on the principles of philosophy, of morality, of social organisation and duty, of popular education, of politics,

history, and art. And in all these discourses, treated most differently by many succeeding speakers, there is, as it were, the accompaniment of the whole, the key and moral of the teaching, the relation of these things to the progress of mankind, to social and personal duty. And so these courses, though ranging over a wide area, are not quite so casual as those of the literary institute, or of the familiar lecture hall. They are real sermons on the text of one gospel, and that gospel is the perfecting of man's life on earth by a truly scientific understanding of man's powers, limits, and wants.

But these series of discourses are in no sense intended to stand for the "services" and "worship" of the Churches. They serve but to give the more general ideas, and to keep the other work fast to its central aim. The business of a Church, as Comte thought, is to educate; to educate all round, in all useful things, in all spheres of human life: not merely to stimulate devotion (this most certainly), but furthermore to train the brain, to group and foster the sciences, to cultivate the arts, to regulate life; to consecrate, to teach, and to humanise, in the sphere of man's daily work and in the practical conduct of affairs. A religion which surrenders this, surrenders ninety-nine out of every hundred of the hours in man's life, and in the manifold workings of modern society. Hence, the ideal of Newton Hall is education—education in its widest sense, instruction in science, training in the laws of social life, in the laws of duty, of health, of political justice; education in art, in self-respect, in sense of human brotherhood. An ideal, alas! I need not say how immeasurably far from any reality or attainment, how indefinitely beyond the first immature strivings of a scanty group of very busy men; but yet, an ideal round which to centre their stray efforts and hopes, and one which brings them comfort and a sense of rest.

So the bulk of the work of Newton Hall is done in systematic classes for the study of science—in geometry, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology. Here is firm ground; accepted knowledge as taught in a thousand schools. But here, again, this teaching is ordered on a common plan, and concentrated round the dominant idea of human happiness on earth. "The end of observation is a knowledge of laws; and the end of knowledge is to enable us to act." "We must act by the guidance of affection, and we must think in order to act." I know not if the evening classes at Newton Hall differ from those of so many admirable night

schools, except in the fact that they have continually in view the relation and classification of the sciences, and a really religious, albeit a mundane, sanction. In connection with these classes is a small free library of selected works, the masterpieces of the human mind, in all ages, races, and tongues.

An essential side of the movement is a steady interest in all serious questions of practical politics. Each of the problems as it rises, especially those of a social and an international order, are zealously debated in Newton Hall; and, so far as its voice can reach, it seeks to influence public opinion. Ireland, China, India, South Africa, Egypt, France, the government of London, the homes of the poor, the blasphemy laws, and the nationalisation of the land, form successive topics of debate and public addresses. At times, as during the Egyptian war, a series of meetings were held, and a body of pamphlets and circulars were issued. Men are apt to think that that which is political ceases to be spiritual. On the contrary, to be deaf and dumb in the realm of political duty is to be lost to the profoundest sources of spiritual strength. And Churches, to which politics are a thing of the earth earthy, have already in despair abandoned the control of our earthly career. Their places will be filled by such Churches as, finding in the victory of morality over self-interest a truly religious sanction, can make politics — what they have not been since the Crusades—at once religious and moral.

But Sunday discourses, scientific classes, and political debates all leave much to be done. Spiritual activity, undoubtedly, implies the consecration of life by public sanction, the commemoration of great festivals and great epochs in our existence, whether public or private, the outpouring of the heart in thankfulness, meditation, and reverence. Here, too, we seek to form the germs of a spiritual activity at once real, human, and mundane. From time to time the centenary of a great man's death, the presentation to the community of a child, the commemoration of the dead, the opening of the New Year, a musical festival, or the like, form the occasion of a perfectly human worship. And by worship we mean the outward tribute of honour to that which is felt to be worthy of honour. Nor are the simpler and more trivial forms of social communion wanting, —a friendly meal in common, an evening of talk and tea and general intercourse, a musical gathering with instrument and

voice, and a part-song by our choral union. At the close of the year the great poem of "The Dead," by George Eliot, will be set as a cantata, with a full body of instruments and voices.

Throughout these various modes of the work it is sought to make dominant the great mottoes of the Positivist scheme —"Live not for self, but for the world—Order and progress —Live in the light." And hence a few simple rules. Everything at Newton Hall is free: open to all to come or go, open without payment, without condition or test, without any restriction. No man pays to attend a lecture, no one is paid for giving a lecture. No distinction of class, or wealth, or profession is of any account at all. All classes are free and equally welcome; rich and poor, workman and capitalist, rough or cultured, all meet on the same footing. The rich, the poor, the ignorant, the learned have each, it is thought, something to teach, and much to learn. The artisan, the merchant, the clerk, the doctor, the professor are held not a grain the worse, nor a whit the better, for the function they have to fill in the world. The only point of interest is, How do they fill it? Nothing, again, that is purely negative, purely destructive or aggressive, is ever made a part of the work. The most devout Christian may come and listen, with patience, at least, if not with assent. The most Conservative will hear true Conservatism treated with sympathy. The most ardent Republican will find us accepting his hopes, even if we cannot always share his methods.

Such—since I am challenged in a sort to state them—such are the aims and ideals of the Positivist Society. An ideal, as I have said, the very outline and shadow of which is but faintly caught by those who look for it with faith and trust. I know not if the world will be inclined to see any element of a spiritual activity therein. For my part I hold that the spiritual element in man is that which belongs to his highest intelligence and his deepest feeling. But his highest intelligence and his deepest feeling are conversant with all that concerns his daily life; with his home and his duty towards his neighbour, and his work as a useful member of society, and his zest in all that is beautiful and tender and true. To tell us that the spiritual domain is something above and beside all this myriad-sided life of the world is to narrow the spiritual domain into a corner of life. The Churches for ages have been ever retreating into a remoter stronghold. They would restrict the things of the spirit to

certain ontological problems; they would limit religion to the utterance of prayer and the assertion of certain propositions of teleology. The fault of the Churches is that they are not religious enough; in their eagerness to be spiritual they are ceasing to be human. Now the ideal of Positivism is to enlarge the sphere of religion, to make it broaden till every common act of existence is a religious act, and the rule of man's spiritual nature shall be acknowledged in industry, in art, in politics, in every social institution and habit. But to do this religion must descend from the empyrean to dwell with men on earth, caring for the things of this life. "Man," said Auguste Comte, "grows more and more religious." But only in the sense that man grows more civilised, more social, more truly human.

When, nearly twenty years afterwards, we were quitting Newton Hall in 1902, I was asked by the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* to give some account of the movement. I wrote the article which he published in vol. li. (No. 303). As this was an account of what was practically the essential work of my own life from 1881, I have obtained permission to reproduce the main parts of it. I may add that many of the addresses of mine mentioned in the ensuing chapter have been published in my *Creed of a Layman* and in my other works. The earlier account in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave a description of what we proposed or hoped to do. The following account in the *Nineteenth Century* was meant to state what in twenty years we had actually done.

CHAPTER XXXV

NEWTON HALL, 1902

On Whitsunday (the 18th of May) there has been unveiled in Paris, by a Minister of the Republic, a monument erected to the memory of Auguste Comte, who died in 1857. The site given by the Municipal Council in the Place de la Sorbonne, in the precincts of the University of Paris and in the heart of the academic, literary, and scientific world of old Paris, is close to the house in which Comte lived and died, the house which has ever since been the seat of the Positivist body, and is surrounded by the buildings and memorials beside which his whole life was passed. The Prime Minister of the Republic, the Minister of War, and many of the most eminent men in the official and academic world of France were members of the memorial committee and subscribers to the fund.

Between one and two thousand subscriptions were received (many of these being from collective bodies) from France, England, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Holland, Spain, the British Colonies, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, the United States, Brazil, Mexico, the West Indies, the Argentine Republic, and Chili. The trans-Atlantic subscribers exceed in number those of Europe; the German exceed the British. The

monument itself is the work of Injalbert, the sculptor of the friezes of the Petit Palais; it consists of a bust of Comte, after that executed by Etex in 1852, and a *stele* carved in relief with allegorical figures of Humanity, and of the part taken by women and by Labour in the progress of civilisation. M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself was to have presided at the inauguration about Easter; but his accident and the elections caused the ceremony to be adjourned to Whitsunday. General André, the Minister of War, represented the Government, and delegates from England and many European countries had a share in the proceedings.

Though the memorial has been largely supported by the official world of France, ministers, senators, deputies, judges, and directors of public institutions, it has also been subscribed to in a great degree by the academic, scientific, and literary notables of various countries. There is hardly a university of distinction in Europe from which members of the committee fail to be represented. When the memorial scheme was formally launched in September 1900 by an international Conference and a series of addresses in various languages, the delegates who spoke came from England, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Portugal, Turkey, Brazil, and Mexico. At the same time the philosophical Press of France has been issuing a series of works upon the writings and theories of Comte, the books of Professor Lévy-Bruhl, of the University of Paris, being the most friendly as well as the most important. All this does not look as if Comte was so completely forgotten as some specialists try to make out. He is recognised in liberal France, and in some of the centres of thought outside France, to be what Gambetta called him, "the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century." Bodies of his followers exist

in most civilised countries, and periodicals devoted to his ideas are published in English, French, German, Swedish, Spanish, and Portuguese.

I take occasion of this commemoration to say a few words about the very unpretending body which for twenty-one years has had its home in Newton Hall. The Royal Scottish Corporation, which has owned the property since 1782, now requires it for their own gatherings, and at the close of their lease the Positivist Society has been forced to leave it. The spot was originally the garden attached to the house of Dr. Barbone, a grandson of the notorious Praise-God Barbone of Cromwell's Parliament. In 1710 Sir Isaac Newton, then President of the Royal Society, in conjunction with Sir Christopher Wren, purchased the house and garden between Fetter Lane and Crane Court for their Society, and about the middle of the century the existing hall was built in the garden from a good design of the school of Wren. Down to 1782, when the Royal Society moved to Somerset House, the hall served as a museum and meeting-room, until the collections made by Captain Cook and Dr. Banks were removed to Montagu House and became the nucleus of the British Museum. It may be taken that the eminent men, foreign and British, who were admitted to the meetings of the Royal Society during this period, have been present in the existing hall. The old house was burnt down in 1877, but the hall was fortunately preserved. When the Royal Society quitted the City in 1782, the hall was used and let off for various purposes. At one time it was rented by the London Philosophical Society, and in 1818 Samuel Taylor Coleridge gave a course of lectures there on "Language, Education, Social and Moral Questions." In 1819 he delivered there his famous

twelve lectures on "Shakespeare," the last lectures he ever gave in public. At other times the hall has been used as a concert-room, for which it is peculiarly adapted by its acoustic qualities. Hobbes of Malmesbury once lived close by, and Dryden is said to have occupied the house in Fetter Lane abutting on the hall, and Otway was his neighbour. The inscription to the memory of Dryden on the walls of the old house was removed a few years ago. Richard Baxter, Tom Paine, and Dr. Johnson all lived a few yards off. It was in 1881 that the Positivist Society took a lease of the hall, decorated it with mottoes and legends, a large copy of the Sistine Madonna and busts of the great men of all ages from Moses to Bichat, whose names are in the New Calendar. The Positivist Library of 270 standard works, ancient and modern, stood in the centre. On each side of the Madonna and the platform and desk were the organ and a grand piano, once the property of Charles Darwin.

As sundry foolish myths have from time to time been hatched about Newton Hall and what was done there, I will take leave to state a few very plain facts about its history and uses in the last twenty-one years. It is curious that any kind of myth could have grown up, inasmuch as everything about the place and the body meeting there has been always open to all comers, according to the Positivist maxim inscribed on the wall, *Live without concealment.* The very thought of any secret society, or private discussion, or even an anonymous publication, is abhorrent to their sense of social duty. And, besides this, thousands of men and women known to the world of literature, politics, science, or society have freely taken advantage of the policy of "the open door," which always stood wide to all men in Fetter Lane.

Those who differ from the majority in these days must expect opposition and odium; but this is hardly an excuse for preposterous misstatements of facts and wild travesties of natural and reasonable conduct.

Auguste Comte was an idealist, who, like all the social and religious reformers of every age, had visions of a Utopian future, a new heaven and a new earth. We at Newton Hall have treated these visions with reverence; but we have never dreamed of witnessing in our age any such Apocalypse, and assuredly we have never presumed to attempt any crude model of a society which after ages will have to work out in reality and which must follow and not precede an entire re-organisation of life and of thought. We have not presumed to use the sacred name of a church for our tentative group. We have had no priest, no ritual, no adoration, no ceremonial. We have not assumed to speak of "services," or "worship," or "religion," excepting in so far as the "Service of Man" may mean the fulfilment of human duties, or as "worship" may mean manifest honour and reverence for whatsoever things are true, whatsoever are honest, whatsoever are just, whatsoever are pure, whatsoever are lovely. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, we think on these things, and that is *worship*. And as to "religion," we extend that most ancient and most grand of all names to all belief in solid truths, whether physical or spiritual, cosmical or human, which inspire right action and sincere enthusiasm for the fulfilment of personal and social duty. As a form of worship, Positivism is simply right living inspired by humane feeling. As a mode of religion, it means nothing but the religion of duty — duty as revealed by science and as idealised by the reverent soul.

I say this because my friend, Professor Huxley, shortly before his death, once in conversation with me about Positivism said: "Why! I always thought you swung a censer on Sundays before the altar at Chapel Street." And he seemed honestly surprised when I told him that I had never been in Chapel Street for more than twenty years, and had never seen either censer or altar or anything of the kind at any Positivist gathering. Though I do not go to Chapel Street myself, being occupied at Newton Hall, the present director there is my good friend, and has published papers of his own in our *Review* and in that directed by Pierre Laffitte in Paris. On his appointment he asked the fraternal support of Newton Hall. Then wild stories were passed about as to dissensions amongst Positivists and their schisms, and so forth. There have been, of course, differences of views and some personal difficulties amongst Positivists, as there must be in all healthy and living movements; but these differences and difficulties are trifling compared with the schisms, heresies, heartburnings, and animosities common amongst all Christian bodies and flagrant in the Established Church. All I can say is that I have never made public any utterance unfriendly to other Positivist groups, even when I heard of things that I disapproved. I have heard of groups in South America where odd things are done and said, and where we at Newton Hall are regarded as Gallios and Supra-Lapsarians; and we are not responsible for what may be done by some other groups in the British Islands. But all that I am now concerned with is to say a few words about what has been attempted at Newton Hall during twenty-one years in the way of scientific education, social progress, and religious culture.

When giving the inaugural address at Newton

Hall in May 1881, I took occasion to say that it would be at once school, club, and chapel—a place for education, for political activity, and for religious communion. And these three aims have been steadily kept in view. At the basis of them lay the need for scientific training, for we have always insisted that the very existence of Positivism as a scientific system of belief depended on a complete education in real knowledge and the formation of a competent body of trained teachers. We have never limited the term *science* to physics and nature, but rightly extend it to sociology and ethics. If we did not summarily accept all the various hypotheses of every professor who might dogmatise about the atomic theory or evolution, we were absurdly represented as indifferent to science, and even lenient to obscurantism, because, with some Christian philosophers, we have always insisted that religion and science must co-operate in cordial alliance to combine in regenerating *conduct* as well as *knowledge*. But all such taunts of satirists are as idle as the jest that we were polishing up a guillotine in our dress coats; and, in point of fact, they came from specialists to whom religion and science had as little in common as trigonometry and the Lord's Prayer.

Newton Hall, at any rate, has been primarily a seat of education in useful knowledge. We do not pretend that it could compare with the systematic education given in an endowed college of the highest class. It was from the first a people's school, on the lines of a Mechanics' Institute, offering free lectures of a popular kind. But at the same time the lecturers have always been men of regular academic training, for the most part themselves engaged in academic or professorial teaching, and uniformly teaching their science with full familiarity with the accepted

curriculum of the Universities. In this way we have treated geometry, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, social statics, history, and the theory of politics and of ethics. The teachers in all cases have been professors and lecturers at colleges, doctors of medicine and of science, and others professionally engaged in teaching. The courses in history, in social economics, and in morals have been the most continuous and important, as in the Positivist scheme they must be. Professor Beesly, in twenty years, has given a continuous synopsis of the entire body of history, ancient and modern. Mr. J. Cotter Morison, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Vernon Lushington, Mr. Swinny, Mr. Marvin, and myself have given long and systematic courses of history, both ancient and modern. We do not pretend that lectures of the kind would attract the undergraduate eager to get "tips" for his "exams"; but, at any rate, they may show that we did not offer the public an introduction to Positivism in any spirit of obscurantism.

How, it may be asked, did all this differ from all the Mechanics' Institutes, Toynbee Halls, Polytechnics, Working Men's Colleges, Passmore Edwards Settlement, and other institutions of the kind? In general aim, and to some degree in spirit, it went on similar lines with these excellent institutions. But in other things it did essentially differ. These may be grouped under three main heads.

1. Newton Hall from first to last has been an absolutely *free* school in every sense. No teacher, except a professional musician, has ever been paid even the expenses of materials, books, or apparatus. No fees were ever paid by any student. Even high-class concerts, given by professional musicians, both vocal and instrumental, have been free. There

have been no booked seats, no collection, no examination, no certificates, no test, and no qualification. The hall has always been free to all comers, whether subscribers, or registered members, or mere strangers declining to give a name. All publications, books, pamphlets, lectures, reviews and charts, etc. etc., have been sold at the bare cost of printing and not seldom something less. It has always been one of the cardinal principles of the Positivist movement to make all religious or scientific teaching gratuitous, to offer it freely to all who will accept it, and to separate teaching from any question of personal profit. I remember a working man who had attended a course of lectures on history coming up to me to say that the workman did not value that which he did not pay for, and he wished to know what he should pay. I told him that he might subscribe anything he pleased to the fund, but that the market rate of the course he had followed might amount to five or ten pounds. This is not the place to discuss so wide a question. But the Positivist practice of gratuitous teaching rests on the principle that it is a social duty in those who have acquired useful knowledge to impart it, and that so sacred an obligation should be kept from the higgling of the market, at least so far as it assumes the form of a religious propaganda.

2. The second character of difference between Newton Hall and a Mechanics' Institute is this: The education aimed at was to be neither literary nor professional. It was not designed to turn out journalists or to enable clerks to improve their salaries. It avoided all desultory and miscellaneous information, and was essentially *systematic*, based on the scheme of general scientific training, which Comte proposed as the ideal of a regenerated future. We were often offered popular lectures

"with lantern slides," "half-hours with novelists," "recitations from *Pickwick*," and the like; but they have always been declined with thanks. All the courses, and even the entertainments, have had for their subject the great names of all time, the immortal books of the world, the great epochs of human history. Many a clerk, workman, and man of business, who had neither time nor money for a college, has been able in twenty years to get a general conception of history, science, and literature, such as many a B.A. has never heard of. The *New Calendar of Great Men* contains a summary of universal history, which is the permanent residuum of a long series of Newton Hall courses.

In this connection also stood the *Positivist Library*—the list of 270 great books of the world which Comte drew up as an antidote to too miscellaneous and desultory reading. Almost all of these books have been the text of some lecture or address at Newton Hall. One of the myths, by the way, was that Comte selected one hundred volumes as worth reading and desired to have the rest destroyed. It was, in fact, Sir John Lubbock who chose out the one hundred "Best Books," and had the collection printed in uniform shape — and an excellent idea it was. Comte's "Library" for *general reading* was to consist of 270 works; and certainly it was not intended to exclude other reading. Yet people still repeat this idle jest which some ill-natured pedant found amusing.

3. The third and principal characteristic of the Newton Hall education was this: The entire course of study was moulded on a *religious* basis, and was animated by a *religious* purpose. Of course by *religious* we did not mean theological or preternatural; but humane, social, and ethical.

That is, all knowledge was treated as conducive to train every man and woman to fulfil their appointed service to humanity, and not to gratify their vanity or assist them "to get on." In this it may be a surprise to some persons to find Positivists uncompromising adherents of denominational education, if by the term we mean education invariably interfused with a definite system of religion. It may be a still greater surprise to tell them that Positivists alone can offer a truly and systematically religious education. The great bulk of science, of literature, and of history cannot be connected with theology and the supernatural, except by torturing it into fetters; and this causes the interminable quarrel between science and theology. The whole Company of Jesus and the Roman propaganda could not screw anything celestial out of the elements of geometry and conic sections; and in teaching mathematics they are forced to put theology, the Creeds, and the Bible aside. But when the Positivist lecturer treats the first book of Euclid or conic sections, he is inspired with memories of some of the critical epochs in the history of humanity; he recalls with reverence the names of Pythagoras and Archimedes; he points out the places they hold in the sacred calendar of humanity; he turns to all that Comte has written on the inevitable necessity for *demonstration* to found any permanent religion. When the Positivist is teaching mathematics, he knows that he is teaching *religion*. The Jew, the Mussulman, the Christian does not and cannot.

And now I may be asked, "What about religion in the stricter sense—worship and ceremonies?" Well! as I have said, we at Newton Hall have never instituted any ritual, any adoration, or sacerdotalism of any kind. We do not prejudge the question of such things being spontaneously

evolved in the future on humane and rational bases. We understand reasonable worship to be the expression of reverence for all that we can conceive of Providence in the past, and of all great ideals in the time to come. We warmly repudiate the arid conceit of Atheism; and even Agnosticism seems to us but a barren negation of which we need not be proud. Without presuming to dogmatise on the origin of the universe, or the purposes of a Creator, we find what visible signs of Providence we can recognise in the vast and gradual evolution of human civilisation, in the almost miraculous dominion over his earthly home that man has won, and the even more marvellous regeneration of his own nature from primeval brutality and ignorance. If the moral guidance of our world means anything real, it means this. It fills us with reverence as it is, even though we know not whence it came nor whither it may lead.

Accordingly, an essential part of our religious teaching has been to commemorate the great men of all ages by whom the mighty course of civilisation has been achieved. We do not exclude Moses, Confucius, or Mahomet. The centenary anniversaries of such men as Alfred, William the Silent, Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Washington, Gutenberg, Calderon, Raffaelle, Hunter, Diderot, Comte, have been used to impress on our friends the story of their lives and achievements. In connection with this we have instituted the practice of pilgrimages to the tombs, or the homes, or the birthplaces of great men such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Newton, Bacon, Harvey, Locke, Penn, Darwin, and scores of others famous in history and in science. We are not afraid of the good old name of pilgrims, for we go to these spots consecrated by their associations in a spirit of

religious reverence for the services of men whose dust lies beneath our feet, or whose eyes have looked on the very walls we see to-day. Our pilgrimages, of course, have nothing superstitious about them. We practise no mediaeval folly. We listen to an address on the life of the man, on the history of the spot or building, we learn a little and we enjoy the trip very much, when we spend such a time at Stratford-on-Avon, or Oxford, at Canterbury, Winchester, Huntingdon, Cambridge, or Paris. And in the same way, we have systematically studied the public museums, galleries of art, science, or antiquities, the libraries and ancient monuments of our country.

Art—the history of art in all its branches, the lives of artists—has always formed an essential element of our scheme of education, even of our religious celebrations. Every accessible collection of pictures, statues, fabrics, or antiquities, every memorable public building has been systematically studied and its lessons enforced in appropriate lectures. Buildings, statues, and pictures we can visit or study in representations. The musicians can be even better studied by performance of their typical works. And the presenting of pieces by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, by our choir, assisted usually by professional performers, have been delightful occasions, when Mr. Vernon Lushington has given us a stimulating address on the career of each of these musicians in turn.

Any one who still confines the idea of *religion* to the adoration of unseen and inconceivable beings, and to visions far transcending our poor earth, may possibly ask: "What has all this to do with religion?" "Friend!" we say, "you take a stunted idea of religion, as if it only concerned ecstatic moments of the soul." We take it to concern the whole of life, and every hour of life.

Homer and Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Molière may not have an intimate relation to the devotional spirit, if its vision is rigidly fixed on the Throne of Grace in the Heaven of Heavens. But as prophets inspired with insight into human nature, as potent forces in the rich story of humanity, these glorious poets have a lasting claim on our reverence, and a truly religious use in making us comprehend the height and the depth of the human soul. To understand this, to be inspired by it, to work towards it as towards a "new life," is religion. This is to live—

> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable ends that end with self.

Certainly, the main aim of the Newton Hall addresses has been to illustrate, explain, and enforce the essential maxims and principles of a religion of human duty, to awaken the sense of man's dependence on the human Providence which surrounds him from the cradle to the grave, and to comprehend the material environment in which his life is cast. And for this end no means of rousing the emotions to a devotional spirit has been neglected, short of any attempt to invoke the creatures of our own imaginations, to persuade ourselves of the reality of things of which we can have no certain knowledge. And, accordingly, we have collected a small volume of well-known hymns and poems which were sung by a trained choir with an organ accompaniment. Although containing nothing theological or superhuman, it has pieces by Cardinal Newman, George Herbert, Archbishop Trench, C. Wesley, and by Goethe, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Shelley, Browning, G. Eliot, Blake, and Tennyson. It has also hymns written by our own members for such special occasions as Birth,

Marriage, Death, Morning, Evening, the Day of All the Dead, and New Year's Day.

A word now about those special occasions which Comte called *Sacraments*. This grand old word, the military *oath*, adopted by the Church from the Roman army, properly means nothing but the public pledge to fulfil some sacred duty, and Comte borrowed it to denote a religious ceremony which might give a public consecration to some critical epoch of life. There was nothing mystical or fanciful about this. The idea of Positivism is to connect each typical event in the life of the individual with the interests of society at large by a public profession of duty under some visible external sanction. The *Presentation* of a child, and the public promises of its parents and sponsors, answer to Baptism. *Initiation*, at the entrance on systematic education, is the same as Confirmation. *Admission* is the entrance on adult manhood or "coming of age." *Destination* is the public adoption of a profession or career. Thus, when one of our body went out to his office as Consul in the East, he was publicly reminded in a special address of the duties he had undertaken, and he publicly pledged himself to fulfil them in the service of humanity. I suppose no other religious community ever dealt with a diplomatic official in this way, or would exactly know how the Christian formularies could be adapted to such a purpose. To the Positivist this is easy and natural, and of really great importance. Would that Lord Milner and Lord Curzon could have taken such a *Sacrament* and listened to such admonition, when they went to assume their Vice-regal functions!

The most common of these *Sacraments*, of which Comte proposed nine, are *Marriage* and *Burial*. These have been constantly celebrated in Newton Hall with appropriate forms. They are published,

and any one who looks into the books will see that they come quite naturally out of the Positivist scheme of life and religion. For marriage, it borrows from the Church the admirable question and answer which the Church borrowed from the *Stipulatio* of Roman Law. The ring, and mutual promises of husband and wife, are the inheritance of monogamic civilisation. The exhortation naturally avoids the gross and monkish crudities of the Church service, and the ceremony concludes with a discourse on the history, meaning, and duties of marriage, and hymns by the choir. Indeed, a wedding at Newton Hall is usually pronounced to be both a graceful and an impressive ceremony, bringing home to bride and bridegroom the tremendous responsibilities of married life, calling on them to make serious pledges of duty face to face with their families and their fellow-believers, and dedicating their lives, not only to each other, but to the community in which they live. It is no longer an affair of clothes, simpering, and idle jollification, such that the conventional phrases of the bishop and his assisting priests are lost in the chatter of a dressy mob, and the contemplation of "costly" presents.

The Funeral or Memorial Address for the dead has always been a central interest to Positivists, and for twenty years has been in practice with the Newton Hall body. Comte instituted nothing in the way of ritual for this or any other sacrament, nor have we attempted to found any formal ceremony. At times beside the open grave, or at the crematorium, or in a mere memorial address after interment, the religion of humanity affords abundant scope for fitting thoughts. The funeral discourses that I have given for J. Cotter Morison, George Macdonell, Grant Allen, and others have been published. And the reader can judge how

deeply abhorrent to Positivism is the thought that the grave is the end of man, how real are the consolations it finds in the presence of death, and all that death should mean to those who survive. On the last night of each year we have been wont to commemorate those whom we have lost, those who, of late, have been lost to the world, and above all the countless host of the unknown and unnamed dead by whose toils we live, who in us continue to live again.

The simple story of the humble experiment which we sought to make during our tenure of Newton Hall should suffice to satisfy any candid mind how unfounded is the gibe that anything to be seen or heard there was a parody of Catholicism, or showed an indifference to science. With all modern historians, Comte recognised the high ideal of mediaeval Catholicism. But we have made no pretence of copying it by crude imitation. The best Christian aspirations have undoubtedly been to us the essence of religion and of morals. But we can accept nothing that has not behind it solid reality and usefulness on earth. The purport of the Positive scheme is nothing but this,—an effort to preserve the essence of Christian ethics, in an age of materialism and of egoism, by placing them on a secure basis of scientific truth. It has visions of a time to come when, as in the early Middle Ages, Church and School shall be, not enemies and rivals, but phases of the same force and organs of the same religion.

CHAPTER XXXVI

PUBLIC LECTURES

As I was engaged during some fifty years in giving various addresses on public platforms, it may be convenient to give some account of their occasion and object. I shall reserve the list of them for a separate Appendix. But, since this has been my main sphere of activity, and both the topics discussed and the audiences addressed were somewhat diverse, it may be better to explain more fully the plan on which I acted.

From first to last, I have always regarded my public lectures as attempts to *teach*. However dull may have been my mode of presenting my ideas, the purpose was always to try to impart *knowledge* to those who chose to hear me—not to amuse them, nor to excite them. And the knowledge which I sought to give them was intended to be *systematic*, not desultory ; it was founded on a coherent scheme of general education, which was always present to the lecturer's own thought. And I can honestly aver that I never attempted to lecture on any subject that I had not sought to master, so as to have a competent understanding of it myself. If the list of subjects treated seems to be extremely various, it must be remembered that it was invariably based on the collective synthesis of the Positive philosophy, on the *Calendar of Great*

Men, and on the general doctrines of Comte as contained in his *Polity* and other books. However miscellaneous at first sight this catalogue of lectures may appear, it will be found that it never steps aside from history, biography, politics, law, and economics, studies to which from my college days in 1850 my whole life has been devoted.

I suppose the lectures of a public kind first began with some courses which I gave in 1858-1859 at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, the subjects being the "Rise of Modern History in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," and afterwards on the "French Revolution and the Continental Wars from 1789 to 1815." And up to the present date the latest, and I fondly trust the last, of my public addresses, was a lecture given on "Free Trade" during the electoral campaign of 1910. I remember that after my lecture on the Revolution I was denounced by a working man as a Republican (so early as 1858 had the Conservative workman arisen); and when, in 1910, I lectured on the social advantages of Free Trade, my neighbours were indignant that any member of the Kent County Bench could be anything but a stout Protectionist of hops.

For the twenty-five years, 1880-1904 inclusive, I generally lectured on the Sundays for about two months in each year, as well as on the special meetings of the Positivist Society. The courses were almost entirely devoted to exposition of Positivist principles, to the general history of civilisation, ancient, mediaeval, and modern, to the lives of great teachers and leaders, and to the current economic and international questions. They never had any character of party politics, of purely literary interest, nor of theological polemics. They were intended, as were all other lectures of the Society, to form part of a systematic

education, adapted to men and women whose laborious lives left them little time for the study of books.

From 1880 till 1904, as President of the Positivist Committee, I gave (with one or two omissions) the Annual Address on New Year's Day, to which the public were freely admitted. These addresses gave a *résumé* of our work during the year, and commented on the public, especially on the international, questions of the day. They were always absolutely detached from any matter of party, or tactics, or class. The Press were not invited, and no facilities were given to any reporters; but as publicity was with us a cardinal principle of all utterances that affected the State, it was impossible to prevent some kind of reporting. The result of this was most annoying to the speaker, and indeed most injurious to our cause. The Press, after their kind, having no purpose but to tickle the curiosity of their readers, reported any opinion or criticism which seemed to bear on the party squabbles of the day, especially catching up a phrase or a forecast which savoured of any "sensation," and they made no allusion to the rest of the discourse, which was occupied with religious, social, or philosophical argument. The speaker might deal with these in turn during some fifty minutes of the hour; and give the remaining ten minutes to home and foreign policy. Next morning the newspapers reported any remark on the latter of these, if it seemed to tell for or against any party or topic in Parliament. And the public were left with the wrong impression that the annual address of the Positivists was simply a party manifesto.

These addresses were at times published as pamphlets by myself or the Society, and after 1895 in the *Positivist Review*; but as the general reader had seen a few paragraphs on a single topic

in the morning papers, he seldom troubled himself to read more. My belief is, that, far from enabling the public to know anything that may be uttered on the lecture platform, the present system of reporting occasional lectures rather prevents the lecture from reaching those who do not hear it, unless so far as what is said may be controversy, satire, or jest. Anything of this kind flies round the newspaper world. And this serves to warn the reader off the lecture itself when it is published as a whole. How often has a doubtful friend or an open opponent said to me, "Oh! I read your address yesterday!" when all that he had read over his tea and toast were a few phrases that I had dropped out about a petty debate in the House of Commons.[1]

Sacraments and Commemorations

When the Positivist body grew into an organised community and was settled in Newton Hall, the great incidents of family and personal life came to be invested with public celebration of an appropriate kind. Birth, adolescence, marriage, burial — had special meaning in the religion of

[1] I remember an amusing incident which illustrates two points of punctilio very dear to the sub-editorial mind. I was asked to give a lecture to the Vacation students at Oxford. There was a large attendance in the Examination Schools, for Professor Jowett was to preside, and scores of reporters sat in a row at the table immediately beneath us. My subject, as announced, was, "The Great Books of History," and as I intended to publish my written discourse, I had no desire to have any reporters at all. Before beginning my lecture, I took occasion to speak in general terms of the way in which the Vacation teaching was working. I noticed that a reporter slipped out of the hall before I said a word about history. He caught the night mail, and got his little bit into the next morning's newspaper; but he reported not one word about the Lecture on History, which he did not hear. As this ingenious stenographer had got the start of a dozen rivals, they could not get their reports printed at all, and their labour was wasted. One of the rules of journalism is to snap up "first notice." Another is, rigidly to suppress anything which another journal has already noticed.

humanity. And some to whom this was a real thing could not have their feelings expressed or their hopes enlarged in the rites of any one of the orthodox Churches. They pressed for a new ceremony, however simple, that would satisfy their emotions and concentrate their conceptions of the social bearing of those rites which Comte named the human *Sacraments*. It became my duty as President to give expression to these very plain and humble commemorations. And specimens of the form some of these took are collected in my book, *The Creed of a Layman*.

Accordingly I found myself compelled on various occasions to give public addresses on the *Presentation* of infants, on the *Confirmation* of adolescents, on *Marriage* after the legal office of the Registrar, on *Destination* to a profession, on *Maturity*, at the *Funeral* and the *Commemoration* of the departed. These were given usually at Newton Hall, occasionally at houses or public halls, sometimes at the grave or in the cemetery chapel, at times at or before cremation. From time to time I was asked by those in general sympathy with us, but not in actual membership of our body, to give the address on presentation, on marriage, at burial, or cremation, at different places and on special occasions. Such were the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Stanton Coit in Kensington Town Hall; the cremation of Mr. and afterwards of Mrs. Hertz, and of their son-in-law, George Macdonell, the cremation of Grant Allen at Brookwood, and the burial of Dr. Kaines at Worthing. I spoke also at the grave of Mr. Fry, a Russian exile and friend of Tolstoy; and at Chicago I was importuned to give an address for the children of another family of Russian exiles—the mother being a Polish Jewess who had renounced her home, her family, Judaism, orthodoxy,

theology, and fatherland, but who still clung passionately to her children receiving some kind of religious consecration in infancy.

Of course, these addresses of mine never pretended to any sacerdotal character or to have any mystical effect of any sort; but they were merely attempts to put into words the natural feelings awakened in families and amongst fellow-believers by the great crises of life—such as birth, marriage, death, and the like. And they were always supplementary to legal registration. I was constantly asked to speak on the occasion of marriage, birth, or death by persons who could not satisfy me that they were in real sympathy with our faith, but had a vague desire for some sort of religious sanction apart from the Churches. This I always refused. I once gave an address at the cremation of one unknown to me in person—an aged Indian official, who died in hospital, and having been a constant attendant and subscriber at Newton Hall, left me by will his trustee for a public purpose. Once I was importuned by a Catholic to admit him to the ceremony of marriage. But he artlessly explained to me that, as he had been divorced by his former wife, he could not be married in his own church. I naturally told him that neither could he be married in ours, and I thought he must be content to have the Registrar's certificate for his second marriage.

As the centenaries of the death of the great men in our Calendar came round the task was to commemorate their services to humanity by some special discourse. Many of these addresses of mine have been published either in pamphlets or in books. The course of "Great Heroes from Alfred to Washington" has only been published in part. When the commemoration of great artists or musicians was attempted, it was the practice to

illustrate the lecture by drawings or photographs, and by musical performance of their compositions. And so with poets, as in the case of Shakespeare and Robert Burns, by choral singing of selected songs. The idea always was to give a sketch of what, in time and with larger resources, the religious commemoration of these great spirits might be made effective and habitual.

Pilgrimages

One of the most popular forms of commemoration which we instituted was that of a pilgrimage to the home, or tomb, and associations of great men, and visits to scenes of historic interest. The most elaborate of these were visits to Stratford-on-Avon and its neighbourhood, to Oxford, Cambridge, and Huntingdon, to Paris, Winchester, and Canterbury. Others were made to the public galleries, the Tower, the Temple, St. Paul's, and Westminster. I believe I organised nearly all of these with the help of our friends. In every case, the design was to combine a rational and instructive holiday with real study of all the historic, literary, and artistic associations of each spot, gallery, tomb, or church; to give a serious tone and that religious consecration which befits a genuine pilgrimage by filling our minds with reverence for the immortal spirit whose footsteps we were seeking to trace.

The pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey and a visit in turn to the tombs there of the great names in our Calendar—from Chaucer to Newton—became an annual ceremony, and took place on the anniversary of Comte's death, 5th September. This was accompanied by an historical estimate, usually delivered by myself or a colleague in the

Chapter House, or Dining Hall, or Jerusalem Chamber. We always met with the most courteous reception and full facilities for these meetings from successive Deans of Westminster.

It was no easy task to arrange the visit of some eighty persons, of different ages and professions and of both sexes, to pass three days at Stratford-on-Avon, to visit all the scenes there and in the vicinity associated with the memory of Shakespeare. The pilgrimages included a Shakespeare concert, an address on the poet's life and career, service in the parish church, and excursions to Shottery and Charlecote. Our party was most kindly welcomed by the then vicar, and the Mayor of Stratford. So also we had the guidance at Winchester of the then Dean, and at Canterbury of one of the resident canons. Nor have we ever met with anything but courteous welcome from the authorities of our public museums and galleries, of cathedrals and churches, of the universities, and of the owners of historic houses and places. Our system of pilgrimages has been largely adopted and imitated by other bodies and congregations. But I think that a real pilgrimage, in the old traditional spirit, once familiar in the Middle Ages and still in full activity in the East, is only possible (at least to any but ardent Catholics) for those who have cultivated through life a truly religious reverence for the great souls by whom civilisation has been gradually evolved.

The "man in the street" was sometimes puzzled when he looked on. Some trippers in a van who came to see Jordans one Sunday afternoon were surprised to hear me in the seat of the elders narrating the story of William Penn and the early Quakers in that quaint and most historic meeting-house of the patriarch Friends. They withdrew with new ideas of the development of modern

Quakerism. The residents in the cloisters of a cathedral would stare at the doings and sayings of a party who seemed to them unlike the usual tourists, and who were guided and addressed on a Sunday afternoon by a dean or a canon or a college dignitary, and who then attended the evening service in the cathedral. During our great excursion to Paris, which lasted a week and was certainly a difficult business to organise, I was suddenly stopped by the Paris police as I was explaining to my friends the history of the magnificent west façade of Notre Dame, and the beauties of its imagery and emblems. The *gardiens* peremptorily told me that public discourses were illegal in the streets, and that if I wished to express our homage for Saint Louis and Jeanne d'Arc, it must be done inside the church. Curiously enough, the vergers stopped me in the same way when, on the steps of our own St. Paul's Cathedral, I was trying to put into words our profound veneration of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Obituary Celebrations

As I look back over my Diaries of the last thirty years, I seem to have been a second "Old Mortality," who spent his life in rubbing up the tombstones of the saints. I was always calling upon those who would hear me to do honour to the memory of some departed worthy. Apart from the obituary notices which I spoke or wrote on Comte, on Pierre Laffitte, J. Cotter Morison, Dr. J. H. Bridges, and others of our own body, I find that I tried to give expression to my feelings on the memory of John Stuart Mill, of Gambetta, of Ruskin, of Tennyson, of Carlyle, of Countess Russell, of Charles Eliot Norton, of Leslie Stephen, and Goldwin Smith. And I took part in, and at times organised, the public commemoration of

famous men of the past, and pronounced the address at the celebration of the anniversary of their death.

Of these the Millenary of King Alfred was the most arduous and the most important. In 1890 I led a party from Newton Hall to visit the spots consecrated by the memory of our noblest hero, and gave an address on his life and work, proposing a national commemoration on the thousandth anniversary of his death. Again, in 1897, as President of the Midland Institute, I devoted my address to Alfred, and urged the formation of a Committee to carry out the scheme. In the following year, with the aid of the then Mayor and the then Dean of Winchester, we succeeded after incessant labour in forming a representative Committee at the Mansion House in London. I gave several addresses in support of the scheme, and enlisted many political and personal friends in the cause. I think I gave lectures on Alfred at Newton Hall, at Kensington Town Hall, at the British Museum, and in the United States at the Universities of Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and Baltimore. It is a labour of Sisyphus to induce modern Englishmen to give their time and money to do honour to great men of ancient days whose memory arouses neither political, literary, nor religious enthusiasm. But at last the Alfred Millenary was worthily achieved by a representative gathering at Winchester under the energetic self-devotion of Mr. Alfred Bowker, the former Mayor. Lord Rosebery did justice to the purest of kings in one of his finest appeals; and the grandest statue that England can show stands hard by the ruins of the royal palace, to bear witness to future ages that Englishmen of the twentieth century still remember the hero who in the ninth century brought our country out of chaos

and ignorance into the sphere of European Christendom, good government, and enlightenment.

Having published *Lives* of William the Silent, of Cromwell, and of Chatham, I was called upon to take part in commemorating their centenaries. The lecture on William, which is partly published in my *American Addresses*, was given in London, in Glasgow, in Leeds, Wolverhampton, and in New York. The essays on Cromwell are in my *Memories and Thoughts*. The address on Chatham was given to the Royal Historical Society, November 1908. The centenary address on Gibbon was given at the Royal Historical Society in 1895. I have already described the complicated labour required to stir even men of letters and historians to trouble themselves with any effort to record the life and work of scholars to whom they owe so much. Personally, the easy-minded and affectionate Edward Gibbon is not a man to rouse any keen enthusiasm. To me he is ever the rare type of a great synthetic mind, mastering a vast array of disparate facts and consolidating them in a grand picture of one of the most momentous epochs in the evolution of mankind.

When in 1901 I was honoured by an invitation through the Ambassador of the United States to go out to Chicago to give the Annual Address on George Washington, I could not refuse so interesting an occasion. In the year 1899, the centenary of Washington's death, I had given a commemorative address on this great patriot and statesman at Newton Hall, but I prepared an entirely new speech for the Auditorium at Chicago. This was never delivered elsewhere—but is published in my *American Addresses*, 1901. My general experiences of America during that most interesting visit are reserved for another section of this story.

The Rede Lecture at Cambridge in 1900 on

Byzantine History of the early Middle Ages was the occasion of my renewing my studies in Byzantine History, to which I had given much attention from the first appearance of Professor Bury's great work in 1889, and Schlumberger's *Empereur Byzantin*, 1890. On the appearance of these books, to which I was first introduced by the late Dr. Thomas FitzPatrick, I had never ceased to work on this fascinating and neglected period of history, on which I published two essays in the *Fortnightly Review*, Nos. 328, 329, in April and May 1894. In preparing the Rede Lecture I exhausted, in the British Museum and other public libraries, all the books I could discover in the languages of Western Europe on this very variegated topic ; and my task was to compress in some sixty pages the result of long and continuous study. I think that no book of mine has cost me such laborious research.

The Herbert Spencer Lecture at Oxford in 1905 was a less laborious study. I had been a careful student of Spencer's great *Synthetic Philosophy* from the time of its first opening in 1862, and I had followed with care all his subsequent works. I had been engaged often in active co-operation with him, and at times in lively controversy, as appears in my *Philosophy of Common Sense*. But I had not before sought to strike the balance of his permanent effect on the thought of our age. This I attempted to do in the Herbert Spencer Lecture, when I was invited by the trustees to open the series of this Annual Lecture. The general question between the schools of Comte and Spencer was again treated in the Annual Address which I gave as President of the Sociological Society in 1910, entitled "Sociology: its Definition and its Limits," printed in the *Sociological Review*, vol. iii. p. 97.

Church Disestablishment

In the years 1875, 1876, 1877, I was much occupied with the question of Church Disestablishment, and was in active co-operation with the Liberation Society, who laboured with zeal to free the Universities and schools from ecclesiastical tests and formulas, and to free the Church of England from its sordid and deadening subjection to the government of the day. I was thus in close association with Joseph Chamberlain, Carvell Williams, Alfred Illingworth, Edward Miall, Dr. Crosskey of Birmingham, and John Morley. Five-and-thirty years ago it certainly looked as if the Disestablishment of the Church in England was not so remote. But the only immediate result of the movement was the opening of the Universities to all denominations, and the long struggle to wrest the schools, supported by public rates and taxes, from the dominant Church, and to substitute a system of secular instruction under public control.

I took an active part in the work of the Liberation Society, and lectured under their auspices on Disestablishment in London, in Manchester, in Bradford, and in Liverpool. My essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Church and State," May 1877, was reprinted by the Society as a pamphlet; and in 1878 I prepared for them a sketch of a Bill in Parliament to include Disestablishment and Disendowment. This was adopted as the authorised scheme of the party, but was never actually introduced into Parliament. It would be an exceedingly interesting topic, on which I cannot now enter, to trace the reasons for which the Liberation movement of 1868-1878, so keen and deep as it seemed, failed to develop, and was succeeded rather by a revival of ecclesiasticism. Three of its promoters at least, John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain,

and John Morley, were still and long afterwards remained influential politicians, and those who entered into the literary side of the contest were not at all disheartened or silenced. My impression is that when the question became narrowed to a direct struggle for mastery between Evangelical Nonconformity and the Episcopal Church, the effective sympathy of the country was for the Church as against any form of Protestant Dissent. Having no kind of interest myself in this type of religion, I entered into the cause on general grounds of public equity, and as a protest against the political ascendency of a privileged Church of the rich and powerful. And I freely admit that in these thirty-five years the Church of England has made considerable strides towards a policy of justice, and has largely recovered the popular sympathy.

Professorship of Law

When I was appointed by the Council of Legal Education Professor of Jurisprudence, International and Constitutional Law, in conjunction with James Bryce, I regularly lectured in the Middle Temple Hall during the twelve years from 1877 to 1889. I published the series on "Principles of English Jurisprudence" in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1878, June 1879. These lectures were an attempt to settle the value of John Austin's contribution to the study of scientific Jurisprudence. In the same *Review* and in the same year (1879) I published notes of a course of lectures on the "Conflict of Law," in which I tried to find a more correct title for this branch of law than that of *Private International Law*, and to define its limits. In the year 1882 I published in the *Fortnightly Review* notes of my course of lectures on the "Law of Treason." None of these

law lectures have been reissued, and they would require for publication an amount of study of later works which I have never been able to devote to them.

Social Economics

In 1884 I was invited by the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh to give two lectures before that distinguished and learned Association, to whom my friends and colleagues Dr. Congreve and Dr. Bridges had lectured in former years. I chose as my subject the "Nationalisation of the Land," being an examination of the famous book of Henry George, *Progress and Poverty*, 1879, which was then attracting great interest in the advanced Radical and Socialist world, as did his book *Social Problems* in 1884. I was hospitably entertained by Robert Miller of Edinburgh, and made the acquaintance of that fine old Scottish bard, Professor Blackie, and other notables of the Scottish capital. These lectures I repeated the same year at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when I was the guest of the grand old chief of Northumbrian stalwarts, R. Spence Watson. Both at Edinburgh and at Newcastle I received a most friendly and attentive hearing, though Newcastle was at that time one of the centres of the Georgian propaganda. In the following year, 1885, at the Conference on Industrial Problems in Prince's Hall, I returned to the same question, on which I had previously lectured in Newton Hall, and the substance of my argument was published in my *National and Social Problems* (1908), p. 377.

In the year 1884 my friend Mr. Robert Miller of Edinburgh (who insisted on remaining anonymous) consulted me on a scheme designed "to inquire into more equitable means of dividing the products of industry between Capital and Labour."

Mr. Miller was by profession an engineer, who had made a considerable fortune in Australia, and returning home had settled in Edinburgh. A keen philanthropist and an earnest Reformer, he felt real compunction in the temperate enjoyment of his own wealth, in the midst of the social distress that he saw around him. At his death in April 1898, I wrote a notice of his life in the *Positivist Review*, vol. vi. p. 93. In it I said: "Many a cause has had his support, and many a man in difficulty has had good counsel and inspiration offered him by one who was almost morbidly afraid of his good deeds being known. But by a few friends he will be remembered long as a man who—in these days of change, impulse, vague ideas, and luxury—had the old Roman temper of republican simplicity, endurance, and fixity, along with the modern belief that a vast regeneration of society is essential to civilisation."

After a great deal of correspondence and personal solicitation, we succeeded in getting together a body of public men to act as trustees of a sum of £1000, which Mr. Miller transferred to them in order to organise a National Conference to consider the problem of Labour and Capital. These trustees were (Lord) Brassey, Mr. John Burnett (United Trades Congress), Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., the late Earl of Dalhousie, Professor Foxwell, (Sir) Robert Giffen, and myself. In co-operation with the Statistical Society, with all the principal Trades-Unions, and many Social and Economical Societies, we formed a public Conference in London, January 29, 30, 1885. Sir Charles Dilke was President, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., and Mr. Mundella, M.P., were Vice-Presidents. There were 125 delegates. Some thirty papers were read and discussed; and amongst the speakers were Mr. A. J. Balfour, (Lord) Brassey, Lord Bramwell, (Sir) Robert Giffen, the

late Sir I. Lowthian Bell, Professor Beesly, Mr. John Burns, Professor Marshall, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, Professor F. Newman, and delegates from most of the Trades-Union, Co-operative, and Socialist bodies. To this Conference I contributed the paper entitled "Remedies for Social Distress," printed in full in the Report of the *Industrial Remunerative Conference* (Cassell and Co., 1885), pp. 428-462, and reproduced in part in my book *National and Social Problems.* The entire study, as I finally revised it for the Report of 1885, embodies the substance of a great number of lectures on the Industrial Problem, and especially on Reform of Land Tenures, which between 1880 and 1900 I gave at Newton Hall, and in other halls in London and elsewhere.

General Subjects

Many of my lectures have been worked up into books. Those which I gave in 1877 and 1883 at the London Institution in Finsbury; at the Bishopsgate Institute in 1895; at Toynbee Hall in several years; at the South Place Institution in 1885 and 1892; at the University Extension at Oxford in 1888; at Hull, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, Birmingham, Newcastle —have been published, as well as those given at the opening of Mr. Passmore Edwards' Public Libraries; to the Humanitarian Society; and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings; the Royal Historical Society; the Social and Political League; and Ethical Societies in England and America. I have now and then been called upon to give addresses to foreigners in French, as I did to the Positivist Society in 10 Rue Monsieur-le-Prince in Paris in 1896, and again in 1903, both on the commemoration of

the anniversary of Comte's death on 5th September 1857. And in 1903 I gave in French a lecture on the history of Bodiam Castle, built during the long Hundred Years' War in 1386 by one of the captains of the Black Prince. A French antiquarian and historical Society, calling itself the "Souvenir Normand," came over to Hastings to visit the site of the great battle, and to place a tablet on the ruined wall of Battle Abbey. It was a quaint and amusing gathering, and the Opera recording the birth of William the Conqueror performed in French, the costume Pageant of the Conquest, and the *entente cordiale* expressed in various forms, were quite characteristic. When one of their excursions was made to Bodiam Castle, near Battle, I was asked to guide the party and to address them in French on the story of Bodiam—one of the most beautiful remains in the South of England, and a memorable remnant of the wickedness and folly of the great French wars.

In 1907, when I had resigned my office in the Positivist Society and had withdrawn from lecturing in their hall, I was asked by Dr. Washington Sullivan to occupy his place in Steinway Hall and to address the Ethical Religion Society on the eight Sundays in February and in March. The scheme and prospectus of this course is set forth in Appendix I. It may serve as an outline of the courses of lectures which on many occasions I gave at Newton Hall, and to many Ethical Societies both in England and in America. Some of the essays are contained in my *Creed of a Layman*, and in my *Philosophy of Common Sense*. I cannot honestly say that the experiment of presenting the Positivist synthesis to a cultivated audience with high literary standards in the west of London had any measure of success. Those who care to

attend philosophical or religious addresses in the more fashionable districts of London expect graceful style or brilliant epigrams and picturesque appeals to their taste and emotions. But few amongst them are willing to work out logical arguments or to take serious interest in anything so unpromising as a new religious system of thought. One might as well preach sermons on the Simple Life to the smart folk in the Grand Stand at Ascot.

I am quite conscious that in all this long and varied career of lecturing, I am open to the just charge that I invariably sacrificed my hearers to my own purposes and habits. Most of them, I well knew, came to be amused—and I never for an instant made any effort to amuse them. Hardly any of them desired to be *taught*—and I resolutely bent myself to *teach*. They were quite prepared to hear something novel, strange, unorthodox—but they had no intention whatever of assenting to what they heard. Nor had they any intention of being converted. And my only object in all cases was to obtain assent, in fact to convert. Last of all, I was quite aware that I was often "talking over the heads" of my too indulgent audience. As a rule they knew nothing of metaphysics, and were not very curious about literary niceties or classical allusions. I doubt if the casual public which dropped into the Free Library at Edmonton when I unveiled the monument to Keats had read a line of his poems. Perhaps the Midland Institute at Birmingham were accustomed to hear about statesmen more up-to-date and about reforms more actual than those of King Alfred. And I am sure that the elegant frequenters of the Concert Room at Steinway Hall took more interest in symphonies than in any syntheses—whether that of Spencer or of Comte. All this was not the case, of course,

with our own body at Newton Hall; but even there a good part of the audience were strangers who had looked in to see what the queer new sect were doing. They were free to come and to go. But, for my part, I never addressed myself to them, or took any particular note of them.

I want to make it clear that I never at any time became an "itinerant" general lecturer, and never offered those who invited me to address them a miscellaneous body of topics. I hardly ever gave any lecture which I did not intend ultimately to prepare in a permanent form, nor any which did not take its place in the various branches of popular education which I contemplated from the first. I visited in turn so many towns in all parts of our country in the hope of planting there a nucleus of hearers who would take an interest in my writings and in our ideas. Diverse as the lectures may appear in looking through the list, it must be remembered that they nearly all have their due place in the Positivist synthesis of thought and of life.

APPENDIX H

Lectures at Institutes and Societies

Working Men's College 1859-1862
Courses on Revolution and European Wars, 1789-1815.
Courses on Rise of Modern History in Italy and France (Renascence).
Courses on English Industrial Towns.
Cleveland Street Hall 1862-1863
Courses on General History.
Political Function of Working Classes . . 1868
Social Science Association 1862
On Strikes in Building Trades.
Sundays for the People—London . . . 1867
On Sundays and Festivals.

Liberation Society 1875-1879
Disestablishment and Disendowment—London, Manchester, Bradford, Liverpool.
Eleusis Workmen's Club 1876
At Chelsea—Wars of Half-Century, 1800-1850.
The London Institution 1877, 1883
The Choice of Books.
The Eighteenth Century.
Trades-Union Congress—Addresses at . . 1874, 1883
Sheffield, Halifax, Nottingham.
Memorial Hall and Newton Hall 1882
War in Egypt.
Birmingham Liberal Club 1883
Histories of French Revolution.
Edinburgh Philosophical Institution . . . 1884
On Henry George and Land Nationalisation, repeated to Newcastle Lecture Society.
Industrial Remuneration Conference . . . 1885
On Land Tenures, etc.
Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel.
On various Historical and Artistic subjects, 1886-1900 1905
Glasgow, Leicester, Wolverhampton, and Leeds . . 1886
Local Literary Institutions.
William the Silent 1896
Oxford University Extension.
Great Books of History 1888
The Thirteenth Century 1891
Society for Preservation of Ancient Buildings . . 1887
The pretended "Restorers."
National Liberal Club 1889
On Empire.
Cambridge—King's College 1891
Trades-Unionism—Old and New.
Royal Historical Society.
Gibbon Centenary 1894
Historical Bibliography 1896
South Place Institute.
Politics and a Human Religion . . . 1885
Pantheism and Cosmic Emotion . . . 1881
Ethical Congress 1897
Presidential Address.
Manchester, Salford, and Ancoats Society . . 1897
Homer.
Birmingham Midland Institute.
Presidential Address—Alfred . . . 1897
Oxford—Bodley Society—On Style . . . 1898

Edmonton Free Library 1899
Lamb and Keats.
London University Extension Meeting . . . 1898
Ideal London.
Funeral of Grant Allen—Address on Cremation . . 1899
Boer War—S.A. Conciliation Society . . 1899-1900
Centenary of Washington at Newton Hall . . 1899
Funeral of Dr. Kaines, Worthing 1900
Memorial to Frances, Lady Russell . . . 1903
Surrey Archaeological Society—Sutton Place . . 1884
Presidential Address, Ruskin Union . . . 1894
Kensington Town Hall 1901
Alfred Millenary.
British Museum 1901
Alfred Millenary.
Winchester Town Hall 1901
Alfred Millenary.
Manchester Reform Club 1902
Martial Law.
Shakespeare Commemoration 1902
Clifford's Inn.
Ethical Conference 1903
Clifford's Inn.
Hastings Reading Circle 1903
John Ruskin.
Hastings—Norman Fête 1903
Bodiam Castle.
Hawkhurst—Parish Association 1903
Rome.
Ethological Society 1906
Positivist System of Ethics.
Sociological Society 1904
English and French Trades Questions.
Royal Antiquarian Society 1908
Byzantine Research.
Royal Historical Society 1908
Chatham Bicentenary.
American Colonial Women's Society . . . 1909
Chatham.
Eastern Questions Association 1910
Presidential Address.
Sociological Society 1910
Presidential Address.

Lectures to Universities

Cambridge—Rede Lecture—Byzantine History	1900
Oxford—Herbert Spencer—Philosophy	1905
Chicago—George Washington	1901
Harvard—Alfred's Writings	1901
Baltimore—Alfred. (2)	1901
Yale—Alfred's Life	1901
Princeton—Oliver Cromwell	1901
Columbia—William the Silent	1901
New York—Ethical Society	1901
Philadelphia—Alfred	1901
Ethical Society	1901

Positivist Societies

Chapel Street	1872-1874
Various Historical and Political Lectures.	
Cavendish Rooms	1879-1881
Various courses on Positive History.	
Newton Hall	1881-1904
Annual Address, January 1st each year, and frequently December 31st each year.	
Newton Hall and Clifford's Inn	1881-1909
Special Addresses on various occasions.	
Presentation of Infants.	
Initiation of Adolescents.	
Admission of Adults.	
Marriage.	
Destination.	
Maturity.	
Funeral.	
Newton Hall—Sunday Courses.	
Principles and Critics of Positivism	1882
Eight Lectures.	
Political and Social Duties of Citizens	1883
Eight Lectures.	
Anniversary of Comte	1884
Socialism and Social Duties. (4)	
Positivist Maxims. (3)	
The Practical Aims of Positivism. (2)	
Industrial Reorganisation. (6)	1885
The Future of Women. (2)	
Duties of Positivists. (2)	
British Museum—Phidias	1886
Ireland. (3)	

Parliament. (1) 1886
Empire. (1)
Land. (1)
Financial Reform. (1)
Education. (1)
The Church. (1)
Present Situation. (1)
Historic Paris. (1)
The Service of Man. (6 Lectures.) . . . 1887
Education.
Worship.
Evolution and Positivism. (6 Lectures) . . 1888
C. Darwin, Spencer, Lewes, Comte.
The General History of Civilisation. (4 Lectures.)
Some Great Books of History.
British Museum—Life of Gutenberg . . . 1889
The Centenary of the Revolution.
A New Era.
Positivist Maxims. (8 Lectures.)
The Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century.
Socialism in the Eighteenth Century.
Democracy in the Eighteenth Century.
Life and Character of Alfred . . . 1890
Great Books of History. (4 Lectures.)
Ancient Poets. (4 Lectures.)
Homer, Aeschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil.
Ancient Philosophers. (2 Lectures.)
Socrates, Plato, Aristotle.
The Statesmen of the Middle Ages. (4 Lectures) . 1891
The Great Modern Poets. (4 Lectures.)
The Theory of Positive Ethics. (10 Lectures.) . 1892
The Day of Good Women. (December 31st.)
British Museum Antiquities—Rome.
Natural Theology. (2 Lectures.) . . . 1893
General Principles of Positivism.
Religious—Social—Moral. (11 Lectures.)
Education—Secular and Religious. (2 Lectures) . 1894
Centenary of Edward Gibbon.
Municipal Government.
The Use of Sunday.
Parliamentary Government.
Ireland.
The Empire.
Anniversary of Auguste Comte . . . 1895
Ethical and Social Reaction of Various Systems of Religion.
The Sabbath and Sunday.

Polytheism—its Moral and Social Effects.
Catholicism—its History.
Catholicism—its Institutions.
The Church of England.
Orthodox Dissent.
Neo-Christianity.
Theism—its Moral and Social Reaction.
Day of Good Women. (December 31st) . . 1896
The Future of London.
Review of the Situation.
The Problem of Education.
The Armenian Question.
The Occupation of Egypt.
Theological Reaction.
Biblical Criticism.
Warfare of Science with Theology.
Anniversary of Auguste Comte . . . 1897
The True Heroes of Modern History. (7 Lectures.)
Alfred the Great.
Godfrey de Bouillon.
Saint Louis.
Jeanne d'Arc.
Columbus.
William the Silent.
George Washington.
South Kensington Museum (Ancient Sculpture).
Westminster Abbey (its Tombs).
Schemes of Religion contrasted with the Religion of Humanity. (7 Lectures) . . . 1898
Fetichism—Confucianism.
Polytheism, Greco-Roman System.
Monotheism, Judaic-Byzantine, Muslim.
Catholicism and Positivism.
Evangelical and Anglican Systems.
Neo-Christianity and Deism.
Agnosticism—Atheism—Ethicism.
National Portrait Gallery—Portraits of Great Men.
Centenary of George Washington . . . 1899
History of South African Colonies. (4 Lectures.)
History of South African Republics. (2 Lectures.)
South Kensington Museum Mediaeval Antiquities.
Anniversary of Auguste Comte . . . 1900
True and False Catholicism.
The Boer Republics.
The Duties of Citizens and Ethics of Public Life. (6 Lectures.)

Social—Political—Religious Problems of the Day. (8 Lectures.) 1901
Conference of Positivist and Ethical Societies.
South Kensington Museum.
Art of the Renascence—Raffaelle—Cellini.
Farewell Address in Newton Hall . . . 1902
Hampton Court, O. Cromwell and William III.
Life and Death of Pierre Laffitte . . . 1903
Problems of the New Century.
Social—Political—Industrial—Religious. (4 Lectures.)
Social and Political Questions of the Day. (4 Lectures.) 1904
Attitude of the Christian Churches on Public Questions.

To Positivist Societies in Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Paris, New York—at various meetings . . . . . 1884 to 1903
At Steinway Hall 1907
Ethical Religion Society. (8 Lectures.)

Note.—It will be observed that these lectures, extending over fifty years, however various in subject, are all constituent elements of an organic scheme of general education as understood by Positivism. They were all, without exception, based on estimates and principles contained in Comte's *Positive Polity,* and in the *Calendar of Great Men,* in writing and editing which I was constantly engaged between the years 1883 and 1891. Without a Synthetic scheme of general history and of a reorganisation of society and of belief, any series of lectures spread over a field so apparently miscellaneous would have become desultory and casual. With such a scheme it was systematic education. Some of these lectures were published separately, or worked up into my published books. The remainder are still in manuscript.

APPENDIX I

Note.—As a sample of the topics and arguments contained in the general scheme of lectures directly designed for the propaganda and defence of Positivism, the syllabus of the course given by me at Steinway Hall, February and March 1907, is appended. It formed the general outline of lectures repeated at intervals at Newton Hall, in the provinces, and to various Ethical Societies in England and in America.

The series has not yet been printed and published.

THE PRINCIPLES AND CRITICS OF POSITIVISM

I.

Comte and the Churches

Orthodox Objections to Positivism

Creeds: real and fictitious. Human and superhuman religion.
Catholic and Protestant Churches in relation to science—in relation to a religion of social duty.
F. Denison Maurice, Cardinal Newman.

II.

Comte and Carlyle

Deistical Objections to Positivism

Carlyle: difference between Hero-worship and reverence for the Past.
Modern Deism viewed as a religion: Dr. Martineau, Mr. Jowett, Prof. Newman, Mr. Voysey.
Metaphysical objections to Positivism: Prof. Caird, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, Mr. A. J. Balfour.

III.

Comte, Mill, and Spencer

Philosophical Objections to Positivism

Mr. Mill's book. His agreement and his difference. His own system.
Literary objections to Positivism: Mr. Pattison, Mr. M. Arnold.
Mr. G. H. Lewes—his ultimate position towards Positivism.
M. Littré: and his position and work.

Scientific Objections to Positivism

Mr. Herbert Spencer's book on Comte: his agreement and his difference. His own synthesis. Religion of the Unknowable.
Professor Huxley on Comte — Evolution and Positivism. Is Evolution a Philosophy?—is it a Religion?
The Specialists—the Materialists—Misuse of the term Science.
Pantheism, Atheism, Agnosticism compared with a religion of social duty.

IV.

Positive Scheme of Home Life

Principles of Personal and Family Duty

The basis of personal morality. True and false self-love.
The Positivist Family; home education, home worship.
The position and work of Women: the true freedom of Woman.

V.

Positive Scheme of Social Life

Principles of Public Duty

Public duties of citizens. Republican habits and spirit.
Extinction of class manners. Respect for all social functions.
Birth, Wealth, Numbers viewed as sources of power.
Common education: social intercourse: civic sentiment.

VI.

Positive View of State Control

Limits and Form of Temporal Government

Parliamentary system in the past and in the future.
What ought the State to do for citizens?
By whom should power be exercised?
Revolutionary and anarchical programmes.
True ideal of a Republic.
Republicanism and Democracy contrasted.

VII.

Positive View of Spiritual Life

Principles of Religious Communion

Is spiritual life a permanent fact of human nature?
Can it be satisfied without fictions and without self-love?
Is a Church needed? Are Priests? Is worship?
How should we regard Death? Have we souls? Do we live after death?

VIII.

Positive Religion of Social Duty

The Three Sides of Religion—Belief, Conduct, Worship

Can we dispense with any of these three?
Should they be left to develop themselves?
Is religion a matter of individual conscience?
Can it be organised by social effort? and if so, should it be?
Religion of Humanity an attempt practically to concentrate at once thoughts, acts, and feelings on the continual improvement of human life on earth.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A RETROSPECT OF SEVENTY YEARS

As I come to the end of my story, I shall try to gather up my general impressions of the vast changes in habits and in ideas which in a long life it has been my lot to witness. The eighty years which passed between the death of the fourth George and the accession of George V. (1830-1910) were pre-eminently an age of transition. In all the mechanical arts of civilisation the changes have been greater and more rapid than in any like period of modern history—greater and more rapid even than the effects which followed the invention of gunpowder, of printing, or the various uses of steam. And yet my personal experience satisfies me that the novelties, enormous and bewildering in appearance, have made no profound difference in the life of man. Life, habits, society have not been transformed by a multiplicity of mechanical appliances. The pace has been accelerated, the course remains the same.

It is far otherwise with the world of ideas. There at first sight the advance has not been at all striking. We have to-day in literature no Hume, no Gibbon, no Burke, no Goldsmith, no Byron, no Scott; in politics and war no Chatham, no Wellington; in art no Reynolds, no Gainsborough, no Flaxman, no Garrick, and no Siddons.

In spite of the flood of literature and high pressure of universal schooling, some pessimists bewail the decay of intellect and art. And one needs to be a stout optimist to feel that everything in the world of ideas is quite sound and fruitful. And yet, at the root of the matter, the change in mental attitude is decisive. We live in a new world of thought in all things, spiritual, scientific, philosophical, and artistic. The change is less conspicuous, but is wider and deeper than that which followed the Humanists of the Renascence or the age of Galileo, Harvey, and Bacon. It is an age of open questions — in theology, in morals, in politics, in economics. All the old foundations and buttresses of our institutions, our beliefs, and our future hopes have begun to sink. We are in the mid-current of a vast transition.

Of the great change that has come over our own Empire by its enormous expansion, of that which has come over our political action and our resources for war and defence by wholly new international relations—I need say no more. The whole of this book is concerned with my views on these dominant problems. The fact that Great Britain is now only the nerve-centre of a huge aggregate of lands, held together for the time by very various ties—that the whole East and West are in totally new relations—this affects every corner of our lives. But I have discussed both problems at length in other parts of this work. And I pass to things less deep, less controversial, and such as are matters of personal observation and visible contrast.

The Material Aspect

I turn to the new appliances with which life has been armed within my own lifetime. The young will not believe life could be tolerable when

travellers had nothing but horses on land and sails at sea; when a letter took an hour to write with a quill pen, and three or four days to be delivered in Edinburgh or Dublin; when the only telegraph was a wooden post, and the only cab was a hackney coach. The explanation of the mystery is, that people had not the least occasion to move about so far, so often, or so fast as they do now. If the appliances were more scanty, life was much easier, much simpler, less of a bustle, and more natural. To adapt a famous *mot* about amusements, we may say that to-day life would be more endurable if it were not for its conveniences. They hardly keep pace with our increasing obligations and difficulties. The vast increase in our means of locomotion does not compensate us for the enormous distances we have to traverse, and the treble pace at which we have to pass from place to place. It is a small gain to multiply our appliances, if the obstacles to be overcome and the volume to be treated are multiplied even faster.

They will tell me that age has dulled my power of enjoyment, or sharpened my sense of inconvenience—I will not believe that it has; but my impression is clear that life on the whole used to be more pleasant, more varied, and more sociable than it is to-day. There was certainly more fun, more originality, more *bonhomie* going about the world. Thackeray and Dickens, Lamb and Tom Moore, Charles Lever and Captain Marryat, tell us of a livelier, jollier age than that recorded in *Middlemarch* and *Fors Clavigera*—to say nothing of our psychologic poetry and divorce court realism. People who gave dinner-parties, balls, or dramatic entertainments invited their friends to their own houses and tried to make every one feel that they were really at home. And when they married their daughters, they seated their relations and a

few chosen friends at their own tables, and the occasion was a quiet feast of intimates. There was no mob on the stairs struggling to get a glimpse of a sort of show bazaar. To-day nothing is counted as Society if it be not in a crush. And hospitality means doing the correct thing in regulation style at a gaudy hotel.

In all social and material things a great wave of uniformity has set in—the rule of conformity to conventional standards—which colours life with a sameness and a tameness, makes every one look alike, and obey the fashions of the day. In the journalist's phrase of our age, life and society have been "standardised." This has been done by a process of levelling up and levelling down. The dress, manners, habits, and education of the masses have been assimilated to those of the middle classes —happily by reason of greatly improved wages and conditions of labour. And the dress, manners, habits, and tastes of the wealthier classes have happily taken on a good deal of democratic simplicity, and along with it not a little of democratic vulgarity. Our grandfathers were rowdy enough at times—but our grandmothers held fast to the traditions of gentlewomen. And at the accession of Victoria these traditions had not been cast aside by the example of the New Woman from overseas. Democratic uniformity and the rule of go-as-you-please have "come to stay"—with much of real gain and not a little of incidental evil. Our age in external things has become one of somewhat level commonplace.

The most visible change between the tone current at the accession of Victoria and that at the accession of George V. is the marvellous development of the Press, and with it the millennium of advertisement. Politics, literature, art, manners are now within "the sphere of influence" of the

daily Press, which by its volume and myriad voices makes and mars governments, reputations, opinions, and customs. The relations of nations, peace and war, taxation, the Constitution, and social reforms are decided by the struggle between rival speculators who own the Press. It is the most portentous form of demagogy that the world has seen. Some of its works are useful—some are mischievous. But, whether good or bad, they are all in effect matters of trade profit. The Press is not worked to promote opinions, measures, or politics, but simply to swell dividends. And dividends are swollen sometimes by encouraging the public in a beneficial line, sometimes by goading it to its injury or shame. But, as in the main the instincts of the great public are sound, and its good sense usually prevails, the mischiefs done are not so great as the good which ultimately succeeds. All the people cannot be fooled all the time, as Lincoln said. And as the Press is a sort of monstrous megaphone which magnifies and multiplies the popular voice, the better voice in the long run usually makes itself heard amid the din.

To the eye the most exasperating development of this age is the advertising machine. Life has become a vast, incessant, ubiquitous biograph, whirling round ever before our eyes in order to puff somebody's wares. It is like an insidious, universal plague, stalking into every corner of our existence and every hour of our lives. When we are reading the momentous speech of a Minister, his oration is broken off to make room for a tawdry sketch of a bathy-colpic female showing off a new corset. We are interrupted in the middle of the study of an international imbroglio by the contortions of a clerk writhing with backache or a housemaid displaying the sores on her face. When we buy a new book on philosophy, its pages are

strewn with gross praises of sensational novels, and everything we touch or see is alive with the verminous wrigglings of the puffing tradesman. Painters, poets, actors, politicians, society beauties, and pot-hunting athletes, nay, noble and royal transparencies, are expected to pay for public notoriety, unless they prefer to remain obscure. Photography, wood pulp, and hungry journalists combine to make the world one great advertising bazaar.

Everything has got closed up. The planet has shrunk, and a considerable number of persons are perpetually going round it, and a vast new industry is employed in carrying them about it and from point to point. Every part of the country in the same way has been closed up, so that in the South of England it is not easy to find an open natural space. Even the moors and mountains are fenced round, so that the visitor must keep to the high roads. He is content to do so, if he can only be whirled along them in motors. When I was a boy the moors and mountains, glens and lakes, were open and virgin, as Nature made them, as if they were in Canada or Colorado. It is true that a vast increase of travelling enables millions to see something of foreign lands, and even of their own, which a century ago was restricted to a small number of the wealthy and leisured class. But against this must be set the enormous growth of cities, which makes city life a thing wholly different from, and far less natural and pleasant than what city life was in my own boyhood. *Mole ruit sua* is the motto which may be fixed on most of the colossal developments of modern life. London ceases to be a city, and becomes a province covered with houses. The Thames, the Tyne, the Clyde, and the Mersey are no longer rivers, but turbid and fuliginous dockyards. The beauty of the

Midlands, and of Lancashire and parts of Yorkshire, is engulfed in a pall of soot. And from Richmond to the Nore our silver Thames has become an interminable factory rather than a river. One cannot enjoy the charm of a fine sea-coast, because millions are struggling to do the same thing at the same time. It is an excellent thing that they should do so. But the enormous numbers who have to be fed with the two fishes and five loaves to be found in our small island leaves most of them unfed. The miracle does not come off now.

It is certain that not only is the volume of everything grown so as to make fresh difficulties to life, but the racing pace at which everything is carried out greatly increases the strain on the nerves. Ours is essentially the electric age. The one thing sought everywhere is rapidity of movement. To race round the globe in a month or two, to race along lovely countries as fast as an express train, to motor 100 miles in a day, and to fly a mile in a minute—to achieve "records"—these are counted now as the ends of perfect enjoyment. It is a laughable paradox to pretend that this raising the means of locomotion to the n^{th} power increases our means of knowledge and the range of what we can see. To be whirled along a beautiful landscape is not to see it, any more than passing along the Galleries of the Louvre on a bicycle would be studying art. An American globe-trotter going round the world bragged that he had given "seven hours to the Eternal City." We are happy now that in our new motors in seventy minutes we exhaust the beauties of the valley of the Thames or the Wye, of Ullswater or the Lake of Como.

No one can read the delicious account that Ruskin gives of home and foreign travel in the

'forties in his *Praeterita*, without feeling how far more delightful—how far more instructive and satisfying—was a tour in those primitive ages. The memory of my own boyhood and youth enables me to bear witness how exactly true is Ruskin's picture of those days. To travel by *vetturino* in Italy or by post in Tyrol for a week was better than "a personally conducted tour" of three months to all the countries of Europe. The Bay of Naples and the Golden Horn, or the canals of Venice, to-day are veiled in smoke and ring with steam-hooters. The multiplying the means of locomotion and the volume of traffic deforms what is to be seen when we get there, and makes things we want too costly to be bought. Food, dress, housing, literature, art, and amusements are all worked by syndicates of speculators. The poor public is in a perpetual "corner," at the mercy of those who gamble in everything it needs. To be "up to date," to "get on a good thing," in the slang of our day, is the aim of life. Existence has become one long scramble to get to-day things more new, more quick, more gaudy than the newest, quickest, gaudiest thing of yesterday.

Now, though I delight in Ruskin's idylls of old times, and can recall not a few of such joys myself, I am no pessimist, no cynic, nor a convert to his fantastic, impossible, and even inhuman defiance of science, progress, and industrial development. Of course I agree with all reasonable persons that the vast development of industry, the marvellous inventions, discoveries, and resources of the nineteenth century, which the twentieth century seems about to surpass, are of incalculable boon to humanity, and have to be multiplied, used, and popularised in every way. The wonders of anaesthetics, of sanitary science, the glorious reduction of the statistics of disease and of the death-rate,

the hardly less beneficial reduction in the birth-rate, and also of the suffering from malady or accident, the extension of the highest opportunities of modern civilisation to the humblest and the poorest, so that neither low birth, nor poverty, nor obscurity are bars to a competent man becoming statesman, artist, poet, or millionaire—all these new gifts of time and all the other glories of progress vaunted by a thousand pens, are so real that it would be blasphemy towards humanity to decry them.

But I say that these vast achievements of modern progress must be taken as subject to two classes of reduction and counter detriment. In the first place, the increase of our appliances and resources by its very volume, variety, and intensity, brings in new embarrassments and complications which at times threaten to undo all the boon they confer. In many a fairy tale the prayer for water, food, or wealth results in a flood or other catastrophe. And so, in the Greek legends of Midas overcome by a surfeit of gold, or Semele consumed by the splendours of Zeus, many a boon eagerly pursued brings its own neutralising evil. Some such disaster threatens the material triumphs of the nineteenth century. These evils are not inevitable consequences of the triumphs; but, for the time, they go far to qualify and deform the best of our successes.

In the second place, the weakening of all the ancient moral and spiritual forces able to discipline and organise great changes in material and social existence, has left the ground open to the craving for enjoyment and the power of wealth. In its thirst after new excitements and diversions, our age rushes after novel pleasures with a reckless indifference to all that is being destroyed and mutilated in the race for the end. Powers

unimagined of old—the power to transform the face of our earth, power to race across continents, across oceans and polar ice, or through the bowels of the everlasting Alps, the power to bring the fruits and produce of the antipodes to every market, the power to communicate thought, the power to pass almost at will through the air—this has suddenly come upon a century which had no preparation for it or expectation of it, and was wholly unable to extemporise any adequate means of reducing it to order or of mitigating its inevitable evils. But both classes of evils are remediable and within our control. Were it not so, humanity might count on going from bad to worse, and ending not in progress but in regression. The same energy, the genius, the audacity which has made our marvellous achievements are quite adequate to remedy the evils they bring with them, when these moral and intellectual gifts of man are duly summoned and welcomed. The age of novelties is quite able to invent the blessed novelty of bringing social order and material organisation out of unlicensed freedom. The task of the twentieth century is to discipline the chaotic activity of the nineteenth century. And it can only do this by becoming aware of the death-sentence to be passed on Western civilisation if it neglects to organise a new social and spiritual discipline. I am neither thoughtless *optimist* nor despondent *pessimist* of the future of our country. I am always, in everything, *meliorist*. The better hopes outweigh the menaces of evil. But it will need all our energies and our moral force to bring the good to fruit out of the elements of mischief that surround it.

The Spiritual Aspect

In things intellectual, moral, religious, the change is profound and universal. The enormous increase in general *schooling* — I will not call it *education*, the wonderful advance of science, the perpetual debate over moral problems, the renewed activity of all forms of Church—whether Catholic, evangelical, unitarian, or ethical, — all these things blind us to the truth that our age is one of scepticism, dissolution, dissent, and flux. By scepticism I do not mean aggressive negation, but the general sense that what our grandfathers held to be irrefragable truth can no longer be treated as even probable. And this is not merely as to Scripture, Creeds, theological dogmas, but as to the canons of social life, the relations of the sexes, institutions, our philosophy, our political axioms, our manners, our literary and artistic ideals. We want everything new, and unless things are (or pretend to be) new, they arouse indifference or disgust.

There is a universal earth-current that runs from continent to continent, stirring each nation to shed its old life and renew its youth. But the earth-current has no message of what the new thing is to be. It shakes down the ancient walls and leaves the field open and bare. One of our foremost men, with one of the subtlest of minds, has aptly formulated our mental attitude as that of philosophic doubt, of which the obverse face presents to us the foundations of our beliefs. Another of our leading preachers of lay sermons has invented the term and inaugurated the creed of Agnosticism—the creed that we do not know any supreme truth, and indeed would rather not know. Our principal philosopher teaches that the source of the universe and the object of religious reverence is the

Absolute Unknowable. And our principal poet —himself as much of a theologian as ever was Milton—enshrines in his fine religious musings the really typical paradox that true faith is to be found in honest doubt. Philosophers, scientists, poets, theologians, all celebrate the apotheosis of doubt.

This tendency to universal doubt falls in with another remarkable tendency of our age, of which it may be either cause or result. I mean the tendency to repudiate—or at least to adjourn—all forms of *Synthesis*, *i.e.* the co-ordination and organic unification of our ideas. Theologians, of the better sort, warn us against seeking to put our religious belief into creeds—or any cast-iron summary of faith. Beware of coherent dogmas, they cry. It is enough to have religious sympathies about cardinal points, to feel the beauty of the Gospel story, to trust that after all there is something "behind the veil"—of what we know, or even can imagine to be on this earth. The cry of science is to stick carefully to some special group of facts, and never to combine religious or moral ideals with our physical knowledge. Literature, art, learning, and education, like science and theology, must all be kept, they assure us, in detached groups. They cannot be pursued together. And they can only be pursued with success by strict adherence to the boundaries which separate one specialism from another.

This mania for special research in place of philosophic principle, for tabulated facts in lieu of demonstrable theorems and creative generalisations, attenuates the intelligence and installs pedantic information about details, where what man wants are working principles for social life. The grand conceptions of Darwin and of Spencer are too often used by their followers and successors as a text on which to dilate on microscopic or local

trivialities which mean nothing. And even Spencer's Synthesis, the only one yet attempted by any English thinker, proves, on being closely pressed, to rest on a substructure of hypotheses, and to ignore two-thirds of the entire scale of the sciences viewed as an interdependent whole. The enormous accumulation of recorded facts in the last century goes on as blindly in this, quite indifferent to the truth that infinite myriads of facts are as worthless as infinite grains of sand on the sea-shore, until we have found out how to apply them to the amelioration of human life.

It was obvious that the literature of the first half of the nineteenth century greatly surpassed that of the second half. And it is sadly evident that literature in the twentieth century is far inferior even to that of the second half century. Contrast 1910 with 1810, when there were in full career Scott and Byron, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, Landor, Campbell, Lamb, Southey, Jeffrey, Tom Moore and Sam Rogers, Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen, and the lions of the *Edinburgh Review* and of the *Quarterly Review*. What have we to-day to put beside these names in so many different forms of literary art? And yet to-day we have ten thousand men and women who write a correct prose style far better than any but the few chief masters of the age of Southey and Lamb. And as to verse, we may say boldly that there never has been a time in the whole history of English poetry when the second and third class of poems produced have been so good, so right in feeling, so graceful in form, when really beautiful verse is poured out day by day with inexhaustible torrents. And withal, there is not in these tens of thousands one single poem of the truly first order—not a sonnet to be put beside the *Ode to a Skylark* or to

the *Grecian Urn*,[1] not an essay that Lamb or Coleridge would be proud to sign; nor is there one of the ten thousand women novelists who will live in 2010 beside the authors of *Emma* and *Castle Rackrent*.

And this is so, in spite of the vast increase of general education and of all forms of literary product, of all agencies of intellectual cultivation. When the population of our island was one-fifth of its present number, there were hardly half a million of men and women who could read a book with pleasure. There are now at least ten millions —it may be twice as many—who can read with ease and have been through some school. The printed matter available must be one hundred times as great as it then was. And in spite of all this, literature is on the down grade. I hazard the paradox in good faith that the decline is not merely in spite of all this instruction, but is a result of the universal schooling. The incessant education drill, the deluge of printed matter, asphyxiate the brain, dull beauty of thought, and chill genius into lethargic sleep.

To read is not necessarily to learn anything worth knowing, to pore over print may be even enervating or corrupting the mind instead of improving it; and, if ninety per cent of printed stuff is worthless, reading may be worse than waste of time. Incessant schooling on a regulation system may produce uniformity of style and even a certain aptitude to conform to the conventional type. But it is the death of originality; it starves imagination, fancy, and free thought. Schooling

[1] In 1862 Francis Palgrave made that invaluable collection of poetry, *The Golden Treasury*, which stopped at 1850 and included no living poet. In 1897 was published the *Second Series*, which included the Tennysons, the Brownings, Landor, Keble, Newman, Kingsley, Patmore, and the two Rossettis. We can all see the sad inferiority of his *Second Series* to the *First Series*, even if we limit this to poems written between 1800 and 1850.

by itself, only trains scholars to think on the official pattern, to repeat the facts or the doctrines that are drummed into the open mind, to swallow the food crammed into their jaws, as young starlings are fed when they open their beaks for grubs. It is a subtle and wide field, on which I have no space to enter now — but I seriously maintain that a direct result of our mechanical schooling — misnamed education — and that whether primary, middle, or highest; Board schools, high schools, academies, or universities—is the gradual deterioration of literature into dry specialism and monotonous commonplace.

This is really not a theory but a matter of actual observation. The population of the United States is double ours. The schooling is four or five times as great and as good. The whole of that immense population has the opportunity of getting the best schooling of our age — or rather what our age counts as best. There is in the Republic a wonderful eagerness for cultivation in all its forms, and a plethora of erudition, and yet there is no literature of the higher kind, far less than there was when population and schools were not a tenth of the present. The American Press pours out day and night a Niagara of print, and in it all there is not one page, one sonnet, one idea of the highest order, hardly one of the second or the third. The educational system of Switzerland has the repute of being the most perfect extant. The natural beauty of that noble land exceeds that of Greece, and its climate compels a large part of its sons to long periods of sedentary work at home. And yet there is no great literature in Switzerland, there never was any, there never will be any. France, Italy, Germany have all greatly increased their school systems in the last two or three generations. But in those countries also literature

is rather decaying than improving. It is a common observation that it is a weariness to the flesh to study the massive learning of German scholars, philosophers, historians, and critics, because the German brain seems impenetrable to the charm of literary form; and all this ponderous erudition has to be smelted down by French or English minds before it can be assimilated by the average student. No! What we now call education, primary or academic, is the atrophy of literature. An age which boasts as types of the historian such conscientious annalists as Freeman and Gardiner, makes it impossible to have a Gibbon. They who love the epigrams of Browning and Meredith so that they despise the fire of Byron and the glow of Scott, prefer poetry that has neither ease nor music. And when we are surfeited with journalism, short stories, and the slang of the gutter, we cannot expect to rear again another Lamb, another Jane Austen, another Coleridge, or even a new Macaulay.

The double effect of making life a race or a scramble, working with the ceaseless cataract of commonplace print, just good enough to occupy the average mind having a superficial school training, debases the general intellectual currency, and lowers the standard. Scientific and historical research piles up its huge record of facts with a sort of scholiast's attention to minute scholarship and inattention to impressive form. It would seem as if the higher order of literature were produced in inverse ratio to the number of the reading public and the volume of literary product. The immortal literature of Athens was created when those who could enjoy and judge literature were a few thousand and the books available were hardly one hundred. And Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Livy had not so very many more

readers or libraries around them. Victor Hugo, in his *Notre Dame*, has a powerful chapter on the text—*ceci tuera cela. Le livre tuera l'édifice.* The printed book was the death of the cathedral. To-day we may say — the school has been the death of literature. Not the true school that is to be — but the patent high-pressure Reading Machine that we now call the School.

Art, like literature, is in the same anarchic, expectant, transitional state. There is a fierce desire to secure Art, to discover new forms of Art, to put beauty into our lives. The new feature about the Art of our generation is to have opened it to women within narrow limits and in given fields. There never was such talk about Art, such criticism, such controversy, rivalry, dogmatism, and sacrifice. And there never was such a chaos of ideals, convention, and methods— idealist, realist, impressionist, grotesque, obscene, and vulgar. Modern Art is an orchestra wherein many excellent performers and many mere pretenders each play their own instrument with perfectly separate compositions, that have neither note nor key in harmony together. A picture show is like a fancy ball in which every costume is a separate choice of the wearer; where a Crusader, or a Pierrot, and a Red Indian dance with Nell Gwyn, a nun, and a Maid of Athens. Immense pains have been bestowed on the costumes; the individual result is often pleasing; but the effect of the whole is dissonance. In painting, as in literature, drama, music, sculpture, or architecture, a feverish effort is made to get hold of something new, to shake off the old ideals, to see what can be done without ideals, by giving rein to every fresh impulse and to each untried talent.

In all the allied arts we find to-day vehement

efforts to try experiments, to get rid of mental effort, and to make everything short, rapid, and easy. These conditions, eminently demanded by an age in a hurry, exclude all dominant conventions and ideals, and all the grander types of Art. No fashionable audience can endure the *Trilogy* of Aeschylus, the *Antigone*, or *Lear*. A smart audience comes to the play to laugh, to talk, and to smoke, and for choice will rather at a Music Hall sit through a dozen lively "turns," with acrobatic interludes. There is a keen and growing interest in music; but the musical world cannot decide what is the end of music, or what it should aim at—whether to charm, to astound, or to instruct its audience. What are we to paint, what are we to build, and what is the proper aim or purpose of painting or of building? Is sculpture to be classical, ideal, direct imitation of everyday things, beautiful, gross, familiar, or commonplace? It may be that a new art world is to be evolved out of this welter of "go-as-you-please," but the immediate effect is rather bewildering than soothing. And one who has trained his spirit on the immortal masterpieces of Art in ages which were generally held to be great, does somehow feel that behind all Art there have to be thought, hope, love, and reverence of a spiritual kind that compels common assent—in short, a philosophy, a moral ideal, a religion.

In things far deeper and more vital than manners, literature, and art, the signs of transition press on us everywhere. The break-up of philosophical and religious certainties inevitably brings about re-settlement in the aspects of social institutions, of family life, and of moral standards. It cannot be doubted that, with the accession of Victoria, a wide-spread improvement in moral standards began and has been maintained and raised. And not merely a higher moral standard,

but an improved moral practice resulted. The steady and almost universal increase of temperance, the diminution of crime and of sexual debauchery are the most conspicuous and most blessed triumphs of seventy years of the new moral gospel of social and personal life. And it is a lay and ethical gospel far more than a clerical or theological gospel. It is common to all classes, all professions, and all churches — and eminently to the churches and the societies which have no theology at all. The great advance of moral judgment and of all forms of beneficent social agencies, the relief of suffering and the reduction of crime, are the noblest title of the nineteenth century.

Amongst the most conspicuous and the most beneficent modes of social evolution are the wholly new relations between Capital and Labour, the all-round improvement in the rank and file of the workers, and the new attitude towards their claims in the class which controls power and wealth. It has advanced to the point at which the possession of property in the abstract is a burning question, and the duties of property for the first time become a dominant problem. We are certainly not "all Socialists now"; but Socialism, especially as a vague aspiration, is in the air. The origin of wealth, the obligations of wealth, the social possibilities and the moral justification of wealth are the problems of our time. And it has no more burning task to answer, and no more worthy boast to make. The answer—the hundred answers—are as yet conflicting and contradictory. Everything relating to the social economy of civilised man is quite in flux and unformed. But the universal sense amongst rich and poor, rulers and ruled, the thoughtful and the thoughtless, that social, political, and economic problems face us and must be solved

—this marks the twentieth century as one of the great epochs of transition in modern times.

The character of doubt, unsettlement, re-settlement, applies to all our public life in every form, and with it comes an insatiable eagerness to refashion society, recast institutions, and try a new departure. But a similar character marks the personal and domestic life of our age. It is more subtle and far less general or conspicuous. But it would be a paradox if the melting away of religious, moral, and social canons of public life did not react on our persons and on our homes. There has been an astonishing advance in longevity, in good health, in sobriety, in sexual purity, and in bodily culture, as statistics and a multitude of habits testify. They who, as I have done, knew men and women in various classes having lived through the times of the Georges, can verify all this from what they have heard from eye-witnesses of the times described by Thackeray and Bulwer, and the biographies of Byron, Sheridan, Fox, and Brougham. We are a far cleaner, healthier, kindlier race than the men and women of *Vanity Fair*, not to say than the contemporaries of Squire Western and Tom Jones.

The most conspicuous change of all will be found in the vastly increased development in the life of women — women's education, industry, opportunities for culture and self-maintenance. Much of all this is entirely blessed, much of it is mere waste of effort, and some of it even morally debasing. I have said so much about the horrors attending the factory labour of young girls and mothers that I do no more now than record my conviction that it is one of the prime dangers of our age. The fierce struggle of women to wrest the labour field from men, to undersell their own husbands, fathers, and brothers, is a monstrous per-

version alike of industrial, domestic, and moral order. A society which continues to develop in this line is lost. The quite modern cry for political rights is already being defeated by the good sense of the immense majority of women and by the revived honesty of politicians who have played or trafficked with the question too long. The higher training, the new fields open to women, their greater freedom, are admirable conquests of the nineteenth century, and, along with the Legislation of 1882 and more recent Acts, have gone far already to satisfy the anarchic demand for political equality with men.

It is fortunate that the claim for political equality and other extravagant pretensions of the kind are of mushroom growth. In a really serious form, they are hardly more than one generation old. At the time of the women's protest against the Suffrage Bill in 1889, the claim for votes was a purely academic or rather a drawing-room movement. And as to the social emancipation of the "New Woman," my own recollection is that it took no startling form until the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Till that date, or until about thirty years ago, when the great colonial and transatlantic immigration set in, and impecunious noblemen went overseas for heiresses, the manners of educated women of social position were those of their mothers and their grandmothers, but with a much higher education and even superior grace and refinement. The "undergraduate" and "man-about-town" ways of smart ladies are too recent to be lasting. We shall soon be rid of this folly.

The industrial independence and the political ambition of women are obviously but manifestations of a profound moral revolution. It is but one wave issuing out of that vast upheaval of

Democracy which for a century has run round the civilised world. And Democracy has affected not only social and political ideals, but domestic ideals in subtle and indirect ways. It has suggested new conceptions of family life and family duty. Our old ideas about the sanctity of the family, of the sacred responsibilities of wife, mother, and daughter, of their relation to husband, father, and son, and of each to each,—all are undergoing a silent loosening and weakening process. The last word of Democracy is, "every man, woman, and child for himself, herself, and itself." But the English of this high-sounding Greek word is—"the weaker to the wall." I suppose the very last institution of civilisation which stands in need of regeneration is the family. And I am so old-fashioned as to hold that the fashionable nostrums for regenerating the family are retrogressions towards primitive savagery. Civilised society consists not of individuals, but of families.

Assaults on the family are assaults on marriage and married life. And it is plain that there are silent secret mutterings against the bonds of marriage as hitherto accepted and respected in Christendom. The rapid increase of divorce, mainly in Protestant countries, and the literary glorification of concubinage and free love, are the advance-guard of the attack on the foundations of marriage—which to-day is sounded in various notes by philosophers and romancers, English, American, Scandinavian, and Sclavonic. The Latin races are content with the practice and the poetry of a freer life, without worrying themselves about a revised code of ethics to be brought up to date. All this as yet is fitful, unsystematic, and generally personal to the situation and history of the male or female reformer. But those who look below the surface of things must see that

there is a wide and correlated yearning to have family duties and ties, marriage, the functions of the sexes and relations to each other, cast in new moulds, so as to install novel forms of social organisation.

I am neither optimist nor pessimist in this, nor any other matter. I am far from satisfied that our present ideal of family life is perfect—much less that our ideal or our practice in married life is not in want of some future regeneration in the way of discipline and fortifying. Nor, again, do I feel any sympathy for the satirists and cynics who make a trade of caricaturing the vices and grossness of their age. But I feel bound to point to the growing disbelief in the family, which must always remain the true source and centre of our social life. This is, in my judgment, the most dangerous symptom of our age. It is the last word I have to utter at the close of a long, happy, busy life — in which I cannot recall, in my personal experience of family life, any memories that are not blessed and consoling, nor any thought of those I have lost, of those I have still, or of those whom I may leave behind me, which is not such a memory as may fitly soothe a death-bed.

Epitaph

I close this book with words that indeed resume in themselves all that I have ever written or spoken during half a century, which is this—that all our mighty achievements are being hampered and often neutralised, all our difficulties are being doubled, and all our moral and social diseases are being aggravated by this supreme and dominant fact—that we have suffered our religion to slide from us, and that in effect our age has no abiding faith in any religion at all. The urgent task of

our time is to recover a religious faith as a basis of life both personal and social. I feel that I have done this, in my own poor way, for myself, and am closing my quiet life in resignation, peace, and hope. And this book is the simple story of how this faith was slowly and for ever borne in upon my life; how it secured me unbroken happiness in good fortune and in evil times; and what, under its inspiration, I have tried to do in my own opportunities, as I understood them to be possible and good.

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